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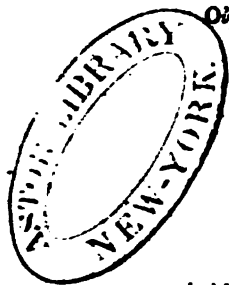
LITERATURE.

* * * * Εἰ δὲ μὴ λέγω φίλα
Οὐχ ἠδομαι, τὸ δ' ὄρθον ἐξείρηχ' ὅμως.

SOPH. TRACHIN.

SERIES THE FIFTH.

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ART. I.—*The Nature of Things.* A Didactic Poem. Translated from the Latin of Titus Lucretius Carus &c. &c. By Thomas Busby, Mus. Dœc. Cantab. Two volumes. Quarto. Pp. 418, 446. £5. 5s. Rodwell, and White and Cochrane. 1813.

IN appreciating the philosophical theories of the ancients, it is strictly essential that we have regard to the scantiness of their actual knowledge, and the absence of that LIGHT which Revelation only could bear forth. These systems were projected in times especially favourable to the florid growth and luxuriant expansion of bold opinions and unlimited reasonings on some of the profoundest subjects on which the human mind can display its strength and dexterity. But that unfettered activity of genius which distinguished the golden days of Greece, when '*each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold*' of her consecrated territory was animated by the voice of freedom and philosophy, was chiefly directed to the invention and discussion of ethical theories, and seemed scarcely to suspect the existence of any subjects worthy the inquisition of exalted understandings, but those bearing close affinity to the phenomena of invisible and intangible existences. NATURAL SCIENCE, that science which reveals to man the perpetual miracles of creation, and draws aside, in some degree, the veil between himself and his maker, appeared in vain to the sublimated spirits of the age of Pericles. Absorbed in aerial and supersubtle speculations, they lost sight of the earth they inhabited, and the dazzling meteors that danced before their fancy, monopolized their consideration, to the inexpressible prejudice of sound science, and the knowledge of nature. The consequence was that their systems were frequently admirable in every part—except the basis. Their strides were mighty, but often

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over hollow or infructile ground. The objects of their pursuit were not seldom trivial, yet they seized them with the grasp of giants. Their excursions were extensive, but desultory. Their talents were great, their diligence was unremitting, but their genius wanted materials worthy of the artificers, and their industry was, at once, the slave and propagatrix of error. There was in their reasonings too much of the '*sophist, madly vain of dubious lore.*' Yet it would be strikingly unjust to the illustrious speculators of antiquity to deny the substantial usefulness of much of their labour. They explored with intrepid zeal the dark depths of logical science, and if they were destitute of the lights of physical knowledge, their progress was, at least, illumined by the radiations of their own incomparable faculties. Much was hidden from their view, but much also was acquired. Felicity of conjecture occasionally supplied the want of actual and demonstrative acquaintance with the laws of nature, and Montgolfier, when he constructed the first balloon that was ever framed, only realised the saying of Socrates, that 'could a sheet of copper be so attenuated as that, when formed into a hollow globe, and replenished with a gas specifically lighter than the atmospheric medium, the confining material, and the fluid confined, should constitute a weight less than that of the common air, a vehicle would be discovered, enabling man to traverse the skies.' It would be a curious inquiry to trace to their source, or partial origin, many discoveries of which the moderns claim to be the patronymic inventors. We must not be understood to assert that the ancients were proficient in sciences, the sedulous cultivation of which, and astonishing achievements in, reflect so honourable a lustre on Christian Europe. Of such a gross contradiction to what we have previously advanced upon the subject, we could not possibly be guilty. We simply mean that the quick eye of genius caught, in its discursive wanderings, casual glimpses of truths which after-ages, more patient, and enamoured rather of the useful than the brilliant, were destined to develop, and take practical advantage of. Johnson's assertion respecting Dryden that 'what his mind could supply at a call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave,' is, with very slight qualification, peculiarly applicable to the philosophers of Greece: and it is matter of deep and serious regret that minds so supereminently subtle, and cast by nature in moulds of such gigantic capacity, should have wasted their vigour, and dissipated the ethereal aura, in

the erection and embellishment of dogmas, so unfounded and unsubstantial. As it is, we condemn while we admire. Magnitude of conception, and splendour of decoration are lavishly employed in the propugnation of doctrines owing no allegiance to sound principle. Error is systematised : nature outraged ; and the painted features of falsehood usurp the devotion which should be exclusively paid to the undorned majesty of truth.

But a more important topic than their ignorance of physics presents itself for discussion, when examining the doctrines of the Grecian speculatists. The loose, disjointed system of theology that prevailed in the first enlightened country of Europe, could not but prove highly inauspicious to the germination either of a sane morality or well-adjusted philosophy. The character of the heathen gods afforded no very exalted idea of the undeviating virtue, serene dignity, and ineffable grandeur of celestial beings. The sovereign of the universe himself was gravely exhibited as the careless violator of every moral obligation, the unrepenting perpetrator of all species of flagitiousness. Cruel, selfish, and voluptuous ; capricious, revengeful, and deceptious ; a thwarted tyrant ; a controlled omnipotent ; supremely wise, yet ever liable to be deceived ; the sport of passion, and the slave of delusion ;....he was merciless in his punishments, intent only on the consummation of his own degrading desires, and absorbed in the basest sensuality ; governed by the suggestion of the moment, inordinate in the gratification of his hate, and accomplishing by treachery that which his wisdom was impotent to effect ; despotic, yet often compelled to abandon his oppressions ; all-powerful, yet the subject of FATE ; of boundless yet frequently blinded wisdom ; constitutionally inflammable, and disciplined in error. Such was the Grecian Jove ; such the being whom antiquity venerated as the monarch of heaven and earth. He was adored as the lord of nature, whom as a human prince his worshippers would have united to reprobate and destroy. The characters of the minor powers were in perfect harmony with that of their sovereign ; with this simple difference, that with the same noxious and disorganizing propensities, their capabilities were more circumscribed. Adultery, theft, fraud, &c. were all honoured with the auspices of especial patrons, carefully registered in the theogeny, provided with regular establishments in Olympus ; and having numerous temples, and shrines, splendidly adorned by the hand of art, and endowed with revenues surpassing the expences of the profligate knaves,

who officiated as the priests of these sanctuaries of abomination.

This was the pernicious superstition diffused throughout Greece and her colonies. A system so replete with excitement to the vilest passions of humanity, arrayed besides, in all the imposing grandeur of architecture, and attractive elegancies of sculpture, painting, poetry, and music, operated with a lamentable force upon a people, whose natural temperament was too exalted to require such potent stimuli. The result was the generation of a character, belonging to the nation at large, which our sublimer ideas of the Deity, and purer morality, teach us to regard not merely as abhorrent in itself, but incalculably injurious to the interests of any well-regulated community. To this general condemnation, illustrious exceptions may, unquestionably, be made; the irreproachable integrity, the stainless virtue of Solon, Aristides, Epaminondas, &c. may be held up as exquisite models of human character. Our business, however, is with their philosophers rather than their legislators, politicians, or generals. With them we have to grapple, and if victory attend us, to the sanctity of our cause be the triumph ascribed—for against such antagonists how should we otherwise prevail?

The eminent and enlightened classes of society were exempt from the contagion, and contributed perhaps by the example of purer manners to stem the torrent of corruption that, but for them, might have burst all bound, and rushed in one, black, devastating deluge over the whole surface of the state. The creed of the multitude, at once despicable and infamous, they regarded with horror and contempt. Man, however, cannot exist, like the beast of the field, without some settled principle of religious faith. The conviction of his immortality is perpetually pressing itself on his mind. The decay and renovation of nature speak to him in a language that vibrates to his heart's core, and will not be mistaken. Every natural sentiment must be extirpated from his breast, his whole being must change, he must be struck from the list of rational intelligences, ere he can part with this soothing consolation, this divine panacea, of all his cares and miseries. Instigated by this hunger of the soul after its celestial aliment, and abhorring the raw, coarse, putrescent ingredients of the popular superstition, the Grecian sages were compelled to frame religions for themselves. They commenced their labour with the boldness of men who felt themselves equal to the most arduous enterprises.

Ignorant of the insurmountable difficulties of their task, the perplexities that beset them at every turn of their road, only whetted their resolution to intenser effort. That which their reason was incompetent to solve, they arbitrarily accounted for. They acted like men who, involved in the obscure labyrinths of a forest, and discerning no permeable exit, vainly attempt to hew a passage, where none has been provided by nature. Destitute of divine light, they vainly sought acquaintance with things divine. In a word, ~~enlightenment~~ had not beamed upon their benighted intellect, and they were like Argus in the dark. Since their conceptions of the Deity were necessarily formed from what they knew, or could acquire, of humanity in its least imperfect state, and since the utmost conceivable greatness and purity of man are infinitely below the unimaginable sublimity of the Supreme Being, their conceptions were necessarily erroneous. The eagle, his feet chained to the earth, idly shakes his pinions for a heavenly flight.

The propensity to brilliant theory, uniting with the disdain of demonstrative science, renders the physical and theological systems of the ancients, objects, at once, of admiration and doubt. Of the utter falsity of some, the discrepancies are too flagrant and glaring to allow us an instant's pause on the verdict we ought to pronounce, especially when we discover that they resolve in conclusions which religionists of *any*, and *all*, persuasions, must regard with an unconquerable abhorrence; in which even the *Deist* will participate. Systems, having for their foundation, the acknowledgment of a Supreme Arbiter, preserving and ruling all things by his providential wisdom and omnipotence, however obnoxious to particular creeds such systems may be, will be more charitably dealt with than theories which either deny the *existence* of god or gods, or, admitting their existence, exclude them from all sway over, or interference in, the conduct of the universe. Yet, perhaps, the erectors of the former hypothesis stand upon an eminence some degrees below that on which those of the latter take their station. We entreat our readers to recollect that we are canvassing the question with regard to mere intellectual superiority; that the moral principles of Right and Wrong have no connection with the subject. Arguing then with this reserve, we have little hesitation in pronouncing the founders of the Epicurean and Sceptical theories to have been individuals of more curious research,

Busby's *Lucretius*.

and subtle thought, than the framers of less obnoxious doctrines.....We shall remark :

FIRSTLY, that the Epicurean and Sceptical hypothesis required in their defenders an hardihood and adventurousness of spirit, characteristic of the highest order of minds, which were but rarely demanded in the supporters of the Platonic and Pythagorean systems. The *first* flew off at direct tangent from the popular follies, the *second* preserved a course more accommodated to the sinuosities of the prevailing superstition. All the prejudices of the multitude were inflamed into perilous combustion by the *first*, the efforts of the *second* ever bore the semblance of respect towards the sentiments of the populace. The *first* was more ingenious and enterprising, the *second* more circumspect and stealthy. The *first* was more heroic, the *second* more politic. The *first* was a Cæsar, the *second* a Machiavel.

We shall SECONDLY observe that...the bolder theories were, probably, partly engendered by the errors into which the devouter sages had fallen ; errors which were fastened upon with the most immoderate triumph and tenacious malignity, when they were observed in hypotheses professing to be infallible guides through the labyrinths of moral and theological science. Broached as they were in times when the only mean of obtaining reverence consisted in the display of superior talents, and when, consequently, the *spiritus intus* was called forth in its brightest colours, and strongest action, every individual of abilities was led to examine into the merits of doctrines, propounded with such self-arrogated and solemn claims to his veneration. Subjected to this minute inquisition, the Platonic and Pythagorean systems shrunk before the rough and unsparing vehemence with which they were assailed by their acuter rivals. Flushed with victory, the Epicureans and Sceptics lost no time in improving their advantages ; they seized every opportunity to perplex their antagonists with questions and objections, of which they were unable to afford satisfactory solutions : for, independently of reasons previously stated, their approximation to the notions of the vulgar, circumscribed the range of their thoughts within very narrow limits, and deprived them of all those vast advantages which the unrestrained liberty of the Epicureans and Sceptics secured to those dangerous innovators.

THIRDLY, all the merit which a victorious combat with a weak, and triumphant defence of a bad, cause,

can entitle them to (and this will be found to be no mean panegyric) justly belongs to the Epicureans and Sceptics.

FOURTHLY, and LASTLY, though the Pythagorean and Platonic systems are so much more susceptible than the latter of every embellishment that fancy and sentiment can bestow, it is incontrovertible that the most exquisite delineations and richly coloured illustration of philosophical principles are exhibited in 'THE NATURE OF THINGS'.... The production of a man whose avowed opinions have been stigmatised as waging open war with the inspirations of song, and allying themselves with all the sordid and grovelling passions of our nature.

If these our views of the subject be correct, it seems to follow that the systems of the bolder sects, while they deviate more widely from the sacred principles of christianity, were created and put forth by men of freer, more excursive, and original intellect than the framers of doctrines less obnoxious to our holy religion.

We shall now present our readers with an abstract of the Epicurean hypothesis. This cannot be better performed than in the compressed yet comprehensive language of the translator.

His *physical theory*, the preservation of which we owe to Diogenes Laërtius, admits only *matter* and *space*; both infinite, unbounded, eternal, and producing, by their various combinations, the universal structure. Space and matter are in their natures distinct and opposite; one provides the solid parts of bodies, the other their pores and interstices. Hence, all created substances consist of *solid* and *void*. Till the universe sprung to being, matter and space were unconnected; subsisted separately as independently. Space is void—an entire absence of matter; solid matter on the contrary, excludes space, and consists of seeds or atoms, inconceivably minute, and so indurate as to be infrangible. The figures of these corpuscles are various, though not infinitely diversified, and the atoms of each shape are innumerable, while each single atom possesses its own intrinsic powers of motion. Epicurus, borrowing from Democritus the perpendicular motion, added a second, by which some of the particles descended in an oblique direction, striking the others laterally.

These atoms, moving from all eternity through immeasurable space; meeting, conussing, rebounding; combining, amassing, according to their smooth, round, angular, and jagged figures, have produced all the compound bodies of the universe, animate and inanimate. The more closely and compactly they lie, the more the body they form approximates to perfect solidity; as their coalition is less intimate, it will be more vacuous and rare. On the mode of combination assumed by these particles depends the nature and character of whatever they form; as earth, water, fire, air, vegetables, animal bodies, the mind, the soul, and the passions.

* From these elementary particles the world was generated, and is perpetually supplied and sustained. Ever in motion, the atoms now attach themselves to fading bodies ; now form new ones ; now dissipate again, preserve the constant rotation of nature, and, while all compounds decay and perish, are themselves eternal and immutable.

* The world itself is refected and nourished by a perpetual accession of these corpuscles ; had, like all other bodies, a beginning and progression ; like them also it will have a termination ; and, by its dissolution, provide materials for other worlds.

* This visible system is not the only one with which the infinite void is furnished. The same cause produced other systems ; and, anterior to the birth of the world, gave, in certain parts of space, existence to beings, whose duration will transcend that of the world itself ; beings whose pure natures exempt them from the cares incidental to the grosser organization of inferior existences, and not only secure them from the passions and tumultuous emotions that disturb and vitiate the human race, but render them indifferent to our crimes and miseries, virtues and happiness. These superior beings, the *Gods* of Epicurus, were so far from claiming any share in the production or conduct of the world, that they themselves were created, and are finite in their attributes.

* Thus all things and all creatures are formed from accruing particles, not excepting even the soul and mind of man. And as the existence of these invisible essences, like the grosser frame, depends on the combination and adhesion of the corpuscles of which they consist, they also, at the separation of their elementary atoms, share the fate of the body and perish.

It is asserted by the apologists of Epicurus, that to pronounce him an atheist is manifestly unjust, since his belief in the existence of heavenly powers is expressed with reverential seriousness. This we certainly conceive to be a very shallow and awkward vindication. According to all rational notions of divine powers, these '*superior beings, the Gods of Epicurus*' were any thing rather than divine. They were indeed, it is true, with faculties surpassing those of man, but for no imaginable purpose, save that of providing for their own convenience and pleasures. Regardless alike of the enormities of vice and the sufferings of virtue, they viewed the transactions of this world with a stoicism that was never invaded by horror or delight, and with feelings much less intense than those with which the spectators at a theatre are agitated at the representation of any powerfully-interesting drama.

Enthusiasm in behalf of his original is naturally to be expected in every translator. That which has engrossed our exertions for any considerable period we regard with vivid and peculiar interest. Dr. Busby is by no means defi-

cient in this ardent partiality, which, however, we are glad to discover has not materially interfered with the sacred duties *he* has to discharge, who undertakes to array Lucretius in the costume of the English or indeed, any modern idiom. One passage of the 'Dissertation on the genius of Lucretius' (that part of the work from which we have made our preceding quotations) while it is the most eloquent and argumentative defence of the Roman bard we have ever perused, is, nevertheless, not perfectly free from *misrepresentation*; and *reasoning* which, stated with great clearness and beauty of expression, is too general, not to mislead minds unhabituated to serious thinking. Lucretius is an author whom we must scrutinize in *minutiæ*: take him in his *generalities*, and it will be frequently found that his statements and arguments are unanswerable. Like Achilles, in the main trunk of his metaphysics, he is secure from wound; but he is vulnerable in the heel. The following is the passage we alluded to.

'His adversaries,' says Dr. Busby, meaning the adversaries of Lucretius, 'assert that he rejected the interference of the gods with the government of the world; denied an over-ruling providence; that is (when properly explained) having disarmed Jupiter of his thunder and lightning, Mars of his sword and shield, snatched from Neptune his trident; dispeopled the Acherusian shades, and left in the regions of ocean, earth, and heaven, only beings of created and limited powers—he omitted to invent omnipotent substitutes, and to pay divine worship to idols of his own creation. *Anacreon may be admired and extolled for the seducing pictures he exhibits of inebriation and wantonness; Catullus and Tibullus for their lascivious sentiments and descriptions; and Virgil, for exhibiting in flattering colours ideas at which I cannot too remotely hint*; while Lucretius is condemned for not being an idolator, for not making for himself, and falling down before, a graven image; some newly fashioned type of some fresh-imagined deity; for not being wise enough to perceive how much better it would have been, to submit the rule of the universe to *fancied* Gods, rather than to the laws of nature.'

Now we really must, in candour, observe to Dr. Busby that in his zeal to defend Lucretius, he has so far overstepped the lines of justice, as to cast the most unmerited censure upon all admirers of some of the most exquisite

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poetry that remains to us from its golden ages. Anacreon is *not* 'extolled for his seducing pictures of inebriation and wantonness;' Catullus and Tibullus, 'for their lascivious sentiments and descriptions;' (indeed Tibullus is remarkably chaste, and free from vicious thought and sentiment,) nor Virgil for exhibiting in flattering colours, ideas at which the translator of Lucretius 'cannot too remotely hint.' The warmest worshippers of those illustrious poets reprobate, in common with Dr. Busby, the licentiousness with which their compositions are polluted;—the simplicity, the purity of diction, the *naïve* graces, that distinguish the *style* of Anacreon; the unrivalled and spirited elegance that sheds such enchanting light over the pages of Catullus; the mournful and unaffected tenderness that diffuses its languishing lustre over the productions of Tibullus; the inimitable pathos and sublimity of Virgil: *These* are the charms that, as with the force of magic, controul the minds of all who read and understand the works of those exquisite geniusses: their reverence is not wasted upon those portions of their productions which form the ground work of Dr. Busby's *ingenious*, not *ingenuous*, use of the universal admiration paid to the *MAGNI VATES VETERES*.

For this over-weening defence of Lucretius conveyed in language that may be termed a satire upon the age, we were unable to assign any adequate cause. In the notes to the poem, Dr. Busby to considerable learning, has joined great acuteness and depth of reasoning: the parallel passages from various modern and ancient authors, are selected with unexampled felicity; and the body of the commentaries, consisting of the most masterly refutations of all the disputable parts, *i. e.* nearly the whole of the Epicurean theory, altogether forms a mass of reasoning upon the eloquent sophisms of Lucretius, that erects itself into an irresistible battery against all casuists whom vanity, or perverted principles, might seduce to the profession and defence of a system which the present translator has proved to be not only vicious, but teeming with errors; errors excusable in the age of Lucretius, but which would infallibly induce the utmost causticity of ridicule upon any *modern* adopter of such mere phantasms. It was upon this ground, that we said we were unable to assign any adequate cause for Dr. Busby's earnest defence of Lucretius, who though he be a mighty poet, and a subtle, though erroneous, metaphysician will not be considered, in these

times, as a **PHILOSOPHER**; as a man (to remind our readers of positions advanced in the previous pages of this article) deeply versed in physical science, and building all his ratiocination upon principles that are rooted, so to speak, in the very foundations of nature. In turning to the 'pre-face,' however, we were agreeably surprised at meeting with a passage that afforded a full and clear solution of the difficulty that assailed us. In this sentence Dr. Busby informs us that a very considerable portion of the work, including the dissertations on the genius of Lucretius, was executed nearly twenty years since*, a circumstance which, by leading us to imagine that in the earlier period of his life, the Doctor viewed the system of Epicurus with more indulgence than is consistent with reason, will account for the discordance at present subsisting between the dissertation and his very elegant, and profound commentaries upon the text of Lucretius.

With regard to our critical survey of the work, we intend to consider (wherever it is practicable) the poem and the commentaries in conjunction—thus presenting our readers at once with examples of the two-fold display of the translator's talents—as a poet—and argumentatist.

The first passage we shall select is that glorious burst of genius and enthusiasm, in which the Roman poet declares the originality of his work, and announces in words that seem to burn the paper on which they are inscribed, his resolution to explore the newest and most verdant paths of Parnassus. The original beginning, '*nunc age, quod super est cognosce, &c.*' is familiar to the mind of every admirer of Lucretius.

* But now attend : thine eager ear incline,
Catch reason's light, and make my wisdom thine :
Obscure my theme, but glorious hope of praise,
Warms my bold heart, and animates my lays ;
Exalts my soul to energy divine
And fires with all the raptures of the Nine.

* What was the cause of this supererogatory deference to the canon of Horace, we cannot divine ; but we much regret that Dr. Busby refrained so long from the prosecution of his transcendent version when we reflect to what valuable *professional* pursuits, Mr. G——, might have dedicated his leisure and knowledge, had he been acquainted with the present translation. As it is, what shall we say of Mr. G—— ? A seceder from the shrines of *ESCULAPIUS*, he has met with the just fate of a deserter—offended his former patron, without securing the smiles of his newly chosen protector.

Daring, I follow where the Muses lead,
Through paths untrod with new delight proceed.
The purest springs my noble thirst requires,
My ardent mind the largest draughts inspires ;
I joy to traverse the pierian bowers,
And wreath my brows with their immortal flowers ;
There, where ye never bound, harmonious Nine !
Another's temples with a crown like mine.' (B. I. v. 901.)

Can any thing surpass the florid freshness, the contagious ardour, of this exquisite passage? If there is any thing in English translation, that fairly rivals its excellence, it will be found in Dryden's version of the lines in the third book of the *Georgics* commencing.

' Ye sacred Muses, &c.'

In the commentary upon the seventh line of the quotation, Dr. Busby very judiciously and succinctly points out the adoption of the allegorical mode (employed by *Lucretius*, to delineate the magnitude and splendour of his pretensions) by several of the ancient poets, and, in modern times, by Milton and Cowley. The imitation by Virgil, the translation of which by Dryden, we esteem one of the brightest flashes of his genius, is a mere theft from his illustrious predecessor.

Our next extract will exhibit the perfect ease, and melodious volubility with which Dr. Busby manages the metaphysical parts of 'The Nature of Things.' *Lucretius* is contending for the unbounded extent of the universe—
' *omne quod est, igitur, &c.*

' This everlasting frame can know no bound,
For then extremes the whole would circle round.
But can extremes exist, and not extend
Beyond the bodies which they comprehend ?
And if beyond this whole no substance lies,
Can circumscribing walls this whole comprise ?
All is the centre where no limit bounds ;
Stand where thou wilt, space infinite surrounds.
But this great whole if boundaries comprise,
Raise me some mortal to yon utmost skies ;—
Thence, forward, if a forceful dart he throw,
'Twill stop resisted, or 'twill further go.
Choose as you list, my argument will hold ;
No limits thou must grant, the world infold ;
Whether some obstacle oppose its might,
Or through the void it wing its rapid flight.

Still o'er this utmost limit something lies ;
 Substance that checks, or void through which it flies,
 Then here, where'er thy bounds, I firmly stand :—
 What of thy dart becomes, I still demand.
 Ope lie the world's illimitable fields,
 And boundless space an endless passage yields.

' Again ; did bounds this universe embrace,
 Matter ere this, had sought the lowest place,
 Nought that beneath the ethereal concave grows,
 Had sprang to life, or to perfection rose.
 The stars themselves had soon extinguished been,
 And the sun's cheerful light no longer seen.
 Descending through immensity from high,
 All would at length in wild confusion lie.
 But since to substances no rest is given,
 They're ever moving, driving on, or driven :
 No lowest place, to which they all might tend,
 Attracts them, to no centre they descend.
 Through the vast void their constant course they keep,
 While ever-active seeds to being leap :
 And nature's bodies, as they quickening rise,
 The moving mass eternally supplies.

' 'Tis true, we see one thing another bound,
 The hills the air, the winds the hills, surround ;
 The embracing lands the restless sea inclose,
 And round this earth the circling ocean flows.
 But the Great Whole, no limits can embrace,
 For such the nature of the world's great space,
 That swiftest streams, for ages though they flowed,
 And stretched eternally their liquid road,
 Still through the vast expanse could never run,
 Still vain their journey, and as just begun :
 Such the World's Whole, through all extension led ;
 So deep, so lofty, and so widely spread.

' Hence, since this universe no confine knows,
 The laws of nature Finitude oppose.
 Since every substance is by vacuum bound,
 And every void by matter circled round.
 By mutual terminations, thus, the whole
 Immense becomes, and orbs unbounded roll.
 Were not each void within some substance placed,
 And one for ever by the other braced,
 One endless simple vacuum had been given ;
 Nor sea, nor earth, nor lucid vault of heaven,
 Nor mortal race, nor sacred forms of gods,
 (Nor lords of earth, nor of the blest abodes.)

One moment had endured ; the seeds of things,
 Divided and dispersed, on devious wings,
 Had darted through the void, dissolved and loosed ;
 Or, never joined, no being had produced.
 For scattered through the fields of empty space,
 Never again those solids could embrace.

‘ Ne’er had the seeds, by wisdom of their own,
 Themselves adjusted, and in order shone :
 Ne’er framed the laws by which themselves should move,
 But changed to various forms, dispersed above,
 Below, around, through all the mighty void,
 In every motion, every union tried,
 Each to its proper station lastly springs,
 And hence this wonderous universe of things.
 Thus by convenient motions, which they keep
 From age to age, they swell the greedy deep
 With vast supplies of tributary streams ;
 And earth, rekindled by the solar beams,
 Renews her fruits, the various creatures thrive,
 And Æther’s rolling fires resplendent live.’ (B.I. v. 1030.)

In this extract, which, in our opinion, is a splendid instance of the possibility of conveying the axioms of philosophy in vigorous and animated strains of poetry, we have to notice a few *peccadilloes*, which, however, do not deteriorate the magnificence of the passage to any great degree. ‘ *Circle round*,’ is feebly pleonastic, and the verb ‘ *go*’ in the twelfth line is ungraceful, and evidently introduced for the purpose of rhyming with the preceding verse ; ‘ *Twill*,’ we unhesitatingly condemn, wherever we find it ; the elision of the impersonal pronoun being, we conceive, one of the most offensive in the list of verbal abbreviations....the interchange of *you* and *thou* which obtains in all our poetry, has been noticed by an eminent poet, and lively critic,* and is peculiarly disgusting to a fastidious ear. But these are blemishes, which though we are bound to remark, will not suffer us to rebate from the panegyric, which the general merits of the extract have drawn from us. We subjoin the commentary on the twenty third line of the above quotation....
 “ Again : did walls, &c.”

‘ *Lucretius*,’ says Dr. Busby, ‘ in the eager adoption of every argument that presents itself to his vast intellect, has here fallen upon a position obviously erroneous. It is true that the centre of the uni-

* Mr. Francis Hodgson, in the translation of Juvenal.

verse, were its sphere limited and that centre substantial, would be endowed with attraction; but we cannot conclude that all things would obey that attraction, without overlooking the counter-acting impetus of projectiles. As the earth and every planet of the solar system, deprived of this impetus, would fall into the sun, so must it be granted that the numerous globes of a limited universe, if not sustained by a similar impetus, would inevitably be drawn to its centre of gravity. But motion, an incessant impetus alternately progressive and retrogressive, is a principle indispensable to the doctrine of Lucretius; motion, then, cannot, consistent with his principles, be refused to the support of this objection. But the wonderful adjustment between progressive impetus and universal attraction, which maintains every secondary, every primary, and perhaps, every solar globe, in a stated orbit, calls too loudly for the acknowledgement of a wise and divine designer to have suited the purpose of the disciple of Epicurus.' (Comment. LVI.)

In the following passage of the poem, in which Lucretius argues against the natural disposition of bodies to ascend, the *translator* surpasses the *author* in perspicuity, and vigour.

' Mark'st thou the blazing meteors; how their light
With streamy glory gilds the vault of night?
How stars and fiery vapours, shook from high,
To earth declining, rush athwart the sky;
The bounteous sun from heavens's high summit yields
His genial warmth, and sows with light the fields.
Hence, then, his fires descend, since earth below
Partakes those splendours which his fires bestow.
From sulphurous clouds the vivid lightning flies
Through pouring showers, and opens all the skies;
Now here, now there, it flashes swiftly round,
Smites the bright hills, and runs along the ground.'

In the last line, which we have put in italics, Dr. Busby has distilled the essence of Lucretius's meaning, and given to his original a verse, exquisitely descriptive of the transit of lightning over ground. We well recollect witnessing in our early youth a thunderstorm on the rocky and precipitous banks of a celebrated stream in the west of England, and shall never forget the peculiar effect produced by the flight of the fiery fluid beneath the surface of the eminence on which we stood. Darting upon the summit of a neighbouring hill, it fled down the declivity, danced onwards in radiating lines to the foot of the height from which we beheld it; and then, di-

varicating into various directions became speedily extinguished.

The passage beginning '*Preterea, genus humanum*;' &c. and embracing the pathetic picture of the cow mourning the loss of her offspring, is executed with singular felicity.

‘Think on mankind, the silent breed that glide
On spreading fins along the chrystal tide;
The groves, the herds, the sweetly tuneful kind
That skim the lakes and sail upon the wind;
Visit in flocks the flower-embroidered flood
Or warble from the coverts of the wood;
Contemplate these, the varied form and state
Of things which breathe, and things inanimate
The tender youngling hence its mother knows,
And hence the dam with love maternal glows;
All creatures, hence, their proper species find,
And in their union imitate mankind.
When on the altar of the gilded fane,
To angry gods, a tender heifer's slain;
When life flows, issuing in a purple flood,
When reeks the flumen with the smoking blood,
The hapless dam explores the fields around;
And with impatient hoofs imprints the ground;
Each lawn, each grove surveys with anxious eyes,
And fills the woodlands with her piteous cries;
Oft to her solitary stall returns,
Oft the sad absence of her darling mourns;
No more the tender willows please, no more
Those streams delight her, which allured before
The freshened herbs, imperled with silvery dew,
Their wonted beauty and their sweetness lose.
Though heifers fair in thousands round her feed,
And sport and frolic o'er the joyous mead,
These she regards not, but her own requires,
Whose absence all a mother's grief inspires.
Thus, too the tender kids, and wanton lambs,
Catch the known bleatings of their distant dams;
Hear in the passing gale the accustomed sound,
And to the parent dug re-joining bound.’ (Book II. V. 38.)

Justice to the extreme excellence of the version of the conclusion of the second book, urges us to present to our readers so much of it as our limits will allow. We have insensibly proceeded, till our remarks have stretched to an extent that, in looking back, alarms us. Before we give the extract, we shall observe, that the passages we have

selected are by no means to be regarded as the best in the volumes, but rather as specimens of innumerable beauties. With respect to the commentaries, we recommend to all who are partial to acute, and profound thought, the sedulous perusal of the XIXth, XXXIIIrd, XXXVith, XLth, XL1st, LIVth, and LVIIIth, notes on the first book, and *nearly the whole* of those appended to the second. We proceed to the quotation, premising that this article embraces only the two first books of the work; the analysis of which will be resumed in our next number.

' When stars and glorious sun had sprung to birth,
The glorious heavens, this ocean, and this earth,
Accruing seeds from foreign stores discharged,
Their powers augmented, and their bulks enlarged.
More vigorous then the sea and earth became,
Extended limits bound the ethereal frame;
The heavenly mansions raised their arches higher,
And new formed æther flamed with added fire.

.....
Thus, too, the heavens (this world's surrounding wall)
Must feel the assault of time, decay, and fall.
Nature with constant aid all things supplies,
But vain her efforts and the creature dies.
Sustaining juice no more the veins receive,
Nor due recruit can failing nature give.
This globe now waxeth old; enfeebled earth
Scarcely to puny animals gives birth;
Though once a huge athletic race she bore,
Gigantic creatures which she yields no more.
Can I suppose a golden chain let fall,
All kinds of creatures on this nether ball!
Did ocean form them? did the waves which beat
The rocky shores, these various things create?
Surely this earth, where sovereign nature reigns,
First gave them being, as she now sustains.
Spontaneous once her shining fruitage rose,
And the rich vine, whose juice exalting flows.
Each grateful produce of the pregnant soil,
Now yields reluctantly to human toil:
The cleaving apade, the shining plough-share's length,
Our oxen's vigour, and our peasants strength,
To till the sterile lands but scarce suffice,—
Things ask such labour, and so slowly rise.
His head the lusty ploughman, sighing, shakes,
And frequent races the pains he vainly takes.
The present age comparing with the last,
He blesses those who occupied the past:

Proclaim aloud that men of ancient days
 Their hours could give to piety and praise,
 Happy, though these their lands were more compræst,
 Than those by men of modern times possessèd :
 Nor dreams that things by dint of age revolve,
 To ruin hasten, and by death dissolve.

ART. II.—*An Exposé of the Dissentions of Spanish America*, intended as a means to induce the Mediatory of Great Britain, in order to put an end to a destructive civil war, and to establish permanent quiet and prosperity, on a basis consistent with the dignity of Spain, and the interests of the world; by William Walton. Quarto. p. 480, Ridgeway. 1814.

The author of this well meant work, which he dedicates to the Prince Regent, informs us that it was originally written for the exclusive object of inducing the British government to ponder on the melancholy situation of Spanish America; and that it was placed, near two years ago, in a more condensed shape, in a channel from which some relief was expected. With him we lament the cause which interposed, and prevented his pages from being examined. A state apathy too often silences the individual, though he may have matters of high import to disclose. To this species of governmental contumacy, our author says, 'the murders of unoffending thousands were heard, without the corresponding sympathy so usual to Britons;—and that every month's delay, causing the murders of unoffending thousands, ought one moment to have been lost in relieving universal affliction and distress?'

At the time when the Regency of Cadiz was accumulating miseries upon their colonies in South America, Britain might, perhaps, have successfully interposed, and saved the horrid massacres which this volume discloses. Crimes, only equalled by the murderous revolutionary assassins of France; but as yet unpractised even in savage warfare. The time to save the remainder of the innocent aborigines of the Southern part of the new world, we greatly fear is passed; and that a war of second extermination is still carrying on against them.

The desperate measure taken by Pizarro, Cortes, and other invaders of this devoted country, who in their pillage marked their steps in the blood of the natives, seems, in a more enlightened age, to be revived with a refinement of barbarity.

On the proceedings of the regency of Cadiz, our author

deduces the scene of those abominable atrocities. 'Had England,' says Mr. Walton, 'then, only used energy, talent and address; had she held out to Spain the example of dignity and true wisdom, and had she by sound and firm reasoning, only silenced the ravings of a boisterous war faction, according to the united testimony of both Spaniards and Americans, she would not only have been successful, and averted this storm from bursting on her ally, but she would, besides, have derived considerable advantage to herself. She would moreover have then, really, maintained the integrity of the entire Spanish Monarchy, to its unfortunate owner and would likewise have secured to herself, the everlasting gratitude of its two component parts. England had claims upon, and ties over the then existing regency, which from a variety of circumstances, she cannot have over the present Cortes; and the Americans with founded motives, blame her for not using them in time for the good of all. The firm and decided interposition of the British Government, in order to hinder the decrees of the Regency against Caracas, would have cut the evil to the root; would have spared the blood which has since flowed; would have warded off the general desolation which has ensued; would have kept the nation united; and would also have prevented the war of extermination, now enkindled. By strongly urging the sincerity of the treaty, which existed; by a full guarantee of the upright intentions of England; by thus gently leading the Spanish government, by persuasion and argument; by enlightening the nation with regard to its real interests; and, in short, by convincing it of a sense of what was right; we should not only have given strength and duration to our alliance, and consolidated it by an union of interests; but we might in that case, have expected to see the entire monarchy of Spain, rise superior to the adversity by which it was beset.'

Our author is so warm a partizan in the Spanish cause, that, great as have been our sacrifices in defence of that country; he thinks we have not gone far enough;... it is with him, in fact, that we have done them ninety-nine good turns, but stop short of the hundredth. He tells us that the acts of the Regency and the Cortes, against the Colonies were illegal; that the war carried on against them is a war of aggression, and that it originated in a manifest violation of right and equity, accompanied by horrors which chill the feelings of humanity. He then proceeds to prove the necessity, nay, the bounden duty, in which both Spain and England stand of allaying these feuds.

England, he continues, from her commanding attitude is particularly called upon, at the present moment, to use her most strenuous exertions, to stop the ravages of a civil war in a country, bound to her by a sacred alliance, and formerly the object of her repeated offers and warm assurances. That it is time to put an end to devastations, which have already spread widely in that fair portion of the globe, which have converted the seat of quiet, improvement, and riches, into scenes of carnage, anarchy, and destruction.

It must have been some time previous to our author's committing his ideas on this subject to the press, that England was involved in a war in the Northern part of the continent of America....a war waged against her with scarce a shadow of pretext, but sufficiently momentous for the effusion of human blood, or the devastation of a country. Yet such were the troubles in which we were involved, while Mr. Walton is telling us that it was our bounden duty, to rescue the South for another power, while, perhaps, we are losing the North to ourselves.

In advocating the case of an injured people, it is but natural to turn our thoughts for a moment to our own situation, and more especially to the state of our own affairs, in the same quarter of the globe.

The American people, with whom we had to contend, are composed of two classes....the populace of the sea-ports, and the inhabitants of the interior. Political writers, in this country, conceive that the voice of this populace and its leaders, is the sense of the American people. But the true case is very different. The lower order of the coast towns, are the very scum, not only of America, but of the whole world: it is little better than a hive of renegades from every corner of Europe, where the disaffected, the robber, traitor, or murderer, flies to avoid the just vengeance of the law, due to his crimes. Here may be found, united Irishmen, delegated Englishmen, expatriated Poles, mortified Swiss, wandering Italians, French Dentists and Dancing Masters, broken Germans, and still more cunning Jews.

It is in the interior, that we must look for the offspring of the British Agriculturist. There, as in Wales, and in some parts of the North of England, will be found the real character of the people; a population resembling ourselves, who do not look deep into the proceedings of Government, and are content, as long as no additional taxes are imposed upon them. These are in reality, the people of the United States of America. They considered the pretext of war

against this country, too slight to risk their tranquillity. They regarded their president, more as the dupe of Bonaparte, than an avowed enemy to their mother country, and had things been suffered thus to operate a little longer on their minds, the state of affairs with them might now have worn a far different aspect.

But to return to the affairs of the Southern part of this distant quarter of the globe. Our author, next to the remissness of our Government, charges the present miseries of the unoffending Indians, the aborigines of that country, to the intemperate and impolitic conduct of the five Regents, who succeeded the central Junta, over awed as they were by the trading interest of Cadiz. He says that it was,

* Owing to the wanton cruelty, and unjust and intemperate conduct of the Cadiz Regents ; who, callous to the sufferings of their fellow-citizens, declared war against their distant brethren, and thereby opened the flood gates of anarchy and civil discord. It was this impolitic measure, which first excited a spirit of indignation and open enmity, in the insulted and outraged inhabitants of South America, whom we, lately, beheld glowing with the most enthusiastic sentiments of loyalty and patriotism, and pledging their lives and fortunes in aid of the peninsula. Amongst the same, for more than four years, we have nevertheless witnessed a merciless warfare, such a one, as humanity shudders to contemplate. As a vengeance on them we have seen new racks and tortures used, even such as are unknown in the states of Barbary: we have read of oceans of carnage, and of the indiscriminate massacre of the defenceless natives of every section ; and still we are not weary of the long drama of iniquity, so long representing in that unfortunate country. We see seventeen millions of our most faithful and zealous allies, endure all these evils, and we scarcely remember that they exist. Yet, what has been their crime ? If only redressed and regenerated, Spanish America was ready to form a secure and active part of the entire nation ; she was willing to contribute, with her treasure and her sons, to fight the common enemy ; and could England or Spain require more ? could either, look for a greater proof of loyalty or co-operation ? Yet neither attempted to improve these valuable sentiments in proper time ; nor had either, the courage or energy to stamp out the many horrors, which issued from this first neglect.

This kind of indiscriminate charge, fettering England in the chain which bound Spain, we indignantly repel. Though the ally of Spain, and fighting her battles, often single handed, against an implacable foe, thirsting for dominion and plunder, still this author looked for our legions, in her colonies in Spanish America ; while the fate of the mother-

country, notwithstanding the heroism of our troops in its behalf, rested upon the mere cast of a die. Much credit is certainly due to the Spaniards in resisting a powerful and implacable enemy's invasion of their country; but our author deeply interested in the issue, would elevate their character, even above their allies, who by services and examples led them to the very front of the foe.

'The world beheld,' continues Mr. Walton, 'with astonished wonder the courageous and energetic manner in which the people of Spain, rose in arms to repel the insidious invasion of a powerful enemy; and admired the persevering zeal, with which they continued their enterprise, even amidst the most unheard of difficulties and hardships. Every nation has also seen the incalculable good that has been derived from the patriotic display of the energies of a people, of themselves, neither possessed of armies or fleets (comparatively speaking) and who, in short, had little else than patriotism for their guide and support. But how much greater, would have been the benefits and effects thence derived, if this people had only been led on by a wise, liberal and just government; and their energies had been seconded by upright and provident councils; what different effects, might not have been produced had Spain operated as a pivot, on which the great-insurrections of the North of Europe, have, in a great measure turned; but how different would have been the results, particularly on her own soil, if all her resources had been condensed and kept united; if anarchy, distrust, and open enmity, had been prevented; and if her European as well as American strength, had been directed in a straight line towards the main object in view.'

Thus it should have been in our author's estimation. England had furnished Spain with European strength, by draining her exchequer and sacrificing her thousands, and tens of thousands, in driving the French from the Peninsula; but England should have embarked a like army to secure to Spain her colonies abroad; and failing in this, the miseries here detailed have fallen upon the southern extremity of the new world. Before such a project could have been adopted, to what point could England have then looked for an indemnity?....where resort to for remuneration? What are her prospects in giving freedom to old Spain? Where can she find recompence for her blood and treasures lavished in the Peninsula?

The atrocities committed in America, by the people whose cause we are espousing in Europe, shocking as the relations may be, should be known to every British reader; from whom, but for Mr. Walton's exposition, they might have long been concealed. We find them thus described:

Although, in the course of this expose, general allusion has been made to the cruel and inhuman war, now prosecuted by the agents of Spain, against the inhabitants of Spanish America, little idea can be, nevertheless, entertained by the British public, to whom this appeal is made, of its extent, and of the complicated calamities, with which that unfortunate country overflows. Under the plea of reducing *insurgents*, every species of excess is committed; and particularly in New Spain, it nearly amounts to a war of extermination, one, that in the annals of history, is unequalled in cruelty and wantonness. Yet the Spaniards began to find, that opinions deeply rooted as they are in the minds of the people, cannot be extracted by the sword, or overawed by scaffolds and persecutions. This is a war of *brigandage*, worse than occurred in Saint Domingo, and with the exception of blood hounds, bears every feature of the cruelties the French exercised there, against the coloured natives, of which they afterwards felt the dreadful retaliation. Fire and sword are alternately applied, parents are murdered by their children, and brothers by the hands of brothers. It were, here, possible to paint the scenes at which human nature would recoil. Alas! of what crimes is not man capable, when the torch of civil discord is once lighted up, and all the endearing and social ties, which sweeten life, are made to yield to frenzy and political fury! A respectable letter, dated Mexico, February 18, 1811, observes '*the unheard of cruelties are such, that posterity will suppose them fabulous.*'

Great however as are the horrors, and immense the surrounding ruin that has been occasioned, their details seldom or ever meet the eye of the British public, from our prints containing only partial extracts from those of Cadiz, in which, for the most part, the occurrences of Spanish America, are mutilated or misrepresented. These horrors are, nevertheless, confessed in the Mexico Gazettes, in private correspondence from that city, and frequently the most horrid butcheries, constitute the boasts of the Spanish chiefs, in their dispatches to the Viceroy. It would not be possible here to detail the numerous and extensive cruelties committed by the Spaniards, since this inhuman war commenced, or to enumerate the scenes of devastation. But I have conceived it my duty to subjoin a variety of facts, that may at least explain the nature of this warfare, and evince in what manner it is carrying on. Those relating to Mexico, are taken from government Gazettes, printed in that city, and indeed all are substantiated by corresponding documents, principally obtained through Spanish channels.

On examining the grounds on which so many cruelties have been committed by the Spaniards in Mexico, the proclamation of Vice-roy Venegas, deserves the first place. The following are the extracted articles.

1st. All rebels who have resisted the king's troops, are criminals, and subject to military jurisdiction.

6th. All insurgent chiefs, in whatever number they may be, are to be shot, without allowing them more time, than to prepare for death in a Christian manner.

Article 2, authorises the division or detachment making prisoners to execute these orders. They would have disgraced the annals of a Tiberius.

‘ Don Ignacio Garcia Ravello, in his dispatch to the Vice-roy, dated Quertaro, November 23, 1811, recommends to Serjeant Francisco Montes, as deserving the grade of an officer, for among other gallant actions, *he killed one of his own nephews, who making himself known to him received an answer, that he knew no nephew among insurgents.*

‘ Commandant Bustamante, in his dispatch to the Vice-roy, dated Zitaquaro, October 23d 1811, recommends Mariano Ochoa, a dragoon, who in *pursuing the insurgents, had a brother who knelt to him to beg his life, which he took with his own hand.*

‘ When two such acts as these become the boast of a dispatch to a Vice-roy, I leave my reader to judge of the other atrocities; but of these, history has no parallel.

‘ General Truxillo, in a simal dispatch, boasts that he admitted a flag of truce from Hidalgo, composed of various persons, in front of his line that was drawn up, and having received from them a banner of the Virgin Mary, *he ordered his soldiers to fire on the bearers; by which means, he expected not to be troubled any more with them.* The persons composing this flag of truce, were thus all murdered. Even the Cadiz papers cried out against this atrocity.

‘ General Calleja, informs the Vice-roy, that in the affair of the Aculco, he had one man killed and two wounded; but that he put to the sword, 5000 seduced Indians, and that their total loss amounted to 10,000. The most of these Indians were kneeling for mercy! The same General entered Goanaxsato, with fire and sword, where 14,000 old men, women, and children perished, and this, because the insurgent army had taken up its quarters there, and by a timely retreat, had escaped its fury. In his dispatch he adds, *To morrow and the following days, I intend to shoot a quantity of the criminals who have been taken in the insurgent army, of all grades, even up to a brigadier.*

This measure was afterwards approved of by the Vice-roy himself. Calleja soon after, received from the Cadiz regency, the grade of *Mariscal de campo*, and the Vice-roy the cross of Charles III. as remunerations for this distinguished service. In the action of Zamora, all the prisoners were put to the sword.

‘ General Cruz, in two towns on the lake of Chapala, shot every tenth inhabitant, and then burnt their dwellings, for having har-

loured the insurgents, when, possibly, they could not resist. This same General Cruz, thirsting as it were for blood and destruction, had already burnt the town of Irapuato, in which the insurgents had resisted his attacks, and made a public parade of shooting six priests; in short wherever he went, indiscriminate murder, fire, and desolation, followed his footsteps. The prisoners who were not put to the sword in cold blood, were sent to perish in the dungeons of Mexico, or in those of St. Juan d'Ulua.

These insurgents, as the Spaniards term them, the reader will recollect are the descendants of the once happy subjects of Montezuma and a long illustrious line of Caciques or emperors, who governed that part of the new world for ages previous to their being discovered by the Spaniards. These people having, by the most horrid means, such, indeed as are now received and practised against them, been conquered, submitted to the galling Spanish yoke, and have been faithful subjects, rather slaves, to the Spanish monarchs near three hundred years, while the bowels of their country yielded immense wealth to their tyrants. Yet their submission was not entirely consigned without their first obtaining terms and making conditions for their future safety. This compact, ratified by the emperor Charles the 5th. states, that 'considering, the fidelity of our Vassals, and the points which the discoveries and settlers experienced in their discoveries and settlements, and in order that they may possess more certainty and confidence of these always remaining united to our royal crown, we promise and pledge our faith and royal word, in behalf of ourselves and kings our successors, for ever and ever, that their cities and settlements, on no account or reason, or in favour of any person whatever, shall be alienated or separated, wholly or in part; and that if we or any of our successors should make any gift or alienations thereof, contrary to this express declaration, the same shall be held as null and void.'

Solemn as was this treaty—sacred as it should have been held, this very emperor, we find soon broke his solemn pledge, by the cession of Louisiana and the Spanish part of Saint Domingo to the French. For the character of the Indigenes, our author refers us to the historian Robertson, who says,

'If the simplicity and innocence of the Indian, had inspired the Spaniards with humanity, had softened the pride of superiority into compassion, and had induced them to improve the inhabitants of the new world, instead of oppressing them, some sudden acts of

violence, like the too rigorous chastisements of impatient instructors, might have been related without horror. But, unfortunately, this consciousness of superiority, operated in a different manner. The Spaniards were so far advanced beyond the natives of America in improvement of every kind, that they viewed them with contempt. They conceived the Americans to be beings of an inferior nature, who were not entitled to the rights and privileges of men. In peace they subjected them to servitude; in war, they paid no regard to those laws, which, by a tacit convention between contending nations, regulate hostility, and set some bounds to its rage. They considered them, not as men fighting in defence of their liberty, but as slaves, who had revolted against their masters. Their Caciques when taken were condemned, like the leaders of banditti, to the most cruel and ignominious punishments, and all their subjects, without regarding distinction of ranks established amongst them, were reduced to the same state of abject slavery.

Such were the people inhabiting this part of the new world, previous to the Spaniards shedding their baleful influence over them, and we have still more ample proof that their descendants with the ill example of their taskmasters before them, retain abundance of their simplicity and innocence, the inherent virtues of their race: but, finding we have left our author's sad tale of misery unfinished, we must, however reluctantly, return to the present waste and havock of this devoted race of the creatures of the Almighty.

* Captain Blanco, continues Mr. Walton, in July, 1811, announces, that as soon as he entered Matehuala, and the insurgents saw they were attacked on all sides, and the havoc made amongst them, they fled into the fields; but his troops, eager for blood, pursued, till they found no more to pursue.

* Dr. Caetano Quintero, 29, August 1811, says, that in the attack of Amoladeras, which lasted two hours, no quarter was given.

* Commandant Villaseca, 21, Dec. 1811, observes that the rebels of St. Ignacio (the insurgent descendants of Montezuma) headed by an ancient officer, hoisted a flag of truce, and their chief Lieutenant Hernandez, having expressed a desire to parley with Montano, chief of the Opatá Indians, a Spanish soldier named Manuel Ramirez, feigned he was the person, assuring Hernandez, that if he would advance in front of the lines without arms, he would do the same. On their meeting, Hernandez was treacherously murdered.

* General Cruz, (already named) in his letter to Hidalgo 25,

* It will be recollected that Bonaparte in overrunning the peninsula called the Spaniards, the rightful owners of the soil, insurgents; rebels to his mock majesty king Joseph, the 'puppet brother of his usurping self.'

February 1811, says that many thousands of men, taken by the king's troops, were then groaning in prison, waiting their last end. Yet few were taken in the field of battle, or otherwise apprehended, they being, in general, shot or hung on the spot.

General Calleja, from Zitaquaro, which he had thus taken, after a short resistance, writes to the Vice-roy, *that he will make it disappear from the face of the earth.*

The author of the *Revolucion de Mucico*, has taken some pains to add up the results of an irregular file of fifty nine daily gazettes of that city, for the years 1811, and 12, principally containing various dispatches of commanders, acting in different quarters of the Vice-royalty. These few gazettes alone, officially, confess 25,344 insurgents killed, 3556 prisoners, besides 697, shot after the surrendry. And this in addition to a variety of vague terms, such as the field of battle was covered with the slain—heaps of dead covered the plain &c.—of which no numerical account could be given. I would here ask my reader to figure to himself, what would be the result of a regular file, complete, from the time the war commenced, up to the present day, that is nearly five years; since in the fifty nine numbers above alluded to, the most bloody actions are not contained, and many detached affairs, were never made the subject of a report. With regard to destruction, scarcely a farm is left standing, the cattle, boasts of burthen, and implements of agriculture, have all disappeared; and the ravages of the two contending armies, have desolated, the hitherto safe and peaceful dwellings of a Mexican people. Agriculture, mining, and commerce, are all at a stand.

Our author after this frightful detail, asks the British people whether they can hear of these horrors and remain unmoved. Can the British government, demands Mr. Walton, behold with calm indifference, and without an effective effort on their behalf, this unheard of mass of destruction, amongst its faithful and unoffending allies! Can England still look with, obstinate composure, on such a scene?

In concluding this melancholy subject, we might, with as good a right, ask, whether the British government, the flower of their army at the time fighting the battles of old Spain, and the remainder engaged in more serious warfare with the North of America, could, with safety to itself, protect the South of that vast continent? or whether their taxation, already growing insupportable, could have borne the expense of rescuing the colonists from the oppression of their ancient conquerors?

ART. III.—*Roderick, the last of the Goths.* A Tragic Poem. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet-Laureate, and Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. Longman and Co. Quarto. Pp. 477. 1814.

In this poem, not quite equal to the *Iliad*, Mr. Southey presents himself to the public in a costume, in which they were not, we take it, altogether prepared to behold him arrayed. Like a true Catholic, he has taken a voyage to Spain; and, felicitating him on the scrupulousness with which he has paid his devotions to the Virgin, bent his knee to every saint's shrine on his route, and prayed, and fasted to his heart's desire with monks and angelic hermits, to the great edification of the enlightened patriots of the Peninsula, we, at length, have the inexpressible satisfaction to hail his safe arrival at Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Co. with a cargo of relics,—and rosaries,—and albs,—and copes,—and oraries,*—and mitres, 'precious' and 'sariphrygiate'†—and crosiers,—and palls,—and crosses,—that would, moderately speaking, be sufficient to stock a dozen monasteries; and provide the pope and the whole college of cardinals, with suitable garments, and implements of trade for the ensuing twenty years. How soothing all this must be to certain worthies in this country, we can well imagine;—what a fillip to the laudable zeal of Catholic boards and committees against the 'heretics, and damned in Christ,' this courageous enterprize of the 'Poet-Laureate!' Great as is the achievement, the guerdon will, surely be. Mr. Southey, after this undeniable evidence of his affection for the house of Loretto, need scarcely go to 'sacred Rome' to be canonized;—a diploma will, we conceive, be dispatched without delay.—Is it deemed, that a Romish saint shall fill the chair of Dryden?

We have some knotty points to settle with Mr. Southey, and a good deal of comment to make on 'The Last of the Goths'; but previous to our strictures on this poem, the maturest offspring of his muse, we request our readers' indulgence to some observations we have to offer respecting poetical fashions; and poetry, considered as an art from

* 'Orarium'—LAT. a scarf or tippet worn by bishops, presbyters, and deacons.

† A most delicate description of these mitres, is given in page lxxvii of the notes, for the amusement of the ladies—IN LATIN.

which some of our sublimest and sweetest enjoyments are derived.

Many ingenious gentlemen have, from time to time, indulged the world with certain odd notions regarding what they have been pleased to term, gratuitously enough, the schools of poetry; declaiming, in good, set language, on the differential characteristics of ancient and hodiernal minstrelsy, without seeming to suspect, so adventurous is genius, that the exact reverse of these doctrines (captivating as they are by their felicitous novelty, and set forth, too, with such overwhelming assurance) might, possibly, be sustained by arguments equal to the silencing the united thunders of their batteries; advantageously situate, well served, and skilfully pointed; as the engineers suppose them to be.

Though we do not profess to be geniuses, but, on the contrary, wish to be looked upon as persons who simply and servilely endeavour to preserve their abject course along the plain road of reason, and walk contentedly through the unglittering regions of common sense, we would, nevertheless, though with all imaginable humility, and awe-stricken spirits, suggest to these lofty scorers of ordinary notions, the chances of their beautiful speculations being somewhat of the nature of dreams. We would reverentially insinuate that the gaudy and fantastic, we beg pardon for our inadvertence, that the splendid and elegant fabrics which have arisen like the palaces of enchantment, or exhalations of the soil, under the influence of those modern sorcerers, have, with the magnificence and beauty, no inconsiderable share of the incongruous texture and fragility, of fairy domes and magical edifices: and that they are by no means provided with sufficient means of defence against a certain rude and clownish adversary, who generally marches in a very direct, and discourteous manner to the attack, managing her assaults in a style at once disconcerting, and peculiar to herself. Then too, she is an unweariable antagonist; like Jove, she never sleeps; like Jove, her eye sends forth a strong, steady, ever-enduring lustre, peculiarly incommodious to the polished advocate of specious sophistry; she never enters into compromising treaties with the opposing parties; her language, mien, and whole comportment, are marked by a self-possession, and insolence, extremely distressing to delicate feelings; her habits too are, we regret to say, so abomin-

ably pickanin, that she uses the same expressions, and tone towards prince and people; we have been credibly informed, that, since the abdication of Napoleon, her speech has assumed a licence altogether intolerable, and which may, probably, be the precursor of some cavalier interviews between her and a certain legal officer, to whom all literary men are singularly indebted; many of these individuals, owing to his active benevolence, the opportunity of meditating in seclusion,—and with more than gratitude, on the *'otium cum dignitate,'* provided for them by his everlasting benignity, and the equal, but not surpassing, industry of his immediate predecessor. We seize this occasion to give vent to the overflowings of our joy at the exhibition of such unearthly goodness; and devoutly put forth our humble aspirations to heaven, that such eminent virtue may be speedily and adequately rewarded. It is said; that the lady, whose conferences with the A. G. we have ventured to anticipate, has amused herself for the last six or seven months in making a tour through Norway,—Poland!! Saxony, Belgium, Spain, and Italy; that her journey was conducted secretly, as the disclosure of her name might have produced ferment, dangerous to herself, alarming to the rulers of the countries through which she passed, and (what would have been, above all things to have been mourned) which might have too rudely disturbed the imperial and royal carousals at Vienna. The intelligence gathered in this tour, forms, it is reported, the burthen of her rude and incessant clamour; and it is apprehended, that unless vigorous measures are resorted to, her importunate eloquence will become still more vexatious. With this singular personage, commonly known by the unsightly traits of raven, unavowed homeliness, and irresistible penchant towards all gross and eccentric things, have induced us to form an alliance, *pro defensione, et aggressionem*.

Apologizing to our readers for the lengthened digression into which we have been seduced by the curious attributes of our low-humans, we proceed to the discussion of a subject upon which we have long desired to offer opinions we feel to be just, which we trust will convince. Against the doctrine, then, of the schools of poetry, so confidently set up by the *illuminati* of the age, we march in battle array, and look to the mortal combat with very little apprehension of its issue.

Poetry, — we take the term in its loftiest and least limited

signification, --includes, besides fancy, the exercise of some of the grandest attributes of the mind. Fancy or imagination, popularly speaking, is a more ordinary quality than most persons are disposed to admit. The ploughboy, the herdsman, the artificer,---people whose occupations, especially these of the latter, are unquestionably anti-poetic,---will be found by the attentive observer, animated by casual visitations of this pleasing faculty. One striking illustration of this, we are enabled to give from our own knowledge. An individual, a citizen, not endowed with abilities above what hundreds of thousands possess, without education, and habituated for sixty years to the practice of a profession purely mechanic, was, nevertheless, the most entertaining, and lively companion we ever knew, and in his hours of social relaxation, the flashes of his wit, and the brilliancy of his imagination, excited spontaneous applause, and unaffected admiration. Yet we can scarcely believe, that either Mr. Colman the Younger, (as he styles himself, not at all in imitation of the Plinies) or Robert Southey, Poet Laureate and Esquire, would esteem themselves exalted by comparison with this worthy individual.

The fancy of the poet differs from that we have described in every thing that constitutes its peculiar value and beauty. It is the product of a potent and delicate spirit; fervid, vivacious, excursive; pregnant with subtle speculations, imbued with all species of knowledge, and accustomed to sort and arrange its stores so as that they shall be ready at immediate call. An imagination, 'rapt in lofty musings, and sublime abstractions; kindling with ethereal contemplations, and embracing in its wanderings the scope of all that is lovely or miraculous; from the treasures of science, the appearances of nature, and the varieties of human character, drawing exhaustless supplies; with these blending, as occasion may demand, the results of its most enthusiastic visions, defecating the rich mass from all foreign impurities, and, by the agency of Pythian fire, elaborating from its multifarious materials, an intellectual acorn, thrice precious and exquisite.

Judgment, that quality of the mind which analyses, separates, and harmonizes the offspring of imagination, and by judiciousness of disposition, and charm of contrast, heightens their attractions, enters very largely into our conception of the poetic character. The images of fancy are frequently produced in chaotic disorder; and, presented

in their primitive imperfection, would often rather shock with disgust, than surprize into delight. Here, then, is a spacious field for the exercise of judgment. To eradicate weeds, to prune luxuriances; from confusion to elicit order, and from deformity to bring forth beauty; these are her genuine, incontestible privileges; and the poet, in whose bosom she disdains to dwell, though he may startle and astonish, will never produce a work which all the elements of his art combine to stamp with perfection.

The pleasures arising from poetry have their origin in the united energies of intellect and sense. For the creation of this two-fold feeling the poet depends on the pregnancy of his imagination, and the correctness of his judgment; the vividness, variety, and music of his metre. Every thing is of utility to him. With the grand and the beautiful he should be alike conversant. In the construction of his fable he must keep consistency in view, yet delight by the novelty of his conceptions. His ideas, while they appear to spring the one out of the other, must yet strike by their unexpectedness. Nothing feeble, languid, or uncouth, must blemish the diaphanous brilliancy of his composition. Not a single expression should escape that is not absolutely required by the subject. His epithets, on the force and beauty of which so much depends, should be strictly appropriate. A new thought suggests itself—he must not exhaust its beauties; for no immaterial portion of the pleasure derivable from poetry originates in the impulse with which it agitates our minds, and commands into action those trains of emotions which ally our feelings with the feelings of the author. This can never be accomplished when the poet exhausts his ideas; he must therefore limit himself to a perspicuous exhibition of his image or sentiment, and leave his reader's fancy to chase it through its varieties of application.

He must be watchful that the interest of his fable do not expire or languish in its progress. He must do more, even, than this. His imagination must be incessantly on the wing. Such is the constitution of the human mind, that the earnestness of attention is only to be kept alive by the freshness of the ideas presented for its digestion. It hungers after novelty, and demands change and variety of aliment. Its thirst is incessant, and anxiously seeks for refreshment in new and undiscovered fountains. The poet, consequently, must proportion his means to his end, and not exhaust his

invention before he reaches the termination of his labours. His pages must teem with new and interesting incidents, that charm while they surprize, and surprize while they charm. The interest of his story must grow upon us. He must be bright throughout, but brightest at the conclusion.

Our readers are now tolerably possessed of our opinions respecting the constituents of the poetic character. We have thought it expedient to give our ideas rather at large, as forming the foundation of our ensuing strictures on the sagaries of those who talk about the *old* and the *new schools*—the *continental school*---the *school of Mr. Moore*---the *school of Mr. Scott*---Mr. Campbell's *school*---Lord Byron's* *school*---Mr. Wordsworth's *school*---and, *ultimum quinquam non minimum*, the school of Robert Southey, Poet Laureate, and Esquire. The unhappy persons who have run about, like Mr. Mungo in the farce, here, there, and every where, to disburthen themselves of these jokes, to the manifest disturbance of the king's peace, have evidently made up their minds in a very hasty manner, and on the flimsiest grounds. The reasoning we shall employ on the question is of the plainest order, and suited to the vulgarity and narrowness of our dispositions. We request our readers to recollect that we do not lift our profane eyes to the temple of genius in the audacious expectation of ever occupying one of its sacred riches; far from us be such impious thoughts. We are content to exercise the honourable office of privy-counsellors to the lords of Parnassus, advising and suggesting all that we may conceive, in our humble capacities, likely to advance the interests and glory of their mightinesses; 'the very head and front,' of our ambition being 'to observe, keep, and do all that a good and true counsellor ought to do to his sovereign lord.'

The Poetic Character, as we have drawn it, is not an airy nothing, without a 'local habitation'---but a faithful portrait of excellencies that have been exhibited to the lasting admiration of mankind. It forms a test by which the works of mightier bards than Mr. Southey, may safely be tried. Till nature change, the broad features of poetry must

* The new edition of this accomplished nobleman's work, lately announced, will afford us an opportunity of giving to our readers a more expanded and homogeneous prospect of his lordship's poetical genius, than his detached publications allowed.

remain, essentially, the same. The same general species of scenes, events, and diversities of human character, were beheld a thousand years back as at the present day, and, however incredible it may seem to venerable courtiers, *worthless* kings, with all their paraphernalia of *contemptible* pomp, were actually swept to destruction ten centuries since, to make room for heroes and legislators, in a manner wonderfully similar to that in which the same description of grievances have been redressed in more recent times. We by no means allude to the period embraced between the years 1789 and 1811. Battles were then won and lost, cities built, then sacked and laid in ashes; laws instituted, then jeered at by their framers; mankind set to cut each others throats, while their lordly masters sat quietly at home enjoying the joke; nations bubbled, then ridiculed; reformers treated with due contempt; superstition heaped on superstition, till reason was smothered. Was not Jean of Arc the Southcott of her day; and is not Mr. Brothers the exact counterpart of the monks of Thabor? A very cursory view of the history of the world will convince every one worthy of being convinced, that all human affairs revolve in one and the same circle. 'There is nothing new under the sun,' exclaimed the sage and pleasure-sickened favourite of the God of Israel, when ambition, beauty, voluptuousness, and variety, failed to excite his jaded mind,---his pallid, surfeited appetites. The observation, of the royal Hebrew, is unquestionably true. If then, the mind of man be, from age to age, agitated by the same feelings, hopes, desires, passions, and interests, his actions must be reducible to the same general system. Nature changeth not, and man is a part of nature. The deduction we draw from these premises is substantially important to our purpose. It establishes beyond the need of farther effort on our part; the position that poetry, in all times, and in all countries, operates on materials, essentially similar; and that, consequently, the intellectual character of the poet is immutable and immortal.

Not that we exclude *variety*---variety of incident, character, scenery,---variety in the use and combination of all the elements of this divine art; not that we misanthropically withhold our assent to the great possibility of a modern poet exhibiting, in a degree very little inferior to the illustrious barons of antiquity, originality of a striking and captivating aspect. Let it be understood that to the affra

justice of all this we yield implicit and delighted belief. But, then, how is this accomplished?—by a revolution in the components of poetry?—No: that could only take place upon a previous mutation, a radical alteration, in the constitution of nature, and of man. Whence, then, must it spring? What are the circumstances essential to its generation? As the chymist from two or three *individual* substances, will produce endless varieties, and innumerable diversities---as the painter from a few colours, will form a thousand different tints---so the poet, by local change, new combinations of character that have existed from the beginning of the world, by the exhibition of scenery, *new* to his readers because it is *foreign* and totally beyond the sphere of their observation and intimacy, by the strongly-marked portraiture, in a civilized period and country, of the free, dauntless, half-cultivated, half-savage natives of distant and picturesque regions,---so the poet, we repeat, by resorting to these never-perishing sources of attainable originality, will, with the aid of an ardent and prolific fancy, and the animations of that racy and vigorous verse which is born from, and alone suitable to subjects so distant and distinct from beaten tracks, encircle us with the fascinations of his genius, and thrill the most secret chords of genuine feeling. The latest of our bards, a personage conspicuously brilliant in the ranks of nobility, has produced impressions incomparably sweet and solemn, by summoning before our eyes the lovely skies,---and glorious landscapes; the august ruins---and mournfully-enchanted solitudes of modern Greece;---and excited in our bosoms sensations overpoweringly-exquisite, by the living interest he has breathed into his compositions by the searching pathos which distinguishes his contrast of the Greek subjects of the Ottoman with their illustrious and free ancestors.---He calls forth with equal skill the deepest and the lightest tones of the 'sacred shell.' Strength,---dignity,---delicacy, are his, in a degree that defies competition. In the sudden and sustained excitation of powerful emotion, he is without a rival. His local scenery is correct, and glows with a soft and mellow warmth, in perfect unison with the sad themes on which he loves to dwell. Would he trust more confidently to such an imagination as he *must* possess, and take some grand event against which to bring up and concentrate the forces of his mind, we are acquainted with no name in English poetry that would descend to posterity with a lustre surpassing that of *BYRON*.

To resume: it appears to us that the talkers about the different schools have been seduced into their peculiar notions by a lack of judicious observation. They could not but perceive in the writings of our modern *first-rate* poets, prominent peculiarities of diction, an audacious, stern novelty of character, a vividness of metaphor and imagery, a wild, warm, romantic cast of scenery, not found in the production of Pope, &c.; and these receiving from the touchingness and powerful melancholy of the fable, an exaltation of interest, that awoke in the breast sensations of a potency so far beyond that of the emotions arising from the perusal of our established authors; and, withal, so deeply stirring to all the sweeter and more agitating susceptibilities of heart and mind, as to take the reader, as it were, by storm, and plunge his whole nature in a tempest of suddenly-raised, ungovernable rapture. Sensible to these animating qualities in Lord Byron, Mr. Scott, &c.; our ingenious *arbitri elegantiarum* were also discerning enough to discover that there existed as great a difference between the modern poets *individually*, as between these again and their predecessors; and that Mr. Southey differed as considerably from Mr. Scott, as each of these gentlemen differed from (we will not lightly introduce the sacred name of Milton) Spencer and Dryden;---to the justness of these conclusions we do not object: but we very strongly object to the founding on the variations in modern poetry from the poetry of a century back (variations which we have accounted for on the only *legitimate* grounds) the hypothesis of the 'schools,' which is not simply puerile, but impugnable on the score that it is apt to lead the mind to conceptions not more unsound than absurd; since it contains the notion that every planet of our poetical system, instead of being governed by the same rotatory impetus, revolves in an orbit of its own, specifically different from that of its associated luminaries. The poet who sings of love, will not, certainly, elicit from his harp the awful tones, and deep, reverberating melodies of him who chants the sublimities of Heaven; not less distinct will be the strains of the rural minstrel from the fiery measures of the martial poet: but to say, from this that each forms a separate *school*, is about as childish as it would be to pronounce the individuals of a family to be of separate *schools*, because the features of each are distinguishably dissimilar: or that one plot of ground is of a *school* (for if poetry is to have her schools, nature

may surely be admitted to the same privilege) distinct from that of another, because one *accidentally* bears roses, and the other produces bay and laurel.

Now to Mr. Southey; to whom we should apologise for so long deferring our critical remarks on 'THE LAST OF THE GORNA,' did we not feel convinced that he would himself be the first to frame an apology for our apparent neglect of that doughty personage who fasts, and prays, and preaches, and fights through twenty-five cantos with a patience right royal and commendable. Unfortunately for himself, and for the world, the school of none of our poets has been more indiscreetly lauded, than Mr. Southey's; a circumstance to which we ascribe a vast deal of the trash that has been foisted on the public under the prostituted name of poetry; and which by nourishing in his mind the disgusting and visible absurdities which should never have interfered to abase his really noble genius, has prevented us from becoming fully cognizant of the splendour of his talents; and left us in darkness as to their natural magnitude and limits. Mr. Southey was one of the foremost to condemn the stately verse, the musical modulation, and soft, sliding cadences of Pope--this we call presumption: he rashly resolved to institute new regulations with regard to English metre; he aimed at---simplicity; and, scorning the limits within which even the original and irregular genius of Dryden was content to shake its broad and fiery wing; he 'burst the former narrow bounds;' avoiding ardour and magnificence, he sunk into the depths of vapid vulgarity; and deeming the heroic line too confined in its structure for the destined Laureate, chose a *nondescript* species of verse, an Hindoo kind of metre, which, for want of a proper name, we shall baptise *centipederal*.

We grant to the author of *Madoc* and *Kehama* much of that praise we have cheerfully bestowed on his poetic brethren. He frequently manifests a vigour of conception at once striking and original; his imagination is lofty, splendid, and fertile, to a degree that scarcely ever leaves him to languish for events, consonant to the nature of his task. His language eminently partakes of the peculiar excellencies of the best modern poetry. Scenes of pure, unsophisticated nature, are described by Mr. Southey with a sweetness, warmth, and richness, that leave nothing to be desired; and when we contemplate his exquisite portraiture of woodland and mountain retreats,

while we feel that the natural genius and sensibilities of the poet would impel him to reside among the beauties and wildnesses of nature, to hang over the brows of precipices, to bury himself in bowery recesses to listen with insatiate ear to the roarings of cataracts, and the murmurings of brooks; to gaze on the majesty of rocks, and the solemnity of forests, to inhale inspiration with the breeze, and people the woods and the waters, with supernatural existences;....while we feel the truth of these remarks, and compare what Mr. Southey *might* have been with what he actually is, we experience sincere regret that such admirable abilities, and chaste affection for nature, should have admitted to their society and friendship so many baser qualities as we are concerned to notice in almost all his productions. His present is, in many points inferior to his former, poems; it does not possess the moral interest and dignity of *Madoc*, the strange magic, and varied incident of *Thalaba*; nor can we, by any means, be induced to allow that the sonorous verse and pealing periods of *Kehama*, are rivalled by the blank rhythm of '*Roderick*.' We must remark that Mr. Southey's works, notwithstanding the concessions we have made to him as a poet, are deformed, independently of blemishes, which attach to the productions of *all* our modern minstrels, by affectations, various in their kinds, and peculiar to himself. His simplicity is sometimes vapid, and sometimes vulgar. His abruptnesses are not introduced with the felicity that can alone sanction them. His chief personages have more the air of saints than of heroes. The quantity of religious cant with which he is so ridiculously fond of interlarding his compositions, is prodigious—prayer succeeds to prayer, and ejaculation to ejaculation, till the repeated doses would surfeit the most devout frequenter of the tabernacle. His stories are sometimes dull, and sometimes outrageous. He is never less himself, than when he attempts to surpass himself. Occasionally the strong beam of his genius breaks through the vapours, 'and lets down the day,' upon us, but we are again speedily involved in a shroud of mist, through which we have to journey, many a tedious mile, ere we are once more saluted by the friendly ray.

(To be continued.)

ART. IV.—*Sketches of the History and present State of the Russian Empire*: of the Progress of Civilization from the Foundation of the Monarchy to the Accession of the House of Romanof, the present reigning family; and particularly under the sovereigns of that house; connected with political and personal Memoirs of the Imperial Court. By the Rev. William Anderson. London: Printed for Gale, Curtis, and Fenner, 1815, pp. 439.

In surveying the histories of nations, from the remotest periods to the present millenium, the "*magna Saturnia regna*," from which the latest generations of posterity are to date the cycles of felicity, we should be optimists of the most callous species, did not our souls sicken over the harrowing tales of individual pravity, and national idiocy (the exceptions are few, though illustrious) with which they odiously abound. The Muse of History inscribes her pages with an iron pen, dipt in the tears and blood of man. From Nimrod to Napoleon, has the thrice-cursed Fiend of war shaken his satanic scourge over the human race, and trampled on the fruits of labour and intellect. From persons intrusted with the interests of realms, he has claimed his subsidies of flesh and blood, and monarchs have outstripped his demands. He has whispered in the ear of ambition, 'sate my thirst, and thrones shall reward thee,' and exultingly marked the glowing cheek, the kindling eye, of a Charles, of a Louis,† flushed and fired with demoniac inspiration. The iniquities of ministers, and the intrigues of parasites; the wiles of courtizans; and the machinations of priests; the wickedness of the few, and the madness of the many, have, from age to age, sown the world with the seeds of death; and war has reaped the mighty and perpetual harvest. Every art that knavery could beget on villainy, has been industriously set in action, to blend the horrors of Golgotha with the infernalities of Pandemonium; and, as if the chart of human existence were not sufficiently chequered with natural and inevitable calamities, the crime of Cain has been multiplied a million-fold, and the world transformed into one vast stage for the Oedipodean Tragedy of fraternal carnage, in which the whole race of man have been ensnared.

† Charles the Fifth and Louis the Fourteenth.—Read the eternal war in which these men, compared with whom Macbeth was an angel, were engaged. Contemplate the massacres of Mexico and Peru, and Cuba, and Hayti (VIVE HENRI I.) Contemplate them in the text of Robertson, and, spite of the Doctor's suavity, mark how broad, how deep, the dyes, of Christian cruelty, and civilized treachery.

to act. Alas ! the orgies of Moloch have been celebrated with a pomp of guilt that gives to the atrocities of Thebes an aspect of comparative innocence.

That these things *have been*, is not more true, than that is impossible to calculate the quantity of misery cast upon society at large, by the mischievous passions of the persons to whom the executive functions of government have been *delegated* by the SUPREME WILL OF NATIONS. 'But is the world to continue to revolve in this sanguinary circle of mutual havoc and desolation ? Is wickedness never to be dethroned ? Is folly never to be enlightened ?'— 'Never,' would the misanthrope answer. The reply of the wiser philanthropist would be less discouraging. 'Since the nations of the globe, notwithstanding the crimes of their chiefs, have taken large strides in civilization and knowledge ; since it has been found impossible so perfectly to blind the natural shrewdness of man, as to render him unconscious of the ludicrously-dreadful impositions that have been practised upon him ; since war and warriors are becoming objects of universal derision ; since processions to abbeys and cathedrals are smiled at ; since we hear that it is in contemplation to confer on scientific and literary personages the highest dignities of rank and title, and, by so doing, give real splendour to nobility ; since the influence of the incorrupt part of the press experiences a prodigious increase ; LASTLY, since, through the indefatigable exertions of a private, but substantially illustrious individual, aided by public-spirited persons, the light of knowledge will, in a few years, shed its vital beams over the whole earth ; since all these things *have happened, or are to happen*, let us trust that the time is not very distant when nations will be convinced that their interests can never be promoted by war, and that, having discovered in what their prosperity and happiness actually consist, they will have the sense and courage to adopt means the best adapted to advance such noble ends.' This, we conceive, would be the language of philanthropic wisdom : and we request our readers to reflect on its import and justness.

We now turn to the Rev. William Anderson, to whom we stand indebted for the present opportunity of showering our anathemas on the inappreciable calamities of war. The military concerns of a civilized nation would not have contributed half so well to the exposure of the naked truth ; the horrible features of the demon, being taught by such a nation to assume the smiles of courtesy, and the blandishments

of benevolence. It is in the martial affairs of the Huns, and the Goths, and the Tartars, and the Vandals, and the Russians, that we behold the fiend arrayed in the full costume of savage iniquity : and unrestrainedly revelling in the indulgence of all his cannibal propensities. It is in beholding the proceedings of miscreants like Attila, Alaric, Jengulz, Genserich, Suwaroff, and other *anthrophagi*, that we are petrified by the human exhibition of every devilish attribute. It is only by contemplating the sieges of Aquileia and Rome ; the desolation of Asia ; the butcheries of Carthage, Ismail, and Warsaw, that we can arrive at any thing like an idea of the hell of war, and the unvarnished character of its infernal instruments. We therefore feel ourselves bound to return our heart-felt thanks to the reverend divine who by the publication of this Russian history has afforded us irreproachable occasion to set forth our sentiments on military devastations ; and by his hardy details of the reigns of such monsters as Peter, such madmen as Paul, and such Messalinæ as Catherine, enabled us to inspect, in these days of *Russiaomania*, the savage, risible, and lascivious, characters of barbarians who have been preposterously held up as patterns of princely perfection. In the course of our strictures on Mr. Anderson, we shall take especial care, to substantiate the correctness of the preceeding observations. With regard to the author, we shall *firstly* ---sketch the contents of his volume,---and *secondly*---animadvert, on the literary pretensions of the work.

The book opens, in the style of Guthrie, with a very loose and inaccurate account of the boundaries of Russia. The northern, eastern, and western, limits are defined with tolerable correctness---but sad work is made with the south. Russia, says Mr. A. is bounded on the south by Prussia, *Austria*, *Turkey*, the Euxine and Caspian seas, *Persia*, *China*, and '*various barbarous nations*.' What are we to understand by all this literal magnificence ? To the tyro in Geography it must be distressfully confusing. Of an empire occupying such prodigious masses of the Asiatic and European continents, the confines of the bordering countries should have been described with extraordinary precision, to prevent the union of vastness with indistinctness. The European boundaries should have been primarily stated, and the Asiatic have succeeded. Inflamed with the zeal of an *anti-polonist*, and every nerve and muscle of his frame animated by his reverence for the *powers that be*, Mr. A. seems perfectly at *his* ease in the comprehension

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of the Duchy of Warsaw within the legitimate territories of the Russian ruler. We suppose that this *light* affair has been settled by the Congress, perfectly to the satisfaction at least of *one of the delirers* : but we must not on that account withhold the praise due to the geographical sympathies subsisting between the Allies and our learned divine. Austria is *not* one of the southern boundaries of Russia, neither is Turkey---but Galicia, an Austrian dependency, and Bulgaria, an Ottoman province, might with propriety have been indicated as part of the southern limits of Muscovy. Mr. A. is correct in the Euxine; but, in proceeding eastward he takes a terrible spring from the Black sea to the Caspian, without affording us the least intelligence concerning Circassia, Mingrelia, Imeretta, Georgia, and other celebrated parts of Anatolia, situate between the two seas. China does *not* bound Russia on the south---Mr. A. should have said *Chinese Tartary*. But the last words of his definition '*various barbarous nations*,' contain so gross a confession of geographical incompetences, that we no longer feel surprize at the preceding errors. These '*barbarous nations*,' gentle reader, consist of the powerful kingdom of Cabul, or eastern Persia; the Bucharias, and all those vast and rich countries stretching from the eastern borders of Charism to Tibet, and from the southern limits of Siberia to the paradise of Cashmere; all which countries may be denominated *civilized*, when compared with the gaunt barbarism of Russia. The whole natural history of this ill-peopled and half savage empire, containing sketches of the climate (which of course, marshals under the authority of the czar, nearly every conceivable variation of temperature), the aspect of the country, its mountains, rivers, forests, and productions in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, is packed up, by a sort of Procrustean process, in one crowded and disorderly chapter.---Indeed, it is one of Mr. A.'s literary characteristics to be diffuse where he ought to be concise, and brief where he ought to be copious. We quote the following passage as an instance of the extreme vagueness with which his sentiments are given. 'Besides lakes in common with other countries, says the Reverend Sketcher, 'the Russian empire contains several detached bodies of water,' &c. And then he proceeds with all due complacency to the mention of the 'Caspian' as one of these 'inland seas,' or 'detached bodies of water,' just as if the supremacy of Russia were really acknowledged in Charism and Traun---as if those territories

were actually integral portions of her immense dominions. Does not Russia possess the Caspian, as well as the Euxine and Baltic, 'in common with other countries?' Or does Mr. Anderson, in his overweening complaisance to the unambitious and peace-making Alexander, or in the idea that a Russian Bishopric is no bad thing, intend us to understand that the limits of Russia are enlargeable at the sacred mandate of her Ruler? That her boundaries are solely determinable by the will of that earthly omnipotent? Let us whisper a word in the ears of our great Ministers, at home and at Vienna. Many years have not elapsed since those gentlemen, and their majesties of Leadenhall-street quaked, yea, and were sore afraid, in the apprehension of being regaled with an Imperial Bulletin from 'our good city of Calcutta.' A series of events which may be termed miraculous, has banished their tremblings on the score of Napoleon.--- But the dangers they were exposed to from the French arms,---are they not succeeded by the dread of Russian slaughter and conflagration? Look at your maps, ye Merchant-Sovereigns, and mark the strides of the Muscovite Giant. He has drunk of the Oxus, the Jaxartes, and the Irish---why should he not slake his thirst at the fountains of Ganges, and revel in the harvests and luxuries of Bengal? And if the *desire* assail him, how will you prevent its *consummation*? You have escaped the beak and talons of the Eagle---let us hope that you may not be crushed in the embrace of the Bear!

It is next to impossible, that a book consisting of between four and five hundred pages, should not contain *something* worthy of notice; and, while we censure Mr. A.....for his multitudinous errors, we are perfectly inclined to do justice to him, when any passage strikes us as lifted from the ordinary flatness of his lucubrations. The following paragraph is justly conceived, and clearly expressed.

'The productions of this extensive empire are as various as the soil and climate. Here the gifts of providence are scattered with a profusion, which, while it corresponds with the prodigality of the inhabitants, forms a singular contrast with their indolence, poverty, and unskillfulness in the arts of wealth and comfort. *'The Russians at once suffer from want, and allow abundance to corrupt. Though they might supply the world, they depend on others.'* p. 17.

The abstract of the mineralogy and metallurgy of Russia, is not discreditable to the author.

‘Most of the valuable minerals have been found in Russia. The primitive mountains furnish granite and porphyry *in the greatest abundance of every kind.** There is alabaster in extraordinary quantities, with every variety of colour; marble, yellow, grey, and cloudy abounds; and, in the Uralian quarries, white equal to the finest Parian. In Siberia has been discovered a great variety of gems, which have been already enumerated. Coal has been found but in few places. Sulphur, alum, sal-ammoniac, vitriol, salt-petre, and natron, in great quantities in various districts.’

‘The mines of Russia furnish gold, silver, copper, iron, and lead. In 1739, the Voytzer gold-mine in the mountains of Olonetz was opened; but yielding only a few pounds of gold has since been abandoned. The chief gold-mines are those of Beresny near Ekatarinenburg, in the Ural mountains, which were opened 1754. These mines furnish annually 400,000 pood† of ore, every 1000 pood yielding about 50‡ solotniks of fine gold. The quantity of gold obtained annually, seems on the increase. At first it amounted to three poods, now it amounts to eight. Of the silver mines, the richest is that of Shlangenburg in the mountains of Kollyvan, next that of Semeonofskoy. A new shaft at Tilipofskoy or the Ulba is expected to equal the Shlangenberg. From these mines are obtained annually 2,000,000 poods of ore. At first each pood yielded about five solotniks of auriferous silver, now not more than two and a half. The lead mines of Nertschinsk, which have been wrought since 1704, afford also 2,000,000 pood of ore, but (are) very poor in gold and silver. All these mines employ 70,000 men. Since the first of them were opened 1704 to 1788, they had produced 1800 pood of gold, and 95,000 pood of silver; worth together, upwards of forty five millions of rubles § at an expence of not more than fifteen millions.’

Mines of copper are wrought in the mountains of Olonetz, Ural, and Altay, (Altai.) The most productive lie in the Ural about Perme, Ufa, Viætka, and Kazan. The produce of all these mines is about 200,000, pood annually, worth about 2,000,000 rubles.’

* The collocation of this part of the sentence is execrable, we should imagine, to every body but Mr. Anderson. But we must recollect that even Homer, *mods occasionally*.

† A pood is 36 lbs.

‡ A solotnik is the 3,840th. of a pood.

§ The value of the ruble is very fluctuating. During the greater part of the reign of Catharine it was equal to 4s. in 1797 to 2s. 6d.

‘Prodigious quantities of iron-ore of all kinds, are found in all the mountains, and in many of the plains, of Russia. The ore in general yields about fifty per cent, 160 forges and 800 hammers are employed, and about five million poods of iron are annually obtained, which amount in value to at least four millions and a half of rubles. *Though many mines of lead have been found, little attention has been paid to the working of them.*’

“All the gold and silver mines belong to the crown, a sixth of the copper, and an eighth of the iron.”

Mr. A. represents Russia as rich in salt. The single district of Ufa, in the satrapy of Orenburg, yielded in twenty two years 9,770,794 poods, (352,000,514 English pounds) averaging annually nearly half a million poods, (16,272,758, English pounds) of this valuable mineral. The lakes of Astrakhan, the Taurida, Caucasus. Irkutsk, Indorsk, and Kolhyvan, *might* afford vast supplies; and together with the salsuginous springs of the sgenories of Perm and Novgorod, would, if the natives were not sunk in sloth and slavery, not only supply the mother-country, or rather *countries*, but allow immense exportations to foreign regions. At present, independent of the quantity furnished by Ufa, the whole empire does not produce much above 11,500,000 poods, (414,000,000 pounds English) and the *whole* quantity of salt annually prepared in Russia, 12,000,000 poods, or 432,000,000 pounds English) is insufficient to preclude the inhabitants of Muscovy from importing an article which their own soil contains in exhaustless, but indolent abundance.

As is the case with all barbarous and scantily-peopled countries, as it is with western and southern America, New Holland, &c. with regard to forests.---Thus of course, it is with the magnificent empire of the czars. The woods *are*, or rather *were*, boundless in their extent, consisting in the arctic provinces, of the fir, the pine of both species, respectively furnishing fuel and pitch; the Siberian cedar, a stately tree; the larch, of which coasting vessels are constructed, and from which charcoal is prepared for the mines, and turpentine extracted; the *oak*, the birch, the alder and the Linden. The south presents woody wildernesses of immense birch, elm, maple, and poplar forests, and all these species of trees might seem to offer inexhaustible resources to the inhabitants in framing the various articles of domestic necessity, of different manufactures, cottages, carriages, canoes, trunks, &c. but such is the improvidence of barbarism, that these majestic woods are abandoned to the waste-

ful idleness of the peasants, who never dream of replacing by plantations, the wanton destruction of the old forests, that "a scarcity already begins to be felt, which will soon extend through entire provinces, and affect the whole empire." And the wonder would be if this were not the case, since the following judicious method is adopted by the *serfs* for the purpose of clearing the soil for agricultural processes which are conducted in a style, and with a spirit perfectly harmonising with the general character of Russians, a sort of gentry combining *a la merveille*, the brutality of the Tartar with the laziness of the Hottentot. When one of these naturalists begins his task of removing the incumbering trees, he fires the exsiccated woods and grass; the flames spread, and the woods are "*consumed for miles.*"

Both the useful and luxurious fruits, are the indigenous offspring of the Russian soil. The cranberry, the white and the red currant; the latter, our author informs us, growing to the size of an ordinary cherry in the Altaian mountains, inhabit the north. The genial climate of the south is adorned with every species of beautiful and exquisite fruit. Apples and pears are general. The Taurida, the Krim, and regions neighbouring the Don, produce the apricot, the peach, the walnut, the almond, the chesnut, the fig, the pomegranate, the quince, and even the vine.

The kitchen garden is wretchedly managed; corn appears to be so little known, that turnips* are cultivated to supply its place. The people fare tolerably well in vegetables, since they consume Turkish, French, and common beans, peas, with onions, cucumbers, and garlic (a favorite with prince and serf) in considerable quantities. Sugar and water-melons also form a part of their diet. But it must be understood that this exuberance is the work of nature alone. A true Russian abhors labour in about the same ratio as a Frenchman detests inaction.

* The harrow consists of short wooden pegs, driven into their laths, woven together with willows. The use of the roller is hardly known. A crooked stick often serves as a flail.

We think after this there is no pressing necessity to follow Mr. Anderson through the remainder of this chapter, which, imperfect and awkwardly put together, nevertheless con-

* See Dr. Clarke's Travels, vol. I.

tains sufficient second-hand information to convince us that if Russia is *not* one of the worst-inhabited, in *quality* as well as *quantity*, worst regulated, worst cultivated, and, in every sense of the word, most wretched and slavish countries of this 'best of all possible worlds,' why *then*, one of these two positions must be granted---either, that every traveller in, and historian of, Russia, must have grossly and unpardonably belied her---or no such evils as those we have ascribed to this 'pays de delices,' exist in any region of the globe. It would be unjust to Mr. Anderson not to inform our readers that in the accounts of the piscatorial expeditions of his ingenious favorites, they will meet with amusement---he has related the wars of the czar with the morse, whale, seal, sea-lions, and cows, or manatai, with *naivete*, succinctness and simplicity; but, as of all species of contention, that of *brothers* is the most distressing, we must confess that we could scarcely conceal our mortification when we perused that passage of the chapter, which alludes to the hybernal campaigns of the Russians against the *sea-bears*. 'What,' we exclaimed, 'Bruin fighting Bruin---'tis too much,' and the book dropt from our hands, which we wrang in agony, while our eyes rained showers of heart-rending affliction.

The population of Russia, compared with the extent of her dominions, is truly contemptible. Mr. A. with every desirable disposition to swell its amount to the utmost verge of credibility, is unable to make a sum total of more than 37,000,000, which, distributed over 4,100,000 square miles of territory, gives about 9 inhabitants to a square mile. The population of England and France is by no means excessive; but were Russia peopled in proportion to those countries, an empire containing a population more than double that of China,|| would soon engulf every other European state, and extinguish the *sparks* of liberty that still illumine the political atmosphere of the continent. Upwards of 6,000,000 of the present scanty and wretched inhabitants have accrued since the year 1778 from the diabolical *usurpations* in Poland---and some two or three millions have been wrung from the Ottoman Kaliph; in whose dominions the conglomerate *courses* of graduated despotism, and *corrupted* Islamism†

|| China, according to Sir George Staunton, contains 333,000,000 inhabitants.

† The population of European Turkey averages about 45, Ottoman Asia about 20---and the aggregate population of the whole Sultany about 36 millions to the square mile.

have produced effects less tremendous than the leaden at-restation of every faculty engendered by centuries§ of torpid slavery and brute ignorance in the people, and corresponding tyranny, and want of genius in the rulers‡. And thus if we allow 4 or 5 millions for other infamously-acquired countries¶; we shall with tolerable correctness, state the population of the legitimate territories of the Romanoffs at about 24 millions of inhabitants, nearly 23 millions of whom are, *literally*, slaves of the soil, and can be considered in no other light than that of live merchandize,† being frequently bartered by the boyars for any articles of furniture, &c as caprice may suggest—nay they are frequently *staked at play* by their humane and enlightened lords. Englishmen, reflect on these things, when the praises of the “*Delirerers*” are pealed in your ears.

The government is a pure despotism: the will of the ruler being perfectly without check from any of the inferior authorities. The latter, who are *graciously* permitted to advise the head of the state, consist of councils denominated COLLEGES, whose transactions, notwithstanding an army of servants, are performed in a manner which, though it would disgrace New-Zealanders, is nevertheless pleasing from the *picturesque* view it exhibits of those orders of the Scythian community who fill official posts, and conduct the executive functions of the government—It is in a word, *a la Russe*; The succession to the crown is *nominally* hereditary, *actually* casual, since the autocrat may appoint his successor—a choice which, in all despotic realms, is perpetually liable to be infringed by the intrigues of the nobles, and the licence of the soldiery. To a cabinet of ten persons, the domestic affairs of the palace are intrusted. To these gentry, though inferior to the senate, the senate make their appeals, and all

§ Speaking of the long subjection of the Czars to the House of Jenghiz, a great and cautious historian mentions “the deep, and perhaps indelible mark, which a servitude of 200 years has imprinted on the character of the Russians.” Gibbon, vol. xi. p. 420. octavo ed.

† We except Peter, yept the Great (he certainly was great—a great savage) from this condemnation; he did *some* considerable things; he leavened, in a degree, the stupid abjection of his vassals; but that a single individual should heave the ponderous anchors of slavery and barbarism, that keep Russia nearly motionless, ever *was*, is, and *will* be, we take it, rather less possible than for *one* man to raise and right the—ROYAL GEORGE.

¶ We allude to the depredations under Paul Romanof.

† We use this word as expressive of the moral and political state of the inhabitants, who as well as the *four-footed* cattle of this *free* country, may be considered as part of the current coin.

petitions, dispatches, and *accounts relative to the mines, &c.* are referred to this elegant Junta. This, we think, must be allowed to be perfectly rational; and that to discover the difference between the Divan of Istambol and this "cabinet" will require the eyes of a political lynx; at any rate, it is a perfection to which England is, at present, an undeserving stranger: but Heaven only knows what time may do in her favour.

The colleges are divided into six departments, two of which were stationed at Camp at Moscow; and the other four amused themselves at Petersburg. This hexagonal body consists of—*The directing Senate*. These gentlemen give publicity to the laws and mandates of the Czar; plague the inferior colleges with their orders, exercise their sagacity on doubtful questions, and appoint the civil officers. *The Holy Directing Synod*—this monkish fraternity watch with especial zeal over the strong-box, and other trinkets of Mother Church. *The College of Foreign Affairs*, has the comfortable task of paying their wages to Ministers and agents at foreign courts, and, as the Russians are notorious for the affection they bear toward their prince, the reader will by no means be astonished to find that his loving subject of the college of Foreign Affairs should be partial to the Czar's portrait, and amass as many fac-similes of his august features as they can, by judicious abstractions from the thousands that centre in their hands.—*The Admiralty College*....these noble marines superintend the naval matters, and are, after the usual fashion of Russian incongruities, directors of the general war---commissariate and military stores.---*The College of War* controls the minor affairs ('The regulations and orders for camps, ammunition and provisions') of a department with whose management it should be integrally trusted. *The College of Commerce* directs the trade of Russia. And the *College of Medicine* administer to the Cathartic, omtorial, and sudatory elegances of their masters's refined subjects.

The empire, under Catharine, was divided into twenty-two provinces; in 1803, the increase of territory, by various *equitable* means, produced a new organization, and Russia was split into fifty-two satrapies. This arrangement continues. The government of these divisions is scarcely more than a reflection of that of the whole state.

We hardly know how to contend with, and fix the labriety of Mr. A's statements. In page 38 he tells us that 'torture' is 'entirely abolished,' and in page 39, aftercon-

gratulating the Russians on the amelioration of their criminal code, he says, 'its mildness' is more in appearance than reality. 'Nobles still whip their vassals to extort confession. *A skilful executioner can dispatch a man by three strokes of the knout.*' '*slitting the nostrils, and branding the face*' are still fashionable. Banishment to the mines of Nertschink is the punishment allotted to felons in conjunction with the severities we have spoken of, and what with the knout, 5000 miles journey in irons, and the *mephetex* of the mines, *death* is the usual consequence of the respect for life, which Mr. A. announces as characteristic of the Russian laws.

The Navy of Russia in 1807 consisted of three fleets; that of the Baltic---the fleet of the Black Sea---and the Galley Fleet, amounting in all to 285 vessels, independently of 12 old ships of the line in the Baltic harbours, and 40 gun boats. We give the following statement :

FLEET of the BALTIC.			FLEET of the BLACK SEA.		
	NO.	GUNS.		NO.	GUNS.
Ships of the line.	20	1588	Ships of the line. 12	981	
Frigates	14	420	Frigates	4	162
Cutters	6	130	Brigantines	7	54
Smaller vessels.....	19	116	Smaller vessels	14	91
<hr/> Total 59 2260			<hr/> Total 37 1288		

Gallies, gun-boats, floating batteries, and other vessels, number 189, guns, 705.

This force is surprising when we reflect that at the commencement of Peter's reign, Russia as a naval power was a nonentity. We do not suppose however that any thing can be more vilely managed than the business of the Muscovite marine. The country affords every thing that is necessary for a navy, ten-fold more numerous. The inhabitants do every thing they can devise to render the bounty of nature useless. Indolence, waste, and gross peculation, devour the strength of the state. 'Admiral Kuowles told Catharine that he would engage to fetch all the materials for ship-building from Russia, pay the duties upon them, and deliver to her from England ships completely equipped at much less than they cost her in her own dock-yards.' Anderson, 42.

The Revenue, though every nerve of finance is strained, amounts only to 42,797,000 rubles, (about 8 or 9 millions English pounds sterling.)

We unfeignedly are happy to learn from Mr. A. that the commerce and manufactures of Russia have received an impulse that augurs favourably for her future prosperity. His pages on these subjects are drawn up with a precision and neatness which we should be glad to see more frequently displayed.

Our limits now force us to quit this interesting work (we mean *subject*) to which we hope to return in our next, and accompany the author through the *historical* part of his book: yet we cannot refrain from extracting the following spirited notices of the Don Cossacks and Tartars of Kazan, Astrakan, and the Crimea, the only subjects of the Czar, deserving the name of men.

The Don Cossacks "are superior to the Russians in person, dress, culture, and mode of life. They are tall and handsome. The dress of the men is a blue jacket, with white dimity waistcoat and trowsers. While they are remarkably clean in their persons and habitations, they are instructed in their minds, social, open, and generous." Anderson, p. 61.

This is a refreshing contrast to the diminutive figure, ugly visage, ragged filthy garments, abominable ignorance, and sullenness, of the Russian. Compare the quoted passage with the *first* volume of Dr. Clarke's very valuable travels, where also will be found, in his account of the Krim, full evidence of the wretched fate that attends every country so unfortunate as to fall under Russian dominion.

The account of the Tartars is not less interesting.

'In Siberia, they have very much assimilated to the Russian and neighbouring tribes; but in Kazan, Astrakan, and in the Crimea, they have preserved their national peculiarities.' (*Mr. A. means that they are not debased by Russian intercourse.*) 'The genuine Tartar is well made, of an ordinary height, lean, with an oval head, dark brown hair, white firm teeth, small mouth, dark expressive eyes, and a fresh and lively complexion; all recommended by a modest and discreet behaviour. An open friendly countenance, the bloom of health, and harmonious proportion of the limbs, impart an uncommon charm to the females. Temperance and cleanliness are imperative duties with the Tartars, being strictly inculcated in (by) the *Koran*.'† Anderson, p. 62.

† See Dr. Clarke.

ART. V.—*An Historical and Critical enquiry into the Nature of the Kingly Office.* and how far the act of Coronation, with the Oath, established by Law, is a solemnity indispensable to the exercise of the Regal dignity; shewing, the origin and Antiquity of Inunction, the ancient and modern form of the coronation ceremony, and setting forth divers peculiar services claimed to be performed on that grand occasion; particularly the singular Office of the King's Champion, (hitherto little known.) The whole replete with a variety of novel matter, and interesting remarks. By J. C. Banks, Esq. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Pp. 152, 1814.

On a *prima facie* view of the constitution of England, the principal characteristic which challenges attention, is that of its being composed of three estates, in their very nature dissimilar, and, when operating singly, calculated to promote purposes and, arrive at ends, diametrically opposite to each other. But a closer inspection of its internal frame, and the powers vested by law in its component parts, both relatively and absolutely considered, will clearly demonstrate that the distinguishing feature, the most valuable attribute with which it is stamped, is the provision for accomplishing every legitimate object of government, by the united agency of those organs, each of which is best adapted to fulfil the duties assigned to it.

The design of all just polity is, unquestionably, to preserve as many of the natural liberties of mankind as in a state of society, can safely be exercised by individuals,....to establish them on a solid and permanent basis,....to provide for all probable exigences of the commonwealth in its foreign and domestic relations....to administer redress to grievances....and inflict penalties on violations of its ordinances, commensurate with their degree of flagrancy. History teaches, that when the guardianship of these fundamental principles is reposed in the hands of a single person, there there is no security for their maintenance. The passions of pride and ambition are too powerfully flattered, not to attempt their gratification, at the sacrifice of the national interests. And, indeed, where the legislative, executive and judicial authority is consigned to one man, and by necessity without control or limitation, it were folly to expect so vast a trust to be converted to any other use, than that of personal aggrandisement, and personal despotism, similar results will ensue, if the reins of political dominion

confided to the sole management of a select number, but to an extent not equally mischievous. A desire of augmented capacity will, no doubt, prevail among them; but, as this strong stimulus becomes, in this case; enlarged in its sphere of operation, the instigating cause of exertion, directing not one alone, but a plurality of minds....there will be less chance of its prospering ambitious enterprizes, or producing pernicious consequences. Each individual will have his favorite scheme, each be jealous of the plans of his colleagues....each striving to give reality to his own; and (unless some commanding spirit, some dictatorial genius rise up, capable of overbearing or leading the inferior characters, amidst the general discordancy, disunion and distrust,) the hopes of all will in a great measure be baffled. But, still the means of carrying their arbitrary projects into execution might not be overlooked; those, whose ideas possess some mutual affinity; those, who are willing to participate in an accession of power, the exclusive tenure of which is unattainable by any one, might combine their views, incorporate their strength; and, by winning over the half reluctant, by enlisting the indifferent, in their cause, encrease their numerical force to an irresistible amount, and thus triumph over every impediment, experienced during the season of division. If the people retain and exercise their original, inherent right, of legislating for themselves; of dispensing the relief and imposing the punishments of laws, propounded and ratified by themselves; the evils already mentioned can seldom, perhaps never, occur. But even this comparatively free condition of society is not unattended with inconveniences. Among these may be mentioned an occasional want of wisdom in choosing ends, and contriving means; insufficient deliberation, and short sightedness as to contingence and effects.....The disadvantages concomitant with these several forms of government; and inseparable from them. It cannot, however, be denied, that while Monarchies, Oligarchies, and Democracies present subjects for serious reprobation, the elements of many of those qualities, which are indispensable to the wise conduct of the affairs, and furtherance of the interests of nations, are scattered among them all, though not in equal proportions. The first possesses most energy, and is best adapted to give enforcement to resolutions. In the second, resides a superior capacity to consult with discretion, and

decide with judgment. And to the latter is incident, rectitude of intention, united with a universal desire to advance the general welfare; resulting from a deep seated consciousness of a communion of rights, and a communion of dependance. To erect therefore, a political fabric, which shall embrace the good, and exclude the bad...which shall have for its foundation the virtue and integrity of popular assemblies; for its superstructure, the sagacity and caution of men, supposed to be more eminently endowed with those qualities, and, from their fewness, less embarrassed in the exercise of them; combined with the vigorous executive power, of a single individual...is to consolidate into one consistent frame, to establish in the surest manner, the blessings of civil liberty; civil security, and civil existence.

The English constitution is neither entitled to encomium, nor deserves imitation, simply because its constituents are democracy, aristocracy, and Monarchy; nor because the animating principle of its machinery is breathed into it through the instrumentality of those diversified systems; but, becauseytheir extracting the virtuous ingredients and rejecting the deleterious;...by collecting and embodying their salutary energies, and preventing the action of the unwholesome....by restraining the ambition natural to two, without trenching on their beneficial properties; curbing the licentiousness peculiar to the third, without diminishing its better characteristics;...and, lastly, because by so blending these excellencies, as to produce a symmetrical and harmonious whole, each member sustaining, and co-operating with the others, it is competent, if properly administered, to perform every duty, of legitimate government, to accommodate every rational wish, render tranquillity and satisfaction to those who live under its protection, in a more comprehensive measure than any other plan, hitherto concerted for the regulation of social conduct.

Notwithstanding, the three estates of our constitution are nearly co-efficient, certainly, reciprocally dependant though the established laws have provided various mutual checks upon their inherent propensity; restraining each by the powers of the other two....there is yet one whose compass of authority, the politician is, in a special manner, called to investigate, and which demands the unceasing vigilance of the patriot, to prevent it from defeating the ends of its institution, encroaching upon

the privileges of those, who are designed for its equal coadjutors, and undermining the basis upon which the the common safety rests :....we mean the *crown*. Not that it is to be understood from this remark, that the crown is of superior importance to either house of parliament, or that the wisdom of our legislators, has been deficient in laying down landmarks to its jurisdiction ; but that, when the multifarious prerogatives annexed to it are considered ;....when a review is taken of its control over the national revenues ;....its command of the military forces, the immensity of its patronage, civil and ecclesiastical....its election of judicial functionaries, and, finally, of the inevitable influence begotten by a trust so extensive,....it will appear not only that this branch of our polity is eminently worthy of close examination, induces a sedulous inquiry into the motives for conferring it on a solitary individual, and the provisions made to ensure the *fidelity* of that individual ;....but, likewise that as so large an apparatus of power of power, lodged *any where*, but more particularly where by our constitution it is lodged, necessarily works upon the frailties of human nature, and has a direct tendency to generate a lust for increased dominion, so it behoves every well-wisher to his country, to observe with watchful eye, the movements of him, who possesses it, and to put forth his utmost exertions to frustrate its abuse.

The regal capacity, then, being, in our opinion, an object of peculiarly anxious attention, we avail ourselves of the opportunity presented by the pamphlet, whose title is prefixed to this article, of analysing it ; and propose to offer some brief comments on the licenses and restrictions attached to it by statute and common-law. Previous, however, to commencing this task, we intend to take a view of the question, how far, what is denominated the *inheritable* quality of the crown extends, and with what modification it is to be regarded as appertaining to it ? And here we take leave to observe, that we are by no means disposed to eulogise hereditary, limited monarchy, simply because it is such ;---nor to pay our humble adoration at its shrine, in consideration of its exalting one individual and his posterity above the state of their fellow mortals :---inglorious panegyric now fortunately at an end. But we respect it as an institution, fundamentally wise and useful ; calculated for the accomplishment of many important purposes, established to give durability to public quietude ; and because, where it exists

under prudent regulations, a sacrifice is made of no greater portion of the common freedom, than the secure enjoyment of the residue probably requires. Elective Royalties, it must at the same time be confessed, seem to approximate nearer to the genuine principles of social liberty; to be more favorable to the frequent calling into action of splendid ability and incorruptible virtue; and thereby in a greater degree capable of increasing the general prosperity. And these apparent advantages, would, unquestionably become realized, did not the very nature, passions, and tendencies of the human mind, constitute an insurmountable obstacle. Man, even in his civilized condition, is but a rash and intractable creature. Though endowed with many admirable intellectual gifts, though every amiable propensity, every generous sympathy, suited to sweeten the acerbities of life, be planted in his bosom; though the doctrines of philosophy and the precepts of morality lend their potent stimulus to his best faculties, ---their still remains interwoven with his frame, the alloy of a turbulent disposition, nourished by a love of independance; a scornful impatience of control, resulting from a sense of natural equality; ---and the latent existence of the combustible seeds of ambition, is proclaimed by a constant solicitude for supremacy. If, therefore, this be no exaggerated statement, what are the probable effects which will attend the operation of a spirit thus agitated? nay, of a multitude of such spirits? and that, too, in a state where the highest post may be occupied by any one of the community, or of a certain class of individuals? Is it to be expected that peace, unanimity, and real regard to the national interests will prevail at any time, but particularly at the approach of, and during the periodical return of the season of election to that post? can we, in this state of things, look for wise measures and salutary objects? will the spleen of jealousy lie dormant and the virulence of animosity forget its functions? will the wheels of government roll onward with a motion, equable and easy? No one, we think, will declare that all or any one of these blessings could prevail. But instead of their healthy influence, the political atmosphere will be filled with the inflammable elements of human passions. Either each individual, animated with the same desire, must exert every physical, every artificial energy, for the attainment of the common purpose; ---employ every possible means to persuade some to forego their pretensions, and in consequence to render odious and safe the reputation of his powerful competitors, and, imagining

himself alone worthy of the honourable distinction, defy every rational and moral impediment, and thus endanger the public weal:---or, if this do not occur, numbers weary of the strife, shrinking from personal peril, and resigning their own claims, must form themselves into associations, with the design of rousing some chosen chief....these associations will, inevitably, be hostile to each other; every principle of the soul, will, in a like manner, be put into activity by the contending parties to defeat their mutual efforts, each burning for success which only one could obtain;...licentiousness and audacity will assume a more formidable aspect, receive a new impetus, under the direction of faction and thus in either case, the well-being of the common-wealth will be put to hazard, and extraordinary indeed must be the event, if these terrible convulsions do not terminate fatal to its liberty. These, then, are the prominent evils, contingent to an elective monarchy, and constitute, therefore, the primary negative reasons for preferring the hereditary and limited system. Not that we would by any means imply, the total exemption from defects and inconveniences on the part of the latter, or that it is at all times and under every circumstance, auspicious to the *salus populi*: but, that when the disadvantages attached to it, are compared with the disadvantages annexed to the other, they will be found to be less numerous and less objectionable. Our limits do not permit us, nor, indeed, can it be deemed necessary, to examine the disadvantages of an hereditary monarchy. They are, doubtless, obvious to every one.

It is an opinion, extremely prevalent among even the enlightened portion of the nation, that by the radical principles of the constitution, the crown is unalterably hereditary; and that there exists no power within the state, capable of new-modelling or controlling the succession. Where this opinion founded on truth, miserable indeed would be the fate of Englishmen;—a grievance of the greatest magnitude be occasionally endured, and the established system of policy exposed to just reproach. For, since princes are equally subject with the rest of mankind to mental infirmities and obliquities of understanding; it necessarily ensues either that men, inadequate, imbecile or insane would ascend the throne, no less frequently than members of the ordinary ranks of society, afflicted with the same weaknesses accede to territorial or other possessions; or that while discharging their duties they would be as liable to sudden

incapacitation as others in the fulfilment of theirs....But there is another and perhaps more considerable mischief which would sometimes arise, were this notion correct. There would be no possibility of removing and expelling a family whose governing rules of conduct had been, to swell legitimate trust into lawless despotism to trample upon the authority of others, exceed the boundaries of their own; ...and to convert an instrument of public guardianship into a weapon of public destruction....combining at once ingratitude with oppression, and insult with treachery. But the British constitution countenances no such idea, is accompanied with no such evils....both its theory and practice demonstrate that when the chief magistrate is intellectually debilitated, it possesses an easy and methodical power to dispense with that which is an unfortunate burthen; to supersede him, and consign the office to one, competent to its efficient execution;....and also, that when a tyrant becomes elevated to the regal dignity, it can and will exert an energy, able to hurl him from the station he has abused, compel him to seek safety in exile, or submit to an ignominious penalty; and, finally, will repose the forfeited protection of its ordinances, in a worthier individual, of the same or different extraction.

The annals of the country unquestionably prove that hereditary succession to the crown, has *generally* been recognised as a cardinal point of the constitution....but this militates not against the foregoing observations. Our assertion is, in essence, simply, that upon the palpable appearance of urgent necessity, as personal incapacity, or gross dereliction from duty, the supreme executive functionary has been, and may be, superseded or removed, according to the nature of the case.

While it is freely conceded, that the welfare of a people depends principally on the permanence and stability of their government; and that government is most likely to be permanent and stable, one of whose features is, the establishment of its most important office in a particular person and his descendants....it should at the same time be recollected that the chief object in erecting a government, is the secure enjoyment of those blessings, which, without it, would be unattainable, or at best but precarious....that whatever is ordained to accomplish this object is an indispensable part of the plan--that, in consequence, it should be purely and completely administered--that the administrators, acting not for themselves, are stewards of the nation---and that therefore, every obstacle

Ranks of the Kingly Office

for the due discharge of their respective functions, is a public injury. Hence is it required that every well-regulated constitution be endued with vigor sufficient to maintain its organic activity, and to renew an integral part, which on due examination shall be found, be the cause what it may, inappropriate to the performance of its office: And the very existence of such a power, wherever it may be lodged, is necessarily attended with an equal capacity to appoint new trustees, and re-arrange the mode of official succession. In whom this capacity is vested and in what manner these great objects are affected by the polity of England, form the topics of the present enquiry.

Sir William Blackstone, treating of the king and his title, lays it down as a grand fundamental maxim;....that the crown is, is by common law, and constitutional custom, hereditary; and this in a manner peculiar to itself: but that the right of inheritance may from time to time be changed or limited by act of parliament, under which limitations, the crown still continues hereditary. With the first clause of the proposition our investigation is not connected, it is an undisputed point, that the crown is by common law and constitutional customs hereditary, and this in a manner peculiar to itself. But the latter sentence so simply coincides with our opinion on the subject in question as to induce us to make it the foundation of the future comments.

We assert, then that the right of inheritance to the crown may from time to time be exchanged or limited by act of parliament. When a people, as the illustrious Algernon Sydney remarks, has either indefinitely, or under certain conditions and limitations, resigned their power into the hands of a certain number of men; or agreed upon rules, according to which persons should, from time to time, be deputed for the management of their affairs; acts of those persons, if their power be without restrictions, are of the same validity as of the whole nation, and the assent of every individual is comprehended in them. If the power be limited, whatsoever is done according to that limitation, has the same authority. In the first case, therefore, that of unrestricted delegation, all the original inherent right of the people becomes transferred to their deputies; who would soon deserve a less appellation. But the second case is of a nature in some respects dissimilar. The community surrenders not its privilege either of totally changing or modifying the forms of government;....nor loses its paramount check upon the

servants it employs, it merely entrusts to their provident care, the administration of its concerns,....the wardship of the common-wealth; defines the rules by which their conduct is to be guided, and coerces them by the rigid domination of law. Thus is it in this country. If, then, it be deemed expedient to vest in the legislature, who are, themselves, bound by fixed laws, the authority to defend the hereditary succession to the chief magistracy;---a reasonable and prudent exercise of such power, cannot encroach on the rights, still remaining in the nation at large; but, on the contrary, must confer universal benefit.

Many examples are presented in our history of the simple declaration of the existence of this authority, and, likewise of its actual exertion; but we shall confine ourselves to four. By statute 13. Eliz. c. 1. it is enacted, that 'If any person shall hold, affirm, or maintain that the common laws of this realm, not altered by parliament, ought not to direct the right of the crown of England; or that the queen's majesty, with and by the authority of parliament, is not able to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity, to limit and bind the crown of this realm, and the descent, limitation, inheritance, and government thereof;---such person, so holding, affirming, or maintaining, shall during the life of the queen be guilty of high treason; and after her decease shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and forfeit his goods and chattels.' On the memorable deposition of the last Stuart, the two houses of parliament having passed the resolution, that 'King James the Second, having endeavoured to subvert the constitution of the kingdom, by breaking the original contract between king and people; and, by the advice of jesuits and other wicked persons, having violated the fundamental laws; and having withdrawn himself out of this kingdom: has abdicated the government, and that the throne is thereby vacant;---decreed, 'that William and Mary, prince and princess of Orange, be, and be declared king and queen, to hold the crown and royal dignity during their lives, and the life of the survivor of them; and that the sole and full exercise of the royal power be only in, and executed by, the said prince of Orange, in the name of the said prince and princess, during their joint lives; and after their deceases the said crown and royal dignity to be to the heirs of the body of the said princess; and for default of such issue to the princess Anne of Denmark, and the heirs of her body; and for default of such issue to the heirs of the

body of the said prince of Orange.' The remarks on this proceeding, made by the learned judge, from whose commentaries we have already quoted, richly merit attention. King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, he observes, did not take the crown by hereditary right or *descent*, but by way of donation or *purchase*, as the lawyers call it; by which they mean any method of acquiring an estate otherwise than by descent. The new settlement did not merely consist in excluding King James and the person pretending to be prince of Wales, and then suffering the crown to descend in the old hereditary channels: for the usual course of descent was in some instances broken through; and yet the convention still kept it in their eye, and paid a great, though not total, regard to it. Let us see how the succession would have stood, if no abdication had happened, and King James had left no other issue than his two daughters, queens Mary and Anne. It would have stood thus: queen Mary and her issue; queen Anne and her issue; king William and his issue. But we may remember, that queen Mary was only nominally queen, jointly with her husband king William, who alone had the regal power; and king William was personally preferred to queen Anne, though his issue was postponed to her's. Clearly, therefore, these princes were successively in possession of the crown by a title different from the usual course of descent.

Not many years subsequent to this event, the parliament conceived it necessary again to manifest their power of limiting and appointing the succession. The statute 12 and 13 Will. III. c. 2. settled the remainder of the crown, expectant on the death of William and Anne, on Sophia, electress and dutches-dowager of Hanover, and the heirs of her body, being Protestants. And at the same time it was enacted, that whosoever should hereafter come to the possession of the crown should join in the communion of the church of England as by law established. Lastly, the act 6 Anne, c. 7. ordains, that 'if any person maliciously, advisedly, and directly, shall maintain by writing or printing, that the kings of this realm with the authority of parliament, are not able to make laws to bind the crown and descent thereof, he shall be guilty of high treason; or if he maintain the same by only preaching, teaching, or advised speaking, he shall incur the penalties of a *praemunier*.'

Thus, then, is it testified by our legislative and constitu-

tional annals, that there is reposed in the national councils, a right of removing the head magistrate, when his arbitrary conduct endangers the public weal, and of excluding his posterity from the succession; and, also, by the concurrent agency of the three estates of the realm, the regal office may be vested in a fresh stock, and the descent new modelled and limited. And this is, by no means, inconsistent with the assertion, that "the crown is, by common law and constitutional custom, hereditary." The import of those words is simply, that, when statute law is silent, the accession to the throne by the heir apparent of the last possessor, is the established regulation and constant practice. Not an instance stands on record, of parliament appointing a new king, and at the same moment directing the inheritance in a manner, different from that of the common course of descent. On the contrary, the heirship of the crown has, on such occasions, uniformly met with the most explicit recognition. It has been, it still is, regarded as one of its capital features, one of its prominent characteristics: and, whenever necessity has compelled a temporary interruption, the measure induced has been accompanied with a declaration that it is again to take effect. The heirship, generally speaking, is permanent; the interruption occasional; the one regular, the other eccentric.

Having now concluded this part of our enquiry, we proceed to give a few succinct observations on the prerogatives and restrictions attached to the royal dignity.

It is an undeniable axiom in government, that the legislative body need not always be in action; but that the motion of the executive power should be invariable and perpetual. Indeed, the exigencies of a nation can neither be so numerous, nor so constant, as to require the incessant institution of laws. The preservation of public liberty, the maintenance of public ordinances, the punishment of delinquents, and the conservations of public peace, depend not on the variety or frequency of legal enactments. But the continual dispensation of those laws, already existing for the benefit and safeguard of the people, is so essential to their interests, so indispensable to their welfare, as to be inseparable from either: forming at once the life and vigor of the Commonwealth. These are the principal reasons, why the functions of the two houses of parliament, together with the legislative branch of the crown, are liable to casual suspension; while the executive authority of the latter, is never intermitted. But, though

Banks on the Kingly Office.

this lasting and ceaseless administration of the laws; those laws which more immediately, more frequently, are auxiliary to national happiness, be absolutely necessary: It is not less true, that there are certain delegated rights, the exertion of which is requisite only under peculiar circumstances, under pressing emergencies. Control over the military, appointment of ambassadors, and election of judicial officers, may be ranked in this class. Their use, must therefore, be confided to the discretion, either of the aggregate body of state functionaries, or of an individual and integral member. By the policy of our constitution, the latter mode is adopted. And this discretionary power, thus lodged in the first magistrate, is the root and spring of what are denominated his prerogatives.

And here it is to be remarked, that the king's constitutional acts are directed and governed by fixed rules, defined with precision, and paramount in force. This is the uniform language of our lawyers, from Bracton to Blackstone. *Ipse autem rex non debet esse sub homine, sed sub deo et sub lege, quia lex facit regem.*—*Non enim rex ubi dominatur voluntas, et non lex.*—*Rex in regno superiores habet Deum et Legem*,---are the words of the former. The latter expresses himself as follows. "One of the principal bulwarks of civil liberty, or (in other words), of the British constitution, is the limitation of the king's prerogative by bounds so certain and notorious, that it is impossible he should ever exceed them, without the consent of the people, on the one hand; or, without, on the other, a violation of that original contract, which in all states implicitly, and in ours most expressly, subsists between the prince and the nation." This wise check upon the licentious and despotic disposition, which might probably predominate in the breast of one, entrusted with an authority so extensive, is calculated to produce many and important advantages. While full latitude is given to legitimate jurisdiction, strong precautions are taken to prevent the enlargement of its boundaries; while a generous confidence is placed in the virtues of human nature, a bridle is thrown over the vices of the heart, and the king is interdicted from attempting, what the man might desire to perform. The law is sovereign, and to it the king is subject. The centripetal force of the law retains the regal planet from travelling beyond its orbit.

We must be careful, however, not to misconstrue the above quotations. When Bracton says, "*Rex in regno superiores habet Deum et Legem*;" and when Blackstone ob-

serves, that "one of the principal bulwarks of civil liberty, &c. is the limitation of the king's prerogative by bounds so certain and notorious, that it is impossible he should ever exceed them, without the consent of the people; on the one hand, or, without, on the other, a violation of that original contract," &c. &c.; they, by no means, intend to infer, that the king is, in general, personally responsible for an infraction of either his duties or prerogatives. They were too thoroughly acquainted with the ordinary practice of the constitution, to hazard so bold an insinuation. But the manifest sense of the passages, is, simply, that the power of the king is circumscribed by law, and that, therefore, he cannot legally transgress the limits assigned to his function. This is well illustrated by Lord Hale. "It is regularly true," says that eminent Judge, "that the law presumes that the king will do no wrong; neither, indeed, can he do any wrong; and, therefore, if the king command an unlawful act to be done, the offence of the instrument is not thereby indemnified: for though the king is not under the coercive power of the law, yet, in many cases, his commands are under the directive power of the law, which consequently makes the act itself invalid, if unlawful; and so renders the instrument of the execution thereof obnoxious to the punishment of the law."

As laws are instituted, and customs suffered to prevail, to produce some useful, public good; so the discretionary authority of the crown should have a similar tendency. In conformity with this incontrovertable dictum, it is established, "that all prerogatives must be for the advantage and good of the people; otherwise they ought not to be allowed by the law." On which constitutional decision, the following annotation is made by Matthew Bacon. "Most undoubtedly, this is the great end of the king's prerogative: who is not the sovereign of the state, but the people's executive Magistrate: for as to sovereignty, that resides where the constitution has placed the legislative power i. e. in King, Lords, and Commons, in parliament assembled; so that the King, in his political capacity as one of the realm, possesses a part and only a part of the sovereignty, but is not sovereign, any more than a part is equal to the whole. But, as executive magistrate, he is invested with great power, pre-eminence, and many prerogatives; all intended by the constitution to be employed for the good of the people; none to the detriment; nor can any prerogative be legally so employed." Hence is it substantiated, that the prerogatives of the king;

are the prerogatives of law; and that high public officer cannot say any more than a private individual,.... *Tenor patriæ nec legibus ullis*.

We have now performed a part of our engagement, and, we are willing to confess, but a very small part. When the dimensions of the subject are considered;.... when the long catalogue of prerogatives, appertaining to the royal character, is reviewed;.... the exclusive power of the king of sending ambassadors to foreign states, and receiving ambassadors at home; his sole privilege to make treaties, leagues, and alliances with foreign states and princes;---to make war and peace:---and command the military strength of the country;---his unparticipated trust, as distributor of justice;---his legal ubiquity;---his appointment of judges, and control of the coinage of the realm;---when, we repeat, this vast authority is contemplated,---it will readily be acknowledged, that to investigate it with any degree of minuteness, to unravel the thread of reason, on which it is supposed to hang, would require painful research, and elaborate disquisition. Nevertheless, the task would be instructive, and not devoid of gratification: and gladly would we undertake it, did our limits permit. We cannot, however, conclude without expressing a hope that, ere long, an opportunity will present itself to us, of resuming this important subject, of examining, with more accuracy, its bearings and relations, and offering observations, more dilated and comprehensive

Art. VI. Ah Perdonâ, a favourite air, by Mozart, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by Gelinek.

Of the various departments of science, or art, in which the vigorous and creative intellect of Germany has distinguished itself, it is, perhaps, impossible to name one, that appears to have been more successfully cultivated than music. For, though that country can boast of having produced many conspicuous luminaries, in the recondite sciences of mathematics and chemistry; and enriched the imaginative arts of poetry and dramatic composition, with some exquisite contributions; yet, since the speculations and researches of the former have, occasionally, been refuted or surpassed, and the excellence of the latter, is frequent instances, rivalled or outshone, by eminent geniuses of other nations; the merits of Germany do not in these respects, assume a station

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comparatively elevated. But in music it is far otherwise. Whether from constitutional temperament, or the almost equally-powerful causes of habit and education;—such of the natives of that part of the continent, as dedicate their talents to the exercise of the harmonic art, seem to possess faculties, suited in no ordinary degree, to the laborious study of its abstrusest principles, and capable of the most splendid conceptions in its practice. In the exertion of these superior faculties, their great masters, who, perhaps, are more numerous than those of any other people, display ideas, as sublime, as the powers of sound are adequate to convey;—develop effects, as grand, as an able union of instrumental and vocal energy is competent to produce;... disclose a fancy, brilliant, vivacious, graceful, and truly original, whose fecundity appears almost inexhaustible; and a profound theoretical knowledge, not cramping, but, obedient to, the suggestions of that fancy;...add to this, a comprehensive acquaintance the capacities of the various instruments composing a full orchestra which enables them to select, with critical accuracy, that, best adapted to the expressive performance of particular solo passages; and to allot to each, where all are combined, those notes which, so performed, will impress most forcibly. All these, the main features of their style, are exhibited by them in perfection and abundance, and we must be allowed to say, rank them above the level of musical professors in neighbouring or distant nations.

We are well aware, indeed, that many good-intentioned, sturdy, advocates of other schools of music are to be found, whose habits and partialities will lead them to desert from this opinion. It is, certainly, true, to a limited extent, that the productions of German harmonists, are marked with trails of eccentricity, whim, and even buffoonery. It must not be suppressed, that there are, also, discoverable in them, melodies uncouth and cacophonous, and prolix concatenations, scarcely palatable to thorough-bred theorists. Though we candidly state these occasional objections, and acknowledge the justice of their application to certain portions of some of the works alluded to, it must not be inferred from thence, that we retreat or even qualify our declared sentiments. For, the disfigurements already mentioned, of Teutonic music, are but partial and diminutive; detracting not from the general excellence of its characteristics; not dimming the lustre of its prominent qualities.

This panegyric will, doubtless, be deemed by some too highly coloured; but, to those who have impartially perused the rich variety of musical compositions, generated in Germany during the last century;...to those, who have listened, unswayed by prejudice, to the majestic, vivid, ornate productions of the most illustrious musicians, who flourished in that country, within the same period; we feel perfectly secure of our observations appearing just and deserved. And, we think, that it will, likewise, be admitted, that, notwithstanding they will bear the test of examination; if tried by the merits of any of the eminent men referred to, yet, a more shining illustration of their truth cannot be selected, than MOZART. His numerous operas, symphonies, concertos, overtures, songs, and sonatas, all concur to demonstrate it.

The genius of Mozart has always appeared to our mind to be one *sui generis*. His imagination possessed many distinct features; but so completely under discipline, as to be capable of being partially blended, separated, and compounded into one symmetrical whole. Splendor, vivacity, elegance, ingenuity, and copiousness of conception, were inherent in him, in common with others; but there was something incorporated with these qualities, peculiar to himself. In those works, which he seems to have most elaborated, and in which, it is manifest, he gave most indulgence to his fancy, there predominates a certain sweet romantic air, which we doubt not, all, who have heard, have felt, but, which, we are no less convinced, it lies not within the power of language to adequately describe. This mellifluous, *cantabile*, air, is what so particularly marks his music, stamps it with the character of originality, and distinguishes it from that of other composers, however meritorious. — But our duty calls us from this very brief contemplation of the *general* style of this great author, to the consideration of one of his most admired effusions;...“*Ah Perdonà*.”

Were we to appreciate the talents of Mozart, simply from the specimen afforded in this duett, our estimation of them would be of no humble kind; it is, indeed, pregnant with evidence of felicitous conception, and captivating taste.

On the variations annexed by Mr. Gesnek, we have but few strictures to offer. They display considerable familiarity with the nature and capabilities of the instrument for which they are intended.

much ingenious contrivance, and no small share of the refinements of the present day : --but we must, really, admonish Mr. G. that the style of his variations is altogether in-opposite; that he, or any other gentleman, who, desirous to signalize himself in a similar manner, is not at liberty to distort, or bury beneath a heap of notes, the beauties of a melody, so luckless as to become the subject of his merciless invasion. If he will turn to his third variation, he will better understand his own meaning.

ART. VII.—The School Orator ; or Exercises in Elocution theoretically arranged; from which, aided by short practical rules to be committed to memory, and repeated after the manner of reciting the rules in the Latin Syntax, Students may learn to articulate every word with propriety; be assisted in the removal of Minor Impediments; be taught to Modulate the voice, and to speak with Accuracy of Inflection, from the easiest to the most difficult specimens of English Oratorical Composition. By James Wright, public and private Teacher of English Elocution.

We are so much pleased with the arrangement of this work, which is truly scientific in its principles, that we desire to afford the author his best praise, which could not flow from us, so forcibly, as from the language of his own doctrine.

Many years' experience in the science and practice of Elocution has convinced me, that the circumstance which should first occupy the attention of the Teacher, should be the capabilities of the Auricular, Vocal, and Enunciative organs of his pupils; and, upon examination, if he perceive them defective in action, or, from ill habit, incapable of performing their offices, he should endeavour to render them distinct, sonorous and swelling: and it may be noticed, that in early life, under proper management, the ear may be almost always made capable of guiding the voice in every modulation of which the oral powers are known to be susceptible. To accomplish this desirable purpose, I place before the first class of pupils selected pieces of easy composition, lecture them in it according to the most familiar manner possible, concerning impediments, and in the repetition, direct their attention to the acquirement of distinctness only of articulation. This accomplished, the various constructions of periods may afterwards be treated upon with effect; for which purpose, I present them with chosen instances of compact and loose sentencer, including the series, graduation, and climax; and point out the practical rules for the management of the voice in pronouncing each:—so that thoroughly comprehending the nature and effect of

the grand and fundamental rule of suspending the voice with the rising Inflection, to the long pause, (which is where meaning begins to form) and being enabled to exemplify gradational inflections before and after the long pause, in the three or four forms of the compact and loose sentences, accompanied by suitable motions of the hands, wrists and arms,—pupils may be declared ready for the *introductory pieces*.—These should be carefully chosen, that pupils may be assisted in the art of modulation, the more complete management of the voice, and the pronunciation of syllables, in all their variation, whether slow or quick, soft, loud, high or low.

Pursuing this mode ;—selecting appropriate specimens, and presenting them in point of view, boys are taught to speak rather than declaim ; to feel an easy importance when required, rather than to maintain an overbearing confidence, which, on many occasions must end in disappointment.

Perfected in the distinctness of articulation, the pronunciation of sentences, the management of the voice, and the proper use of gesture and action, pupils are adequately prepared for *oratorical speeches*. At this period of instruction, as boys are capable of receiving considerable help from well arranged oral discourse, the lecturer may occasionally revert to the philosophy of mind, and take enlarged views of the art of persuasion. The pupil should be reminded that he must never cease to avail himself of information ; that he must observe, read, converse, and meditate :—that the Speaker must not only acquire the justest conception of the things which he presumes to utter, but he must know how to communicate them in their proper order ; they must be clothed in the most agreeable, as well as the most forcible language. He must avoid redundancy of expression ; he must be neither too close nor too diffuse ; and, above all, he must perfect himself in that branch of Oratory, which has been pronounced to form the first, second, and third parts of the science,—Elocution. This will enable him at all times to command attention ;—its operation will be electric ; it will strike from heart to heart ; and he must be a dolt indeed, a mere declaimer, who does not feel himself inspired by the fostering mood of such approbation,—mute attention ;—and return his sentiments with a sympathetic feeling, energy, and pathos.

This is an admirable elementary lesson, desirable for the accomplishment of every scholar ; but, more essentially so, for those who may be designed for the pulpit, the bar, or the senate.

The language which is harmonized, not only gives grace, but importance to the subject ; whereas, the finest composition, divested of the ornaments of oratory, become dull, tedious, and unimpressive.

Our author's preliminary observations treat on 'Speaking and Reading.'

It must appear evident, that, notwithstanding a passion, emotion, or sentiment, be pronounced by a speaker with ever so good emphasis, still, without appositely inflecting the voice and relaxing or bracing the muscles of the body uniformly with the particular passion, the intended effect will never be produced in the mind of an auditor; nor can serious interest in the cause of the declaimer take possession of the softer feelings of his heart. 'When we utter our own words,' says Mr. Walker, 'and are really impassioned by the occasion of speaking, the passion or emotion precedes the words, and we adopt such tones, as are suitable to the passion we feel;—but if we read,' he observes, 'or recite from memory, the passion is to be taken up as the words occur: and in doing this well the whole difficulty of reading or repeating from memory lies.'

In reading, the signs of passions are not so forcibly expressive as in repeating from memory; and for reasons appearing perfectly *analogous to nature*. A reader cannot be supposed to know what turn of thought an author may have taken, until he has actually rounded his period. He is only in possession of the growth of Idea; or, in other language, of the meaning of such portions of words, forming parts of a period, as through the medium of the visual organ may be clearly and distinctly conveyed to the mind. When we consider the nature of some of these portions, and the aptitude of mind to receive of completion, however false in point of logical accuracy, we shall be more fully convinced of the propriety of what is now advanced: viz. that it is highly requisite for the reader to restrain his feelings.—Supposing, for example, an untutored reader had the following to read extemporaneously,—'Man ever repents,—is what writers, ancient and modern, advance, (and indeed it is that which cannot be controverted) till reflection operates.' I say, supposing a reader of little skill, were to give an opposite force of Expression, to the apparently unmodified proposition, 'Man never repents,' which is one of the portions to which we allude, would not such expression cause confusion of idea in the mind of a hearer, and must to retard the effort of his memory at retention? The answer is obvious; for no sooner does such a reader feel himself sensible of having mispronounced his Author, than he immediately recommences; and, by uniting what before was inadvertently separated, finally succeeds in restoring the true meaning of the passage.

When the periods of written composition rise gradually till the voice is inflected upwards, and *vice versa*, so that no doubt or opposition of mind can possibly occur, the reader feels no difficulty in delivering himself to an audience. But as every writer may think proper, for peculiar reasons, to vary his style and manner, so should it be the wish of a reader to assume, if possible, the variety. As the intention of an Author is not supposed to be known before-hand, this suitableness of delivery cannot be accomplished, without much care and circumspection. And when we consider, that from the warmth of a person to make his mode of thinking appear natural and

unconstrained, the Author may unguardedly, as in the example quoted be led to render the idea false, and *also* if we take into consideration, that, for the purpose of making it true, he may feel himself disposed to have recourse to the intervention of a modifying clause,—the prudent reader, upon no account, will suffer himself to give vent to his feeling, by opposing or consenting to any portion or fasciculus of words, unless he be thoroughly convinced of the nature of the context. For, as a written theme, as opposed to Oratory, is produced by more deliberate acts of the mind, so should reading, as opposed to the higher branches of Elocution, in the various modes of utterance, bear no more than suitable proportions of Energy and Pathos.

Referring to the nature and importance of inflexion, Mr. Wright speaks of the late Lord Mansfield, chief justice of the court of King's Bench. If we revert, he adds, to the written composition of that illustrious character, we shall perceive, that the construction of most of his sentences appears destitute of unity; and, his periods, in general, run on loosely and unconstrained to the end; but, yet, we are informed by his biographers, that his eloquence gained him numerous admirers; and, when he pleaded, the court was always crowded. His tones and tunes of voice were so expressive, and his modulation so captivating, that he was complimented by Pope, with the appellation of the 'silver-tongued Murray.'

This, however, must not be construed into an apology, for incorrect diction; but, as a powerful instance, how harmony is capable to cheat the judgment, by seducing us to applaud the fascinations of oratory, at the expence of classic composition.

We can produce another instance of the same powerful description. My Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters to his son, alludes to a debate that had, recently, occupied the attention of parliament on the introduction of the 'New Style' in our kalendar.

On this event, he tells us of a noble lord, who made a most learned speech upon the question, but, with a delivery so discordant, and action so inelegant, that it operated like a sleeping potion on his auditory; whereas, when Lord Chesterfield arose, his speech, composed simply of a few technical terms, of which he scarcely knew the designation, aroused the surrounding members from their trance, and equal admiration and applause followed his well-graced delivery.

For the junior class of pupils, we find exercises in art-

enation ; wherein, the appropriate pronunciations is distinctly explained, and enforced, by precepts, that cannot fail to produce correctness. A number of interesting fables follow.

For the second class, he introduces ' inflexion,' with this appropriate quotation---

' Nothing valuable can be gain'd without labour'

This subject is illustrated, by means of a gamut, wherein, modulation assumes the scale of musical composition. Action, emphasis, and exclamation, are, severally, exemplified, in a collector of moral sentences, pleasingly calculated to amend the heart, as well as to improve the mind.

Oratorical Speeches.

' The business of an Orator is to Delight that he may Instruct, and Instruct that he may Move the Passions : all addresses which do not yield to this analysis are more or less imperfect

' Many examples of sacred as well as profane Oratory might be mentioned, and suitable arguments deduced from them to prove the justice of the position. Those have been faithfully imitated by the poets ; from Homer and Virgil to Milton, Shakspeare, and others of the Moderns.'

This arrangement is, peculiarly, adapted to allure the student towards improvement, by a progressive order of speeches, selected from our most distinguished poets, imperceptibly leading to the finest specimens of oratorical compositions. We cannot sufficiently express the satisfaction with which we have perused this work.

ANZ. VIII.—*Practical Observations on Telescopes*; 1 vol. 12mo. p. p. 114, Biograph. 1815.

It is not usual for a scientific treatise to be ushered into the world anonymously. Possibly, as the author anticipated this remark, when, instead of his name, he wrote "*ne damnet quæ non intelligunt*," We receives his ingenious observations on Telescopes, notwithstanding, with very favorable impressions, he tells us, modestly, tho' he is not aware, of the contrary that any Astronomical treatise contains the for rules management of the Telescope.

With this persuasion, he has classed his remarks, the

Result of many years observation, into a treatise, which cannot fail to be acceptable to Amateur Astronomers.

' In the course of the last fifteen years I have been in possession of every sort of Telescope, and have seized every opportunity of ascertaining, experimentally, the peculiar powers of every description of reflecting as well as of refracting Telescopes; and have purchased, not without a very considerable expense of both time and money, the knowledge of the facts herein related.

' And should the perusal of this little treatise, the fruit of these pursuits, afford any satisfactory intelligence, or be useful to the novice in Optics and Astronomy, by directing him in the choice, and assisting him in the use, of his instruments; the sacrifices I have made to obtain it, will, undoubtedly, become a source of much satisfaction to me, and my labours will be overpaid.'

It is admirably remarked by a learned writer,† altho' not of modern date, that the apparatus by which we are enabled to contemplate those wonders of the heavens, otherwise impervious to our observation, produce an entertainment so noble and glorious, as well as ravishing and transporting, that it is to be lamented how persons, whose parts and fortunes qualify them for the indulgence, are able to separate themselves from it.

One object of our scientific author, goes to prove, that astronomical studies may be pursued without vast magnitude of apparatus: consequently, the contemplation of heavenly bodies may become more general, the science more simplified, and the study more attractive.

' I shall already convince the Amateur---he continues--- that all the principal and most interesting phenomena, are visible with glasses which are easy to procure, and handy to use; and, that the rationale of telescopes has this, in common with other sciences, that what is most worth learning is easiest learned; and is, with all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world."

' The principle modern discoveries in Astronomy have been made by Dr. Herschell, which have not arisen from the wonderful magnitude of his optical machineries, but from his indefatigable and matchless perseverance as an observer; and the astronomical world is greatly indebted to him for the time and labour that he has sacrificed in making experiments to ascertain the powers of reflecting tele-

† Vide "Astronomy's Advancement." London, 1814.

scopes, which it is presumed he has carried to the 'ne plus ultra,' both in perfection and magnitude, having built one stupendous telescope of the prodigious length of forty feet—with an aperture of four feet. Of the performance of this enormous engine I cannot speak, never having seen through it: however, this I may say with great truth, that his perseverance in constructing such a gigantic optical instrument, is beyond all praise; and his name will be ever remembered with gratitude by every optician and astronomer.

Dr. Herschell's first catalogue of double stars was made with a Newtonian telescope of not quite seven feet focus, and with only four inches and a half aperture, charged with a power of 222. The second catalogue was likewise made with a telescope of similar construction, but with an object metal of six inches and a quarter diameter, and magnifying 227 times. The third was composed with the same instrument, excepting the glass, which was changed for one which gave the telescope a magnifying power of 460. This, the Doctor says, was much superior to that of 227 in detecting excessively small stars, and those which are very near to large ones. He says, he used a gradual variety of magnifying powers from 460 to 6000, with which many a night, in the course of eleven or twelve hours' observation, he has carefully, and singly, examined not less than 400 celestial objects, sometimes viewing a particular star for half an hour together with all the various powers of the telescope. And here let me pay the just tribute of well-deserved praise to the unparalleled perseverance this ingenious astronomer has manifested in composing these catalogues, which must for ever remain an indelible memorial of the determined ardour with which he has so successfully pursued his favourite study. Dr. Herschell's catalogue comprehends the names of the stars, and the number in Flamsteed's catalogue, or such a description of those that are contained in it, as will be found sufficient to distinguish them; also the comparative size of the stars; their colours as they appeared to his view; their distances determined in several different ways; their angle of position with regard to the parallel of declination; and the dates when he first perceived them to be double, treble, &c. These catalogues have opened a new, most interesting, and extensive source of research and contemplation for astronomers, and may probably lead to the discovery of the motion of our system through infinite space. Dr. Herschell has expressed a wish, (that as they are some of the finest, most minute, and most delicate objects of vision he ever beheld,) to hear that his observations have been verified by other persons; and offers the following caution, as to the adjustment of the focus of our telescopes, and advises those who wish to examine the closest of these curious double stars, to previously adjust the focus of their glass with the utmost delicacy on a star known to be single, of as nearly as possible of the same altitude, magnitude, and colour, as the star which is to be examined, carefully observing the circumstances of the star you adjust by, whether it be round and well-defined, or surrounded by little fitting appendages which

keep playing about the image of the star, varying in their appearance as it passes through the field, or remaining fixed to it uniformly the same.

These imperfections of the object-glass, or object-metal, or eye-piece, may be detected by unscrewing, or turning them about in their cells. Dr. H. mentions an instance of the advantage of this method of adjustment to the late Mr. Aubert, who could not discern that *Leonis* was a double star when his telescope was adjusted at *Leonis* itself, but soon perceived it when he had adjusted his telescope at *Regulus*: but, even then, Dr. Herschell says, although the glass was one of Mr. Dollond's best three and a half feet achromatics, it exhibited the two stars of *Leonis* in close conjunction, or rather one partly hid behind the other. The Doctor then proceeds to praise his own telescopes, and concludes with the following observation on the inferiority of achromatics: 'A good three and a half feet achromatic, of a large aperture, when *Rigel* is on the meridian, may, perhaps, also show the small star, although I have not been able to see it with a very good instrument of that sort which shows the small star that accompanies the pole star I but that evening was not very favourable.'

'I have seen the small star which attends the pole star with a two and a half feet achromatic, with a triple object-glass of only one inch and three quarters aperture, and the small star which accompanies *Rigel* also. This is much more difficult to see on account of *Rigel's* excessive brightness; which, if the telescope be not exquisitely perfect, will efface the small star by its false light. But there is no difficulty in accounting for Mr. Aubert's three equal half feet achromatics showing the two stars of *Leonis* in close conjunction, or rather one partly hid behind the other; for be it remembered, until Dr. Herschell published his catalogues of double stars, the amateurs in Astronomy confined their observations to the moon and planets: to show which, Mr. Dollond knew an actual power of 180 was full as much as ordinary observers could manage, and therefore seldom fitted up his three and a half feet telescopes with a higher power, and very often not more than 120. This being the fact, it surely seems to be a wonder, that the separation between the two stars forming *Leonis* could not be discerned in the refractor; when even in Dr. Herschell's own seven-feet reflector, with a power of 460, he says, they appeared to him only one-sixth of the diameter of the star apart; and *Bootes*, with 460, was one and one-fourth diameter of the large star separate from the small one.

'A beautiful and highly interesting Extract follows, from the observations of Dr. Herschall, on the changes that have happened during the last twenty-five years, in the relative situations of double stars, &c. The amateur will thank us, for referring him to this subject, as well as to the succeeding luminous observations, carefully collated, with the remarks of eminent Professors.

To this are added, exemplifying the proportions of Gregorian and Newtonian reflecting Telescopes.

On the choice of Telescopes---

' I dare say some of my readers will be surprised to hear, that I have seen telescopes show stars distinctly and neatly, which would not give a sharp and distinct image of any other object ; and those instruments which have exhibited *Jupiter* and *Saturn* very beautifully, sometimes hardly define a close double star : moreover, those telescopes which, from their being a little over corrected, and the purple rays predominating, are most brilliant and distinct in the day time, and for day purposes decidedly superior to the finest astronomical telescopes, are proportionately inferior for celestial purposes. The most difficult object to define in the day time, and the best test of the distinctness and correctness of our instruments, is the dial-plate of a watch when the sun shines upon it, placed about one hundred feet from the glass.

' There is an extraordinary and curious fact, with which few people are acquainted, but it is of the first importance every one should be aware of when choosing a telescope, or comparing instruments to ascertain their peculiar powers ; that when trying astronomical glasses, we should not be satisfied with less than three evenings' observation : such is the capricious variation of the atmosphere of his country, that some evenings which appear extremely fine, and the stars look most brilliant and dazzling to the naked eye, are quite unfit for observation, and our best telescopes will not perform. Quiet, serene nights, when there is no moon, are the most favourable. When comparing telescopes, we should take very particular care that the eye-tubes be glassed with the same sort of glass, and that they are charged with precisely the same magnifying powers, otherwise the comparison will be in vain : a difference of even five or ten times in the magnifying power will sometimes, on some subjects, give a different character to the glass : and whatever difference there may be in the size of the instruments, when we wish to become acquainted with their respective advantages, they should each be charged with the same magnifying power, which, if the telescopes are intended for astronomical use, should not be less than 100 times ; if for terrestrial purposes, not less than fifty times.

' It will very much assist the eye to wear a kind of goggle, big enough to go over the eye-piece, to defend the organ of vision from the intrusion of collateral rays, that distract and strain the sight, and prevent the perfect adjustment of the eye, by its receiving the stimulus of surrounding objects and light, at the time its whole attention should be confined to the pencil of rays from the telescope. A concave chamber, similar to an eye bath, perfixed to the eye piece, would, perhaps, answer this purpose best. I have seen a very ingenious contrivance applied by Mr. Adams, of Fleet Street, to the magnifiers of his microscopes, consisting of a spiral spring

covered with black silk : and this first give me the idea of the importance of such a screen, which helps the eye more than any one would imagine who has not tried it : the picture on the retina is neither confused nor disturbed by adventitious rays ; the sensibility of the eye is much increased, and prevented from being employed on any other than the images presented to it through the telescope. The eye will be especially sensible of this assistance when observing on moonlight nights. I have seen a cup eye head, at Messrs. Gilberts, opticians and telescope makers, in Leadenhall Street, which answers the purpose perfectly well, and is worthy the attention of those who wish their eyes to enjoy the utmost sensibility the visual organ is capable of being excited to.

This telescope is, indeed, one of those miracles of perfection, and *ae plus ultra's* of art, which are rarely produced, and perhaps only attainable by a happy concurrence of fortunate success in the various circumstances which combine to form these compound object glasses : for which positive and exquisite degree of perfection, we are, in all mechanical matters, almost as much indebted to accident as to art : for instance, a watchmaker makes a dozen *chronometers*, and bestows an equal degree of attention to the finishing of each of them ; so much so, that he has reason to hope they will all perform equally well : however, when put to trial, he commonly finds, that of the dozen, perhaps four, in spite of all his care and pains, will turn out but indifferent watches ; six of them good ; and remaining two extremely fine, and fit to correct old time, and regulate the Sun : but why they act with superior accuracy he cannot divine. In every department of art it is the same, and the *acme of perfection* is always accidental, and not to be attained with undeviating certainty by any rules.

The forty-six inch achromatic, with a treble object-glass of three inches and three-quarters aperture, composed of two convex lenses of crown glass with a concave of flint between them, was the instrument which established the acknowledged superiority of this sort of telescope for astronomical uses. Before these were made, the refracting telescopes for astronomical purposes, were of the unwieldy length of at least thirty-five feet ; and the famous aerial telescope of Huygens, which is now in the possession of the Royal Society, is one hundred and twenty three feet focus.

On this Essay, remarkable for the simplicity in which it clothes a science of stupendous attributes, We have to observe that Pope has some lines particularly apt, to its subject.

Beyond a certain size, telescopes, we are assured, are only just as useful, as the enormous spectacles which are suspended over the doors of Opticians. We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the merits of that truly eminent Optician, the late Mr. Ramsden---and conclude.

CRITICAL CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 9.—*A New Year's Gift, or a plain address of a minister to the people of his charge, by John Clayton, Junr., 24mo. pp. 16. Burton, 1815.*

The christian is invited by this little present to remember, that the beginning of the year is a season of renowned exertion and enterprize. And while the worldly speculator how he views his industry and enlarges his hopes, let not the christian, of all mankind, remain idle; but pursue an assiduous cultivation of personal religion, which is the spring and persevering exertion in the promotion of its interests in this world.

Mr. Clayton, junior, is an industrious labourer in the vineyard, and a cheering companion to those who labour with him. It is a delightful reflection, to find morality the favoured pursuit of ability, nor does M. Clayton stand alone in the glorious cause. M. Scheffeld of Cambridge, is a striking instance of the influence of a well regulated system of religious education over the human mind. In a scene, too, where profligacy assumes the name of elegant pleasure, and bad examples almost give infection to the air, this exemplary young man, devotes himself to the nobler exercise of the human mind.—he forsakes the haunts of gaiety, to visit those of misery; he consoles the afflicted, he cheers the desponding; and he relieves the poor and the wretched.

In his pulpit, he is moral, perspicuous, and solemn; and, those precepts, which flew from his lips, are cherished in his heart, for his practice is founded in their illustration.

ART. 10.—*Three Sermons. 1st. Unitarian Christians appeal to his fellow Christians in the Christian name.*

ART. 11.—*2d: The Apostles Creed concerning the one God and them as Christ Jesus.*

ART. 12.—*3rd: The inseparable Connection between the Unity and the benevolence of God.* By Robert Aspland, Minister of the Unitarian Church, Hackney. 1 vol. 12mo. pp 126. Johnsons & co. Mr. Aspland is a very worthy man, and addresses his congregation in the impressive of his own doctrine; with ability. But we are constantly, so surrounded by UNITY and TRINITY, that we forbear to Hawthorn Cottage; or the two Cupids. A tale in two volumes by J. Jones. 8vo. Asperne 1815.

ART. 13 — *The General Prayer Book; containing forms of prayer, on principles common to all Christians, for religious Societies, for families, and for individuals. Chiefly selected from the scriptures the book of common prayer, and the writings of various*

authors, by John Prior Estlin, L. L. D. 1vol. 12mo. pp. 218 Longman, &co. 1814.

The Christian reader will find, in the pious labours of this dissenting minister, much real incitement to faith, hope and charity.

In a long preface he tells, that until twenty years of age, the first wish of his heart, was to officiate in the church of England; but, confesses, that his close attention to the subject, and his fixed determination to sacrifice principle to inclination, have operated as the causes of his exclusion.

This consideration is argued with zeal; but we do not enter into the contest. In our belief—Purity of intention surpasses, all share of Religion, and true purity liveth in the heart not on the lips.

The Theology and Mythology of the ancient Pagans, written particularly for Female Education, by Miss Hatfield, Author of, *Letters on the Importance of the female sex, with observations on their Manners and Education.* 1 Vol. 24mo. pp. 372. G. and S. Robinson. 1815.

HISTORY, as well ancient as modern, is so intimately blended with allusions to the Heathen Mythology, that we may venture to pronounce it a requisite branch of education.

The great misfortune, however, has been, that this necessary accomplishment is often so involved in detail, repugnant to the intuitive modesty of young females, that it has been estranged from their studies. It has, also, been considered, by many sensible Parents and Teachers, to involve precepts inimical to revealed religion, and destructive of good moral precept.

Our amiable author, who has already appeared with so much advantage to herself, and to her sex, has obviated these objections, in this, her little elegant treatise on that interesting subject.

And that parents may, the more implicitly, trust to the candour of our praise, we state, that this exemplary lady, has chiefly passed her riper years in the families of our Nobility, devoted to the religious and moral education of their children—a task, to which she is fully qualified, from vigour of intellect and depth of literary research, as will, indeed, be manifest to all who peruse this work. We will make a short extract.

‘A due regard to revelation must convince the student that the Sacred and Pagan histories are so necessarily mingled and interwoven, that they are in some degree inseparable from each other; and as all falsehoods adforce and give to truth additional beauty: so do the fictions and monstrous inventions of idolators throw a lustre upon, and give dignity and confirmation to, the doctrines of revelation.’

She further remarks, ‘that Revelation profits so immeasurably from the comparison, that the apostate Emperor Julian, its most vigilant enemy, clearly discerning the connexion there was between the profane doctrines of the antients, and of revealed truths, forbade the Christians to teach the poets, moralists, and historians; rightly judging, that such an exposition would advance the study of Holy writ, &c give a due appreciation of the Gospel.’

This treatise is divided into three heads; the Theology of Moses, the Theology of the Pagans, and the Mythology of the Pagans.

The Theology of Moses is a succinct account of the early part of the Jewish history. It shews how far revealed religion may be considered as connected with the Pagan mythology, and it states the origin of many of the men whom the idolators of those days raised to the distinction of Gods, from their superior talents, or from having gained distinction for acts of an extraordinary merit.

The Theology of the early Pagans is a subject necessarily connected with their Mythology, and is very judiciously explained as bearing reference to the Theology of Moses, which superseded and destroyed it. The whole is treated in so judicious a manner, and illustrated with reasonings so conclusive, that we think the cause of revealed religion considerably promoted by the refined discussion.

The principal portion of the work is devoted to the heathen mythology, which is arranged with peculiar skill; the language is chaste and plain; the classification impressive and neat; and the whole interspersed with the moral reflections and observations of a very sensible woman, who must have studied her subject deeply.

We feel great pleasure in recommending this work to female youth, to whom it is dedicated, from a conviction that it must prove both instructive and amusing.

In warmly advocating the present, we, also, desire to promote the former of this lady's works, Her treatise written in the "IMPORTANCE OF THE FEMALE SEX, claims distinction from its title, and patronage from its worth. We are always gratified in an opportunity of extolling such literary productions, as are useful as well as ornamental; and every young female, who is flattered by the homage paid to her understanding, and is an advocate for the dignity of sex, will receive this moral work with a smile of complacency; and when she has perused its contents, she will bid farewell to "ACKERMAN'S REPOSITORY," and give her adieus to "LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE."

The mystery of newly invented costume, patent perriwigs, invisible petticoats, wadded corsets, and the Duke of Wellington's garters, if at all admissible, should never wander beyond a lady's dressing room; and when Miss in her teens, has left boarding school, she ought to leave off the study of enigmas, acrostics, conundrums and charades.

A female is called upon, by nature, to sustain two of the most interesting characters in life—those of a wife and mother!—her head, therefore, should not be lighter than the feathers which adorn it.

The manners of a female may be accomplished, without being fashionably giddy. She may read German without imbibing false philosophy—study Italian, without being a voluptuary—and adorn the mind without prejudice to the heart.

The subjects before us aim at the elevation of the female character, and to place women in that order of society to which their native intellectual endowments eminently qualify them.

This volume is adorned with emblematical plates.

POETRY.

ANT. 16.—*Familiar Poems, Moral and Religious*, by Susannah Wilson—12mo. Darton and Co. 2s. 1814.

THESE poems, from the similarity of situation in humble life, call to our memories the first production of the Bristol milk-maid, afterwards the much respected Mrs. Ann Yearsley. They appear to be the first effusions of the unadorned muse of a village maiden, in domestic servitude; if inferior, yet do we deem them worthy our warmest approbation. Piety, filial affection, and good will to all mankind, is the "burthen of her song;" from which we select the following tribute to the memory of her father; accepting it ourselves, as an earnest of future excellence.

His garden was his chief delight,
And when sufficient strength he found,
It was indeed a lovely sight,
Beauty and order smiled around.

When in the ground he cast his seed,
He guarded it with special care;
Nor bird nor beast nor stone nor weed,
Might dare to interrupt it there.

His garden saw him going home;
Mournful she all in ruin lay,
Nor lonely mourned his lowly dome
Did with the builders hands decay.

Ye cooling shades, ye curling vines,
Ye objects of his constant care,
No more his hand each branch entwines;
In sad disorder you appear.

Ye little birds, who, from each spray
Would trace him all the garden round,
In vain ye search the live long day,
He never will to you be found.

Who now shall prune the growing vine,
When the luxuriant branches shoot?
Or teach the tendrils how to twine
Around the stem that bears the fruit?

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Who now shall screen the tender flower's
 From midnight frosts, and burning noon,
 Hide them lest the pelting show'rs
 Should spoil their beauteous bloom too soon?

Ye vines and shrubs wear deepest gloom ;
 Ye buds lament in drops of dew ;
 Ye curious flowers that grac'd the loom,
 His hands no more shall fashion you.

"But mine's the sorrow," mine the grief,
 My tears will flow when your's are dried,
 Nor mortal power could give relief
 On that sad day my father died.

ART. 17.—*Classical Pastime*, in a set of Poetical enigmas, on the Planets and Zodiacal signs, by Marianne Curtis. Reading, J. Richard, Royal Exchange, 5s. p. 103.

This is a pretty little poetic flight of fancy ; the course is novel, the lines smooth and well adapted to the subject ; and the enigmas eminently calculated to instruct in their solutions. Of the stile of the poetry, we shall adduce a specimen, of the fair writer's talents, concluding her 'classical pastime.'

The Muse attracted by bright Phoebus' ray,
 Has travelled through the Zodiac's glittering way ;
 Has mark'd the Bull with his bright eye of gold,
 And Leda twins their silvery light unfold ;
 Seen Leo glow with Sol's refulgent heat,
 And Virgo blush his ardent gaze to meet ;
 Beheld the Earth on her soft axle roll
 Alternate to the Sun each frozen pole ;
 Observed each Star that drinks the solar way,
 And Luna fair who emulates the day ;
 View'd countless Suns through telescopic night,
 Myriads on myriads crowding on the sight,
 With wonder view'd, with adoration glows,
 Of that great hand from which all beauty flows.

In addition to the Enigmas on the planets, we find a beautiful Ode to Friendship—a Paraphrase on the third chapter of the first epistle of Saint Peter—and another on the Lord's Prayer. The perusal of the latter, conveys to the mind a beam of such heavenly consolation to weak mortals, that we feel the highest gratification in extending our limits, usually assigned for the notice of small publications, by giving it to our readers.

"Father of all, who on this varied earth
 Have trod, since blooming nature first gave birth ;
 Thou, who supreme in glory sittest, all worlds above,
 Yet hear'st Thy children's prayer with pitying love,
 Bless'd be thy name, who rever man is found,

Whate'er his colour; or whate'er his land;
 From Zembha's frozen coast, to Lybia's burning sand;
 Be thy dominion felt in every heart,
 To every breast thy heavenly grace impart,
 That as the Seraph joys to do Thy will,
 So may Thy sons on earth Thy holy laws fulfil:
 Thou, from whose bounty all our blessings flow,
 On us this day, Thy wondrous gifts bestow:
 Thou, unto whom all hearts lie open wide,
 And from whose searching eye, no secret thought can hide,
 Father forgive, Thou who alone art good,
 Pardon the frailties which Thine eyes have view'd:
 As we compassion to our brethren show,
 So may our errors Thy compassion know;
 Lead us through this day's evil free from stain,
 And sanctify alike our joy and pain:
 By Thee conducted, wheresoe'er we go
 Secure of blessing e'en the bid in woe,
 To Thee, dominion, glory, power belong;
 Thine is man's praise and Thine the Seraph's song.

LIST OF BOOKS.

NOTE.—bd signifies bound—h. bd. half-bound—ad sewed. The rest are with few exceptions, in boards. ed. signifies edition n. ed. new edition.

Just Published, 12mo. 5s. with a frontispiece, by Rowlandson, The Museum, or Man as he is: being a chrono, demo, mytho, patho, theo, deo, and several other o-logical dissertations on the dignity of human nature, calculated to exhibit to its admirers a few of the various and curious materials of which it is composed. By a Lord of the creation, dedicated with or without permission, to his sapient brethren the rest of the peerage.

Adventures, the, of Roderic Random, by T. Smollett, M.D., Walker's n. ed. 12mo. 5s.

Bowlker's, Charles, Art of Angling, n. ed. 18mo. 2s.

Birkbeck's, Morris, Notes on a Journey through France, in July, August and September, 1814, 8vo. 4s.

Charlemagne, ou l'Eglise Delivree; Poeme Epique, en vingt-quatre chants. Par Lucien Bonaparte, Membre de l'Institut de France, 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 4s. . 2 vols. royal 4to. 7l. 7s.

Chateaubriand's, J.F.A. de, Political Reflections on the True Interest of the French Nation, 8vo. 6s.

..... Ditto, French, 8vo. price 6s. 6d. ad.

Combined, a, View of the Prophecies of Daniel Eadras and St. John, shewing that all the prophetic writings are formed upon one plan, accompanied by an explanatory chart. Also a minute explanation of the prophecies of Daniel, together with critical remarks upon

the interpretations of preceding commentators, and more particularly upon the systems of Mr. Faber and Cunningham, by Jas. Hatley Frere Esq. 8vo. 12s.

Conversations for the instruction and amusement of youth with original poems, by Mrs. Lenoir, 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

Copeland's, Thomas, Observations on the principal diseases of the Rectum and Anus, second ed. 8vo. 7s.

Dearn's, T. D. W., Historical, Topographical, and Descriptive Account of the Weald of Kent, 8vo. 15s.

..... Tables of Cube Measure, 12mo. 3s. 6.

Delinations of the cutaneous diseases, comprised in the classification of the late Dr. Willan with six coloured plates, part. 1. 4to. 1l. 1s.

Discipline, a novel, by the author of Self Control, 3 vol. post 8vo. 1l. 4s.

East India Register and Directory, for 1815, corrected to the 17th of November 1814, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Faber's, Rev. George Stanly, B. D., Dissertation on the Prophecies relative to the Great period of 1200 Years, fifth ed. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Father, a, as he should be, a novel, by Mrs. Holland, 4 vols. 12mo. Female Scripture Characters exemplifying female Virtues by Mrs. King, 12mo. 6s.

Four, the, Gospels translated from the Greek; with preliminary dissertations and notes critical and explanatory by George Campbell D. D. F. R. S. E. 3d. ed. 4vol 8vo. £2. 2s.

Gros's French pronunciation alphabetically exhibition: with spelling vocabularies and new fables French and English 2s. bd.

Hayter's, Mr., Introduction to Perspective, Drawing, and Painting, second ed. 12s.

Howard's, Nathaniel, Vocabulary, English and Greek, designed for the Use of Schools, n. ed. corrected, 18mo. 3s. bd.

Hutchinson's, William, Spirit of Masonry, fifth ed. with Additions, 12mo. 6s.

It is all true; or the Grace and Truth of the Gospel made plain to common Sense in the first conversion and consequent humble and holy life and singularity, blessed Death of Miss Martha James of Chelwood, in Somersetshire, 1s. 6d.

Ingram's, Henry, Flower of Wye a poem in six Cantos. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Jamieson's, Alexander, Treatise on the Construction of Maps, with an Appendix and copious Notes, 8vo. 9s.

Jone's, John, Grammar of the Greek Tongue, on a new Plan, third ed. 12mo. 6s.

Key, a, to the art of ringing by William Jones, John Reeve's Thomas Blakemoore, n. ed. 12mo. 5s.

Knox's, Vicissimus, D.D., Essays, Moral and Literary, seventeenth ed. 8 vols. royal 16mo. 12s.

Labauume's, Eugene, Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, translated from the French, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

- Lay**, the, of the poor Fiddler, a Parody on the Lay of the last Minstrel, by an admirer of Walter Scott, foolscap, 5s.
- Lord**, the, of the Isles a Poem by Walter Scott, 4to.
- Maddock's**, Henry, Esq. Treatise on the Principles and Practice of the High Courts of Chancery, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 6s.
- Memoirs** of the Kings of Spain, of the House of Bourbon from the accession of Philip the fifth, to the death of Charles III. 1700, 1788. Drawn from unpublished Documents and secret Papers by William Coxe A. M. F. R. S. F. S. A. 5 vols. 8vo. 3l.
- Merlet's**, P. F., Synopsis of French Grammar, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- Miscellaneous Tracts** on Religious Political and Agricultural subjects by Richard Watson, D. D. F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Llandaff, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1.
- Mittford's**, John, Esq., Treatise on the Pleadings in suits in the Court of Chancery, by English Bill, third ed, royal 8vo. 15s.
- Morell's**, Thomas, Studies in History, containing the History of Greece, Vol. 1. second ed, 12mo. 6s. 6d.
- Morsels** for merry and melancholy mortals ornamented with a coloured frontis piece, 8vo. 5s.
- More's**, Hannah, sacred Dramas, eighteenth ed, with additions, royal 12mo. 6s.
- Novis's**, Rev. H. H. M. A., practical exposition of the Tendency and proceedings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, second ed, with additional notes, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Philosophy**, the, of Rhetoric, n. ed, 2 vols. 8vo. 16s.
- Playfair's**, John, outlines of natural Philosophy, second ed' Vol. 1. 8vo. 9s.
- Ditto Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Poem's** and odes, on various subjects, by a Student of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, 8vo. 5s.
- Reflections** on the Financial system of Great Britain and particularly on the sinking fund by Walter Boyd, 2s. 6d.
- Rendle's** Rev. John, M. A., History of that inimitable Monarch Tiberius, royal 8vo. 4l. 1s.
- Review**, a, and complete abstract of the Reports to the Board of Agriculture from the midland department of England by Mr. Marshall, 8vo. 14s.
- Secret Memoirs** of Napoleon Bonaparte, written by one who never quitted him for 15 years in French and English, 2 vols. 12mo 10s. 6d.
- Self Control** a novel 4th. ed 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4.
- Sermons** by the Rev, J. Venn M. A. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l 1s.
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THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

Series the Fifth.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1815.

No. II.

ART. I.—*Researches into the Physical History of Man.* By James Cowles Prichard, M. D. F. L. S. Octavo. Pp. 558. 1814.

THIS interesting volume presents to the reader a very curious analytical description respecting the nature and causes of those physical diversities which characterize different races of men; and indeed there are few objects of physiology which can more agreeably and rationally occupy the mind than such an investigation; yet it is somewhat remarkable, that this subject has rarely engaged the notice of English authors, and when it has, they have principally maintained the opinion that mankind consist of several distinct species, while on the contrary, a most respectable class of foreign writers, amongst whom we may reckon Count Buffon and Blumenbach, uphold the opposite side of the question, and have more diffusely advocated their doctrine.

Our author has adopted the opinion that mankind constitute only one race or proceed from a single family—and being aware that one class of persons would not admit of the appeal, he professes to make no reference to Mosaic records, but seems desirous of establishing the point in dispute on independent grounds.

The work before us is divided into nine chapters—and although the reader may not be more disposed than ourselves to join in the author's opinion, we venture to anticipate that he will peruse it with much satisfaction: there can be no hesitation in pronouncing it a most valuable and edifying publication; and

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may hereafter be considered as a standard book of natural philosophy. It will be found to be distinguished by considerable science, and a most assiduous and erudite research for historical facts; the whole of the observations being accompanied by perspicuous statements, conveyed in the most appropriate language; yet, notwithstanding all the diligence, and fascinating aids, with which Dr. Prichard has endeavoured to maintain his doctrine, the question requires still further examination of the inferences, before all the points receive a general and implicit acquiescence.

We confess that the mere abstract solution of this question does not merit all the importance which has usually been bestowed upon it; for of what moment is it, or to what useful consequence can it lead to benefit mankind, whether the Creator in the first instance ordained one genus of the human race to stock the whole globe, or destined a separate species to occupy the four quarters of their terrestrial residence.

Authors hitherto have come to no satisfactory conclusion; although the arguments have been agitated by the most eminent and sagacious writers; one side asserting all nations now existing to have descended from one family, and endeavouring to prove that the varieties were owing altogether to the action of natural causes on a race which were originally uniform. On the other side, they have insisted that the differences are too remote to be so produced, and therefore refer their originality to a diversity of the species.

Indeed it does seem a stretch of the imagination to regard the physical causes of variety in all cases to proceed from the exterior effects of climates, customs, soil, mode of subsistence; or national manners. Neither is it less difficult to reconcile transmutations of the human fabrick and features to these inadequate sources: it appears absolutely impossible, that such a change as exists between an African savage; and an Albino from the Isthmus of Darien, should have ever been effected by the causes so attributed to produce it. Neither is it less problematical to suppose, that a Chinese and a Laplander have ever been from the same stock, or that a Samoide Tartar with the natives of Europe, should have been cast in the same mould; and originated from the same family. To elucidate the ambiguity, it is manifest a rigid analytical discussion is required; and, after making a few natural remarks upon the subject, we shall submit the opinion of the author, and some of his descriptions of the varieties now existing on the face of the earth.

If we had been in possession of any criterion by which the different species of men could be denoted infallibly, it would

prove a desideratum of much import, and contribute much to abridge the discussion; but there has been no line sufficiently marked, which could be received implicitly, and this has obliged philosophers to exercise their faculties to prove, argumentatively, what has not been revealed in a more simple manner.

To assist this investigation, the susceptibility of contagions, from various poisons which influence animals, has been stated as a mode of discovering the varieties of the same genus; but yet, further experiments must be made before any illustration of the subject can be furnished from this source. It is very true, and a very curious fact, and almost without exception, that human poisons, or those which can be with facility communicated to the whole of the human race, will not contaminate any other known species of animals. The virus of syphilis or small pox, will produce no effect on the dog, the cat, the horse, the cow, the ass, the mule, the hog, or monkey tribe of animals; but these are different genera from man, and essentially different from all of them, in their anatomy and original qualities: and with respect to the word 'susceptibility,' it is of consequence not to use it in too extended a sense—for, although the human body, by contagion, over the whole globe, is created with the liability to be morbidly affected by these virulent applications—yet it is equally well known that the state of the body must be peculiarly disposed to receive either; many human beings living to late periods of existence, although frequently within the influence of poisonous miasmata, pass their lives without the contagion; whilst many other animals, as asses, dogs, sheep, hogs, horses, and cows, have been frequently conveyed to distant climates, where mortal pestilences arising in *one kind* have no effect upon the other. Poisons all differ in their characters and symptoms which they produce on the human subject: some of them like syphilis or scabies, and many others infect with repetition. The variolus, measles, &c. cannot be produced on the same subject a second time; and here we ought not to omit to state an interesting subject which has occupied the attention of every description of persons in this as well as most other countries the last twenty years, to show that contagion of the most virulent and mortal kind, and which has proved the severest scourge of the human species, may be resisted.

Amongst the various improvements in the science of medicine, perhaps no one merits deeper reflection than that a peculiar virus, *sui generis*, proceeding from the ulcerated teat of a horned animal, should not only be discovered to contaminate the human system without the smallest danger from its operation, but that its effects should so change the disposition of the human

body as effectually to resist the small pox. If such has been the effect from what is denominated vaccination, its consequences are of the most extended and important kind; and when the practice shall become universal over the whole globe, its consequences upon the question of population will be very sensibly felt, and require a revision, as well as the tables of longevity;—for, if it is contemplated, that the existence of human beings a longer or shorter period upon this earth, is an advantage to themselves or to others, then indeed it is a grand discovery, and will benefit mankind, more extensively than the sword, pestilence, and famine, can injure them. The forty millions of square miles of land on the earth's surface being computed at the present era, to contain 900,000,000 of inhabitants, the small pox wherever it has raged for many centuries, has produced a mortality equal to one-seventh part of the deaths, occurring from all other causes; which, on the computation of 30,000,000 dying annually, the practice of vaccination, (when it shall prevail universally,) will prove the salvation of upwards of 4,000,000 subjects, who would have fallen victims to a premature death from this fatal source; and as there is little doubt of these assertions being verified in Europe, if the insurance offices were prosperous before, these tables might admit of a beneficial alteration to the public at large.

These natural reflections on the subject of contagion, have insensibly led us on to digress a little from the immediate review of the matter before us. Mr. J. Hunter, in his *Reflections on the Animal Economy*, and some experiments for the purpose, imagined it would prove a true denotation of the different species of animals, whenever the second generation produced the perpetuity of the same species; and it was upon this principle, that he classed the dog, the wolf, and jackall, and considered them of one species: but differently in the fox, and the dog, whose hybrids, or mongrels, are unprolific.

It is apparent, that providence has distributed the animated world into many distinct species, ordaining that each should multiply according to its kind, and propagate the stock, as it was created to perpetuity, but yet that none of them should transgress their own limits, by approaching too far to approximation with other species, otherwise it must be considered inconsistent with the fiat of the creator, to imagine that an unlimited deviation of successive generations from the original stock is to be committed, *ad infinitum*, which would render abortive the grand design of preserving the species distinct; and were there not this wise provision, it would lead to confusion, and render the scene of nature hideous and abounding

with monstrous forms. After it is allowed that such changes may be produced by casualties, as really do exist, and vary so differently as the Negro and Albino, the Mongul and European, we should be obliged to admit a fair argument, that still more remote differences of the species must vary the distinctions, and place them at greater distances from original creation, than they even appear to be at present.

There has been a distinction mentioned to denote the variation of animal species, and as a criterion for our judgment; and this has been observed of parasitical animals, or those which spontaneously derive their sustenance from each other: but although very ingenious arguments have been exercised to this point, more experiments are required, to take further notice of it, for the diversities of colour only. Our ingenious author expresses himself as follows:—

1st. OF THE ALBINO, OR THE LEUCÆTHIOP.

‘ A very remarkable variety of the human kind is that which has been commonly distinguished by the name of Albino.

‘ The term Albino, or Leucæthiopes, or white Ethiopians, has also been appropriated to individuals of this class, in the writings of some modern naturalists. The latter denomination was known to the ancients, and was by them applied to a tribe of people in Nigrilia, who were probably of the character which we are now about to describe.

‘ The most prominent peculiarities of this class of men are the following: the iris of the eye is of a bright red hue, and the organ of sight is remarkably sensible of light. The complexion is either uncommonly fair, and resembling that of the most exquisite example of the sanguineous temperament, or it is of a dull whiteness, of disagreeable aspect, and giving the appearance of disease. The hair is extremely soft in its texture, and in general is perfectly white, but in some instances, of a very light flaxen colour: and when the variety springs up among negroes, the woolly excrescence which covers the heads of that race is white.

‘ The same, or very similar characters are found in various species of animals, both wild and domesticated: they have been observed in apes, squirrels, rabbits, rats, mice, pamsters, hogs, moles, opossums, martins, pole-cats, goats, sometimes, though rarely, foxes; they have been seen in buffaloes, in the *cervus capreolus*, or common roe, in the elephant, though rarely in the badger and the beaver. In Norway they have been remarked to occur in the common species of bear; and in Siberia, in the dromedary, or Bactrian camel. Several species of birds, as crows, black-birds, canary-birds, partridges, fowls, and peacocks, exhibit similar phenomena, having their feathers of a pure white colour, and their eyes red.

‘ In the human kind this variety frequently appears among all nations, but it has been more remarked in tribes which are generally of a dark complexion. Those races indeed, the hue of whose skin approaches most nearly to black, are, in general, most prone to deviations of colour.

2d. YELLOW-HAIRED VARIETY.

‘ Another variety of the human complexion is marked by hair of a reddish colour, yellowish or flaxen, and a skin very fair, though not so white as that of the last-mentioned description of men, but generally more ruddy. The iris of the eye is always of a light hue, generally blue or grey, the shade of colour bearing a relation to that of the hair and skin; which relation is preserved, not only in this variety, but in all the others, with scarcely any exceptions.

‘ Many species of animals, both wild and domesticated, exhibit the same characters; as foxes, rabbits, dogs, oxen, cats. The chesnut horse is a similar example.

‘ The German tribes were remarked before they became intermixed with other nations, to be of this complexion; and it is predominant in the present day, in countries which received their stock of people from Germany. But it is well known to spring up occasionally in other races, as we shall have further occasion of observing.

‘ This variety includes the sanguineous and phlegmatic temperaments of physiological writers.

3d. VARIETY.

‘ A variety still more extensively prevalent than the preceding, is distinguished by dark or black hair, with the iris of a corresponding hue, while the complexion is white, though without that delicate tint which characterizes the sanguineous constitution. The skin soon becomes brown by exposure to the sun; but in persons who are constantly protected from the influence of the weather, it is frequently almost of the whiteness of marble. Such is the complexion of the women of Tunis and other places of the Mediterranean coast, where the heat of the climate obliges them to be constantly covered.

‘ This class in the human kind is analogous to the varieties of animals, which are a few shades darker than those compared above to the yellow-haired races of men.

‘ Such are the grey animals among rabbits, cats, and many other species. Horses which have the coat of a light colour, with their tails and manes black are of this class. Such is invariably the case with bay horses; though in those horses which have the coat of a chesnut colour, the tail and mane are always the same hue, or still lighter. The bay and chesnut colour in the

horse-species, seem to be strongly analogous to this and the last mentioned varieties of mankind respectively.

In this variety we include the choleric and melancholic temperaments of physiological and medical writers.

4th. VARIETY.

A complexion of a yellowish tint, passing into an olive, and stiff long black hair, constitute some of the distinguishing marks of several similar nations of men, the principal of whom are the Mongoles, Mandshurs or Jangusians, and Samoides. These tribes are, perhaps, still more strongly characterized by peculiarities of figure, which will be hereafter considered.

5th. VARIETY.

The race of native Americans constitutes a class which is characterized by a complexion darker than the preceding, varying from a copper colour to a more dusky hue, with black hair. The figure of the body is also peculiar, but with that we have no concern at present.

The two last mentioned varieties are analogous to many races of animals of dark hue, which approach in different shades to black; as of horses, oxen, cats, dogs, &c. of a deep brown or dun colour.

6th. VARIETY.

The children of negro parents are sometimes variegated, having their skin diversified with black and white spots, and part of their woolly hair white; they are commonly called pie-bald negroes. This variety is not very rare in the West Indies, and some examples of it have been brought to this country. The white spots have the same hue as the skin of a very fair European.

A similar appearance supervenes on some diseases in the black negro and children, with a part of the body black, and a part white, have been the offspring of parents, one of whom was an African, and the other an European. These phenomena are foreign to our present purpose. There is a distinct native variety of the character here described.

The resemblance of the pie-bald horses has suggested the name by which persons of this description have been vulgarly denominated. Also dogs, cattle, cats, &c. are seen every day with a similar appearance. In Kamschatka wild foxes are found variegated.

7th. VARIETY.

Black or dark tawny, forms the complexion of several races of men.

'Sheep, rabbits, cats, dogs, hogs, horses, foxes, fowls, &c. afford a perfect analogy among the brute kinds. Not only the hair but the skin of many of them is perfectly black.'

Such are the varieties of colour observed in the human kind. They are clearly shewn by the foregoing comparison to be phenomena analogous to the deviations which continually occur in the inferior species of animals. We are therefore compelled, according to the received laws of reasoning on physical questions, to refer the former to the same class of natural appearances with the latter. It may be concluded that in the various colours of men there is no specific difference.

These are the distinctions of different varieties, and it cannot be denied, that the marked differences of the complexion may be owing to the operation of climate, food, habits, and national customs; but we humbly think, that such causes do not explicitly account for the decided variations of figure and features, and therefore we cannot at present yield our judgment to join with Dr. Prichard, that exterior causes already mentioned, are sufficient to govern our decision of the point at issue.

All the characters abovementioned are frequently transmitted to the offspring; yet, we doubt, whether the osseous structure can be hereditarily transmitted, for we ourselves can testify, in two instances, of very dissimilar old male portraits, the first nearly three hundred years, painted with a prominent Grecian nose, and a considerable elevation of the cheek bones, both of which are transmitted through fifteen successive generations, and these strong features are exhibited in the living family; and the other, although it was only 119 years, passed through four successive generations into the present, with the exact similitude of the parent's resemblance, denoted by a very short snub nose; with the *maxillaris superior*, extremely protuberant, possessing the characters of an African savage, and approaching to the ape species: indeed, when the skeletons of a Hottentot, an European, and an Ourang Outang are compared, the first seems more allied to the latter than the former. In the first the bones of the fingers approximate the knees in an erect posture, and so it is with the baboon; the heel bone is longer, the nose bone shorter, with a further resemblance of each other in the facial bones and cranium, very distinct from a native American, an Otaheitean, or European.

It may be noticed here, that the imagination of the mother has been frequently affected so powerfully as to cause the bony structure of the *fetus in utero* to correspond with the mother's mental emotions.

There is a case well authenticated in the memoirs of physiological records of Paris, which, with many similar occurrences, is too curious to pass over. A female in the fifth month of her pregnancy felt the curiosity to become an eye witness of a criminal broke on the wheel. She is said to have been affected with the strongest feelings, and indicated much sensibility to remove from the crowd, but was not permitted. She was delivered of the foetus in the usual period; when the child was discovered to be accurately mutilated with similar fractures of the extremities and sternum as the unhappy sufferer. From this singular narration, it is demonstrated, that strong emotions of the mind produce a surprising effect on the foetus, whilst it continues *in utero*. Yet we have never heard that any casual injuries of the bones of the parent had been transferred to his offspring; and indeed it appears as improbable as if a father who had suffered amputation of an inferior extremity should produce a child with one leg. We have here presumed to state the apparent difficulty which naturally is felt in altering the bony configuration of lineal descendants, excepting by the force of the imagination upon the foetus *in utero*, and we perceive no variety in twins, which manifests a tendency to perpetuate the race. White animals, with red eyes, produce offspring of resemblance; but the character of the stock will be retained as an aborigo, although intermixtures may occasionally take place: it is said that a sable hue of the parents is transferred to the progeny, and that cattle-dealers always select the black rams in this country; and it is equally true, that many other countries prefer the black and reject the white, all denoting the tendency to hereditary transmission. In the sporting of nature its varieties are common to the vegetable creation; but we are not so certain, that the hereditary transmission is so perfect as in animals, or whether the original stock may be obliterated by crosses; but we apprehend, that however dissimilar the progeny may appear for more than one generation, that the original created plant will be restored, possessing all its pristine characters, so anxious does nature appear to preserve them from being infringed; for it is a most wonderful deviation we observe in the breed of pigeons, that the first generation never breed accurately; but that the second bears the accuracy of the grand parent to a feather. The progeny may resemble either father or mother distinctively, and yet, though many of the distinctions of either may be suppressed in the first, they will recur in succeeding generations.

Among horses and cows, facts of this kind can be ascertained more perfectly than in other kinds, on account of the attention paid to the breed of such animals; and it is said, that in horses and some other animals many qualities and particular marks of colour will return, after lying dormant seven generations.

It has been often observed, that children are in all respects dissimilar to their immediate parents, yet closely resemble the great grandfather.

All these phenomena of re-production, shew only that though nature varies in her productions, she preserves the original quality of distinguishing the source from whence they sprang, the colour and exterior marks may certainly arise from climate, &c.; yet still the figure of the bones and particular features are stamped with indelible impressions that cannot be essentially changed from such inadequate causes; but every appearance resulting from colour or climate, with the crosses of parents, is readily admitted, and we think upon this subject there could not be two opinions; but the various species of animals or vegetables should be constituted distinct and uninterupted, and for that purpose an omnipotent fiat was interposed to prohibit the positive abolition of original creation, as well as to preserve unimpaired, the essential characters of the productions of the two kingdoms. It is for this great end, that the deity has forbidden the second generation of distinct species to produce; for if mongrels were to breed, the hideous transmutations would perpetuate such a variety as would totally obliterate the primitive stock from whence they were derived.

In reference to what has been observed that all the diversities of figure and proportion of the human race, cannot be produced by customs, soil, food, climate, or national manners, we shall present the author's own account of the differences which exist in the configuration of the bones composing the human skull.

Many celebrated anatomists, Blumenbach, Cuvier, Camper, and of late, Professor Gale, have endeavoured to throw new light upon the figure of the cranium, referring its diversities not only to the varieties of expression which it imparted to the countenance, but that it possesses a control over the characters of the mind, and though we shall offer, presently, a few remarks on what has been observed on this curious subject, we think there have been no adequate experiments to fix an opinion of its importance; and it must be considered rather an hypothetical conceit, until it has obtained further illustration.

1st. THE SKULL OF THE EUROPEAN.

The head is of the most symmetrical form, almost round; the forehead of moderate extent; the cheek bones rather narrow, without any projection, but having a direction downwards from the molar process of the frontal bone; the alveolar edge round; the front teeth of either jaw placed perpendicularly.

2d. OF THE MONGOLE.

The head is almost square, the cheek bones projecting outwards, the nose flat, the space between the eye-brows and nasal bones nearly in the same horizontal plane with the cheek bones, the superciliary arches scarcely to be perceived, the nostrils narrow, the fossa maxillaris slightly marked, the alveolar edge in some degree rounded forwards, the chin slightly prominent.

3d. OF THE NEGRO.

The head narrow, compressed at the sides, the forehead very convex, vaulted, the cheek bones projecting forwards, the nostrils wide, the fossæ maxillares deeply marked behind the infra-orbital foramen, the jaws lengthened, the alveolar edge narrow, long, and elliptical, the front teeth of the upper jaw turned obliquely forwards, the lower jaw strong and large, the skull in general thick and heavy.

Such is the description of the heads of the three races of mankind, which differ most widely from each other. However, we may add, that exclusive of these descriptions, there are others appertaining to the Americans and the Malay people, the former of which has an intermediate character, between the European and Mongul, and the latter between the European and the Negro. To account for the configuration of the skull, and its various forms, it has been attributed to muscular action. For example; the cranium of the negro from that of the European, may be traced to the general and leading character of lateral compression. The skull of the African receives on each side the pressure of very strong and large muscles, which have much greater bulk and force than the correspondent muscles of other distinctions.

The temporal muscle rises very near the sagittal suture, and covers almost the whole of the parietal bone; and in passing under the zygomatic arch, it forms a large mass of fleshy fibre, the whole greatly exceeding in magnitude, and consequently in power, the usual conformation of the same part in Europeans. The masseter is remarkably thick and strong. The force of these muscles continually exerted, before the

hardening and completion of the bones, cannot but produce great compression on the sides of the head; elongation of the upper jaw, which produces, in consequence, an extension of the face downwards and forwards. Greater space will thus be afforded for the expansion of the nasal cavities, and the evolution of the organ of smell; the forehead, on the same principle, would be rendered narrow; and the cheeks would take a projection forwards, while the fossa maxillaris could not fail of being very deeply imprinted.

In the head of the Mongul, the peculiar characters are of an opposite description. The cheek bones extend outwards, the cranium assumes a more square form, and its prominences exhibit a tendency to lateral projection. In a considerable degree, this different structure may be accounted for by the deficiency of the compressing force, which being excessive, produces such remarkable effects on the head of the African; but the anatomy of the Mongul has not been very accurately investigated, and it is possible that we should discover, if we were better acquainted with it, many circumstances tending to elucidate its peculiarities.

It is remarkable that the foramen magnum of a negro is situated more backwards than in the European skull.

Such are the differences between the two skulls; and it will rest with the reader whether the deviations in the different skulls, and the situation of the foramen magnum are sufficiently accounted for, by the different pressure of muscles; to those who argue for the affirmative, it may be offered in reply, that even if this cause could be imagined to have adequate effects, it must be attributed to the attachments and greater strength of muscle; and further, that the more posterior situation of the foramen magnum could not be accountable to any thing less than an original difference of the species. It must be allowed, however, that a diversity of individual features may, in some measure, depend upon the distribution of the muscles which are perpetually varying. the general effect of the countenance, which is rendered thereby the more expressive and interesting.

There exist, amongst different tribes of negroes, a great variety; but overlooking the minor ones, there are some tribes which have small eyes; another tribe is remarked for large orbits.

The natives of Guinea are very black, but they have not the flat nose or thick lips; and in Dampier's Voyage, it may be learnt that the natives of Natal, in Africa, have good limbs, and the countenance oval; their noses neither flat nor high, but very well proportioned; their teeth white; and their aspect alto-

gathers graceful—only denoting that even the natives resident in the same latitudes, preserve their original form and visage. Blumenbach in his *Collectio Craniorum*, observes,

‘Quamquam enim nulla gentilitia nationum forma tam constans et perpetua sit, quin multimodis lusibus deflectat; ut inter nos, trates Europæos passim Æthiopicum habitum aut luluuccium referentes videamus.’

It has been ever observed by the variation in every tribe of nations, and even in societies of nations; that the features and colour differ, nearly as much in a large town in England, as if it were the residence of the natives of all Europe—yet still osseous configurations, such as have been alluded to, very rarely occur. But we shall here quote what Dr. Prichard says upon this subject.—He remarks,

‘That the difference of the facial angle, if it were constant, would seem to afford more reason for the opinion of specific diversity than any other variety. But the elevation of the forehead and the position of the meatus auditorius, and consequently this angle, exhibits great differences in the natives of this country, and probably in many examples would be found to agree with those of the Æthiopian. Blumenbach observed the angle to be the same as in the natives of Lithuania.’ He afterwards says — ‘The variety observed in the fowls of Padua is very remarkable, and much greater than any difference of the cranium in our own kind. The upper portion of the skull is dilated into a shell of hemispherical form, full of small holes. The whole cavity of dilated bone is filled up by an unusual abundance of the cerebral substance.’

‘Such being the diversities found in the skulls of animals, which are undoubtedly of the same species, we may conclude, from the analogical reasoning we have adopted as our principal guide, as well as other arguments, that the varieties observed in the form of the human cranium, are not specific differences.’

Arbitrary classification has been found an obstruction to liberal investigations in natural philosophy. It was intended to confer a lucid order of arrangement and an assistance to the memory; but in effecting this purpose, some absurdities have only tended to puzzle and confound. Linnæus, considering the negro as a link between man and an ape, has classed them in the same order. There are many objections to such an arrangement, which we do not enter into; but the shades of variety in genera and species are often so small, in various tribes of men as well as beasts, birds, and fishes, that it is improbable any just classification of species of either one or the other, will ever be found without many objections and imperfections.

Respecting diversities of form, our author expresses himself in the following manner:—

‘ In some instances the skeletons of negroes have been found to have six lumbar vertebrae. The same variety is observed in the natives of our own country, and some of the examples have fallen under my own observation.

‘ The ribs of the negro are said to be larger and more encurved than they generally are with us; and in some instances the eighth rib approaches more nearly to the sternum; in others it is attached to it; but Seebohm has seen, he assures us, the same variety in Europeans.

‘ The sesamoid bones in the foot, and the osseæ triquetra in the hand, are more frequent in the negro than in the European.

‘ In some of these varieties, it appears that the generality of negroes approach more nearly to the structure of the ape, than the generality of Europeans: but if we consider individuals, there is no such approximation; for all these examples of variety occur also among our own people. These writers therefore make a very unauthorized inference, who conclude from such instances, that the negro is an intermediate species between the whole man and those tribes of brutes which most resemble the human form. Some differences have also been observed in the usual proportions of parts in Europeans and Africans.

‘ It is said, although not sufficiently ascertained, that the dimensions of the female pelvis, in comparison with the male, are greater in the majority of the latter people, than in the majority of the former.

‘ The fingers and fore arms are longer in proportion to the os humeris in negroes, than in the generality of other men.

‘ A communication has lately been made to the Royal Society, of a curious example of variety in sheep, springing up *de novo*, and perpetuated in the stock. A ram of the variety was originally produced on a farm in Connecticut, in New England, in 1791. The ewes, impregnated by this animal, sometimes produced the new variety, sometimes not. By degrees a considerable number of them were produced, and the breed was regularly propagated. It was called the Aakon sheep from the word *αγκών*; the name being derived from the characteristic form of the fore legs, which were bent like an elbow. Both hind and fore legs were very short, but particularly the latter.

The same arguments which were used in the foregoing pages on the subject of diversities in the cranium, authorize our drawing a similar inference.

We shall conclude our remarks upon this interesting volume, with some general anatomical observations chiefly on the structure of the parts in which the variety of colour subsists and on the nature of this diversity.

Before we proceed to enquire into the causes which produce the varieties of colour in mankind, it will be necessary to examine with attention, the organization of the parts in which the diversity subsists.

The most accurate observer of the anatomy and physiological writer upon the structure of the skin, is the late Xavier Bichat, and our author having assumed his doctrine, we shall abstract the most remarkable of his observations on this subject.

ON THE ORGANIZATION OF THE SKIN.

The skin, considered anatomically consists of two principal parts, viz.—the true skin or chorion, as Bichat has denominated it; and the epidermis, cuticle or scarf-skin.

The cutaneous reticle or rete mucosum of Malpighi, is situated between the chorion and the cuticle: it is on this substance that the variety of colour depends.

1. The chorion is very remarkable in thickness, being on the anterior part of the body, scarcely half as thick as on the posterior; its texture also varies in different parts of the body. On the sole of the foot and on the palm of the hand, the interior surface of the chorion, when accurately detached from the cellular substance, exhibits an infinite number of white fibres, shining like aponeurotic fibres, which, rising from the said surface, cross each other in different directions, leaving innumerable interstices filled with fat. The chorion, which covers the breast, abdomen, back, the limbs, &c. differs from the above portion in the appearance of the fibres, which are much less distinct and less connected with the cellular substance, and in the extent of the interstices, which are much smaller. On the back of the hands, on the upper part of the feet, and on the forehead, the interior surface of the chorion is smooth, white, and of dense texture.

When the skin has been macerated some time, the fibres of the chorion become more distinct, and the interstices are more easily marked. We then perceive that the latter exist not only on the internal surface, but extend themselves into the texture, which appears truly crebriform through its whole substance.

When the cuticle is carefully separated by maceration from the external surface of the chorion, we perceive on the latter a number of minute foramina, which enter obliquely into its texture, and have communication with the interstices of the inner surface and interior structure. Through these openings the hairs, the exhalent, absorbent, and sanguineous vessels, and the nerves, pass to the external surface of the chorion. Thus, in order to have a true conception of this body, we must consider it as a reticulated texture of which the cells are more extensive internally, and diminish towards the exterior surface.

The substance of the interstitial texture, which constitutes the chorion, is in many respects similar to the fibres of the ligaments.

'The sensibility of the skin and its other functions do not reside in the portion of it which we have been describing, but in the vascular and nervous structures. For the sensitive and morbid phenomena of the skin, have but little relation to the texture of the chorion or cutis vera, but are manifestly exterior to it.

'The sensibility of the skin is the property of the nervous papillæ, which arise from the exterior surface of the chorion; and are probably prolongations of nervous fibres which pass through the interstices.

'The functions of the skin which have reference to the circulation, reside principally in the cutaneous reticle or rete mucosum.

'2. The cutaneous reticle. The idea which physiologists have entertained of the rete mucosum, since the time of Malpighi, who first described it, has been that of a layer of mucous substance of the chorion, and there remaining in a stagnant state.

'Bichat has shewn that there is no ground for the opinion of its nature. The mucous substance can never be collected or exhibited by the most acute anatomical process, which seems to prove that it does not exist. If a piece of the skin be cut longitudinally, we discover very distinctly the line which separates the chorion from the epidermis, and nothing like an extravasated substance is found between them. It appears that the cutaneous reticle consists in reality of a very fine texture of vessels, which passing through the numerous foramina of the chorion, extend themselves in a very attenuated form over its external surface. The existence of this vascular net work, says Bichat, is proved by very fine injections, which change entirely the colour of the skin externally, while they have but little effect on it within.

'This reticle, as I have already remarked, is the principal seat of the numerous eruptions, which are for the most part foreign to the chorion itself. We may, therefore, conceive the reticular fabric, as a general capillary system, surrounding the cutaneous organs, and forming, together with the papillæ, an intermediate layer between the chorion and the cuticle. This system of vessels contains fluids of different shades in black and tawny people.

'The colouring of the skin is therefore similar to that of the hair, which manifestly depends on a fluid contained in the capillary tubes; it is also analogous in its nature to *novi materini* or the dark spots which exist upon the skins of white people from the period of birth. In the latter no fluid has been discovered to be deposited between the chorion and cuticle.

'3. The epidermis or cuticle is the external covering of the body, endowed with scarcely any of the characters of life. It consists of a single lamina throughout the greater part of its extent, but in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet there are more than one; it is perforated by holes for the transmission of hairs and the exhalent and absorbent vessels.

'The cuticle and chorion are of the same colour in the European and in the negro.

OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE HAIR.

'All the hairs originate in the cellular substance beneath the skin. Each hair is inclosed in its origin in a small membranous canal, which is transparent, and through which, when nicely dissected, the body of the hair is distinctly seen. This cylindrical canal accompanies the hair to the corresponding pore in the skin, passes through it and goes on to the cuticle; it proceeds no farther, but is lost in the texture of this membrane. The length of the canal is about five lines for the hairs of the head. The internal surface of the canal is not adherent to the filament, except at the base of the latter, where the hair appears to receive its nourishment; if this adhesion is destroyed, the hair may be drawn out of the canal as through a sheath, being no where connected.

'The hair at its base, where it adheres to the canal, is somewhat fuller than through the rest of its course. The adhesion is probably produced by vessels which enter into the filament. Possibly nerves are also extended to the hairs.

'It has been commonly said, that the hair does not pierce the cuticle; but raises it, and is accompanied by a prolongation of it in the form of a sheath. This is not the fact. The cuticle imparts nothing additional to the hair, which is as large before its exit from the cutaneous pore as it is beyond.

'The exterior cylinder of the hair resembles the cuticle in its nature, though it differs from it in some respects; as offering great resistance to the effect of macération and boiling. This external portion of the hair has none of the properties of vitality.

'The internal portion of the hair consists apparently of two systems of minute vessels. In one of these the colouring matter remains in the form of a stagnant fluid; the other has the functions of the vascular system in general, and affords a passage to the excreted fluids.

'The vascular and vital nature of this portion of the hair is proved by various phenomena. Passions of the mind have a remarkable effect on the colour of the hair. Excessive grief has been known to render it white in a very short space of time, producing evidently an absorption of the fluid contained in the vascular fabric. Some authors have doubted these facts, but Bichat assures us, that he has observed at least five or six examples in which such a discolouration has taken place in less than eight days. The hair of one person known to our author became almost entirely white in the course of one night, after the receipt of some intelligence which affected him with poignant grief. The plica polonica in which the hairs transude blood, is a proof of their ordinary vascularity and vitality.'

That there is a connexion between the hue of the hair and the complexion, has been always a matter of common ob-

servation; but it appears by the anatomical observations detailed above, that the peculiar structure, in which the colour of each resides, is very exactly similar. The matter which the tints impart to both is contained in a minute vascular texture in a fluid state. It is a peculiar secretion, produced without doubt, in an appropriate glandular apparatus.

It is an interesting inquiry what and where are the organs which secrete this fluid.

Some curious observations have lately been published on the organization of the skin, and on the causes of its colour, by M. Gaultier, of the faculty of medicine in Paris, which appear to have been accurately made. They tend to establish the fact, that the secretion which imparts colour to the hair and to the skin is identical, and that the fluid contained in both sets of vessels is secreted in the bulbs or roots of the hairs. This opinion was formed from an attentive observation of the phenomena, which occur after the black reticular texture in the skin of a negro is destroyed by vesications, on the process of reproduction. The black matter first appears at the pores through which the hairs make their exit. From these points, as from centres, it is gradually seen radiating in different directions, and it insensibly proceeds to cover the whole space which had lost its colour.

It appears indeed highly probable that the hairy bulbs are the principal seats of the secretion. Some parts of the body which are most completely devoid of hair, as the soles of the feet and the palms of the hands, are in the negro of a much lighter shade than the rest of the body. Still it is not possible that the bulbs can be the only seat of secretion of this substance; for the skin of the negro is black in parts which have no hair, as on the lips; the glandular fabric which secretes the colour for the hair, is apparently spread to a certain degree over the whole of the chorion.

We have thus given the anatomy of the skin and hair from Xavier Bichat, which has been adopted by Dr. Prichard; and as some part of his detail is novel and interesting, we shall reserve our remarks thereon to our next Review, when it will be resumed.

ART. II.—*Narrative of a forced Journey through Spain and France, as a Prisoner of War, in the years 1810 to 1814.* By Major-General Lord Blayney. 2 vols. Octavo. pp. 495, 504. London; Kerby, 1814.

THE dedication of this *inestimable* work (the volumes are inscribed to His Imperial—we beg pardon—His Royal Highness the Duke of York) has relieved our anxiety on two points of high interest to the British public, viz. the author's absolute veneration, or rather idolatry, towards our Royal Mars—and that accomplished prince's *new and happy* title of 'the Soldier's Friend.' With regard to the *first* of these topics, we were, till now, in a good deal of doubt as to the grounds of any *very* exalted reverence attaching to the illustrious Duke, as the *Genie Militaire* of England; with His R. Highness's achievements in wars of a more fascinating description than those waged some few years since in *Holland*,* we were, indeed, circumstantially acquainted; but we are indebted to Major-General Lord Blayney for the transporting intelligence concerning the martial talents and heroism of that *generous* Prince. Respecting the *second* point we have to felicitate the commander in chief on his distinguished and novel title; and at the same time to congratulate the British Soldier on his diurnal exhibition under such august auspices.

Major-General Lord Blayney is a very delicate and sensitive person, and appears to entertain, rationally enough, some *little* doubts as to the probability of a favorable reception of his thousand pages among our unmannerly fraternity. This is a decided proof of his lordship's taste and judgment, being *almost* as perfect as if he had never trusted his invaluable person beyond the precincts of his majesty's three realms. In a sort of *advertisement* to the books (christened a 'PREFACE') he enters a most lugubrious protest against the anticipated severity of criticism,† and candidly enumerates such a host of defects, that we are really compelled to admire his lordship's spirit in adventuring the publication of a work, whose blunders he cannot '*efficiently apologize*' for; the age of chivalry is,

* Prior, somewhere, has the following lines :—

'The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
March'd up the hill, and then march'd—down again!'

† His lordship's name and titles, we believe, grace the list of Hibernian *cellars*—and the passage in the 'preface' which holds out the occasional impossibility of being *chronically* correct, as an apology for '*literary faults*' gives the sister-island a strengthened claim to that peculiar species of wit which directs the rewarding smile at the *person uttering*—not the *words uttered*.

certainly, *not* gone. We dare to emulate Lord B's knightly character, and, since the spirit of contradiction is any thing but gentlemanly, request the noble General to rest assured of our perfect acquiescence in the sentence he has himself passed upon his 'NARRATIVE.' We are charmed with the frankness of disposition peculiar to the natives of Erin, and indulge a hope that his lordship may exclaim, should these pages have the honor of being brightened by his glance, '*Video me ipsum veluti in speculum.*'

We shall now proceed to a detail of the service on which this Right Honorable 'thunderbolt of war' was detached, and the prodigies of skill and valour which distinguished the Hectorean career of Lord Blayney, Major-General of his Britannic Majesty's Forces, then acting in Spain, for the restoration of that great, grateful Monarch, DON FERNANDO SEPTIMO.

At the close of the year 1811, Cadiz, the seat of the Spanish Amphycions, was strictly invested by the imperialists, under the command of his highness the Duc de Bellune. To divert the attention of the French general, animate the peasantry, and intercept the convoys of provision, were objects of an importance, that seemed to warrant in General Campbell's mind, the fitting out a—what?—of all things capable of being conceived—what? why a '*secret*'—yes, reader, a '*secret*' expedition. Every thing to be arranged in the most orderly, comfortable manner possible: M. Le Duc de Bellune, good naturedly to keep his eyes shut, and those patriotic gentry, the peasants, to be quite *mum*—and then the intoxicating report of the enemy's force at Ronda (a nice little place to be taken by the way) being only 'nine hundred' strong,—and of *these* only 'two hundred and forty' being ugly Frenchmen, 'the remaining six hundred and sixty being composed of Germans, Poles, &c. upon whom little dependence could be placed;' only '*two hundred men*' at Fiangerolla, (the fortress against which *eight hundred* troops were magnanimously directed;) at Migas, but 'forty,' and at Ronda, (how! Ronda again? why we have just been told that there were *nine hundred* men at Ronda—but we will not dispute about *bagatelles*,) at Ronda only 'one hundred;' and then there were the valiant Mountaineers, 'well armed,' very 'fierce,' and 'very exasperated'—'*nearly* capable of keeping the French in check, having already obliged them several times to abandon St. Roque and Algeziras, with considerable loss.' 'Oh! it was sure to do; what a snug thing! a little biscuit and brandy, and it was sure to do.' General Campbell looked at General Blayney, and General Blayney looked at General Campbell—the first admiring the *valour* of the second, and the second wondering at the *genius* of the first,

Who shall describe the extacy of such a moment? 'Could any thing be more cleverly planned! We shall certainly surprise them, my dear lord, and 'Fíangerolla' shall be the future motto of the Campbells and the Blaynies. Huzza! Remember a little brandy and biscuit, and' (*in a whisper*) 'a dozen of port for your lordship, and the thing will be done. Huzza.' Says my lord, 'the extreme badness of the road between Ronda and Fíangerolla, renders it impossible for the enemy to send any reinforcements from the former to the latter place—a vast deal of discontent reigns at Malaga—the inhabitants will certainly join us.' 'That they will, depend on't,' responds the General—'so, make haste, my lord, and earn your laurels.'

Off sets the redoubted and delighted Lord Blayney to 'earn his laurels,' with four companies of his Britannic Majesty's 89th regiment, amounting to 'three hundred rank and file, together with five hundred German, Polish, and Italian deserters,' to be subsequently joined at Ceuta by the Spanish Regency of Toledo. So far, so well—but at the embarkation of 'the Spanish regiment' the noble general seems to have experienced a few qualms that did not, assuredly, tend to the exaltation of his martial hopes. From the well-clothed state of the above Iberian regiment, and its superior composition, Lord B. ventured (rather rashly we think) on a compliment to its colonel, who informed his lordship, that 'they were compleat in every respect.' The English general, however, thought it quite as well to enquire more minutely into the military means of these illustrious Toledans, and 'found a deficiency of one hundred and forty-eight firelocks, and that they had embarked *literally* without a single round of ammunition.' His lordship's exhilarating expectations were now rapidly approaching the freezing point; notwithstanding, he did what he could to remedy the disaster, and the Spanish governor answered his letter with politeness and ammunition. The muskets he was obliged to furnish himself; 'together with one hundred cartridges for each.'

After this specimen of Spanish discretion Lord B. proceeds towards Fíangerolla with a very praiseworthy degree of circumspection, begins to discover that no reliance can be placed on the information of Spaniards, and recollecting, very *apropos*, that an extensive plain stretched between the Rio Grande and Malaga, peculiarly adapted for the operations of cavalry, of which description of force the imperialists could *immediately* collect a large body, is seized with a sort of feeling usual to persons under such aukward circumstances, and thinks it 'highly imprudent to risque' an engagement, when he reflects on 'the motley troop of foreigners' that composed two-thirds

of 'his detachment.'—(We would ask his lordship by the way, whether, by his own confession, the forces of the imperialists were not composed of the same 'motley' materials). So the author advances to 'the Calla de la Moralle,' two leagues west of Fiangerolla, is joined by the Sparrowhawk (with fresh troops, we suppose), and is overjoyed at the intelligence brought by that vessel of the distribution of arms among the peasants, according to his lordship's orders. The forces land in the bay off Calle de la Moralle, to march on Fiangerolla, being as near as we can calculate from the general's random accounts, *about two thousand five hundred men against two hundred.* The cannon, with great judiciousness, was sent by water.

The troops reach the fortress, his lordship sends a summons to the governor, who, very ungenteally and contemptuously, rejects it; a dreadful firing commences from the castle, which is now discovered to be very strong. Major Grant and a gun-boat are destroyed, and a large body of the imperial forces being momentarily expected, an escalade, it seems, 'would have been decidedly the most advisable plan' but then his lordship's humane feelings were shocked at the 'certain great loss of men' consequent to the indulging his heroic wishes. Another little difficulty arises from the laudable resolution of the Spaniards not 'to fight on the sabbath.' An attempt to surprise Mijas is defeated with considerable loss. A battery is at last erected, and a second completed, with the artillery arrived from Calle de la Moralle. These prove insufficient to the effecting a practicable breach in the massy walls of Fiangerolla. General Sebastiani is expected every instant with eight or nine thousand troops. The idea of taking the place becomes ridiculous, and Lord B. will think himself highly fortunate if he can reembark his cannon and forces. The appearance off the coast of the Rodney man of war, with a thousand men on board, flatters his lordship with a delusive hope. While preparing against an apprehended sortie from the fort, that sortie actually takes place upon the Spanish troops, who, as is customary, take to their heels, abandoning to the enemy the artillery they were appointed to defend. His lordship at this moment observes the boats putting off with reinforcements from the ships: cheered by this, he forms the 89th, and retakes the cannon at the point of bayonet. His horse killed, he charges on foot. The enemy gives way; when, mistaking a body of French troops for Spaniards, the dress being similar, and unsupported by the regained artillery, a sanguinary contest ensues, which terminates in the capture of Major-General Lord Blayney, and the slaughter of the troops, *nine* excepted, who supported his lordship's brave but unfortunate charge. Adieu to the laurels of Fiangerolla!

- It is needless to comment on the *causes* of this lamentable failure; they were the same that produced half our disasters in the war carried on in the peninsula for the purpose of restoring a wretched member of a worn-out family to a throne he disgraces by his folly, and washes in the blood of his most zealous adherents. *Want* of correct intelligence, *want* of strenuousness and soul in the people; *want* of courage, *want* of discipline, *want* of arms and ammunition, *want*, in a word, of every thing in the Spanish levies requisite to form and furnish soldiery, and *DIFFERENCE OF RELIGION*: such were the evils that Lord Blayney, as well as Sir John Moore, had to contend against—valour and order in the British, were more than counteracted by pusillanimity and rabble-like confusion on the part of the Spaniards; and it is not too much to aver, that the final deliverance (yes, *deliverance* is the order of the day) of Spain is to be ascribed in a much larger proportion than either English or Spanish pride, we mean patriotism, will allow, to the drafts made upon the imperial forces in the south. Had the emperor Napoleon's last campaign in Germany been crowned with success, king Joseph would have now occupied the throne of Spain and the Indies.

On entering the castle of Fianjerolla, Lord B. suffering from bruises, received from the Poles by whom he was captured, was brought before the commandant of the fortress, a captain Makosovitz, who shortly afterwards conducted him to the room where the remaining officers who had been made prisoners, were confined. The surgeons were employed in dressing their wounds, *all* being either in a contused or wounded state. From the rampart he beheld the Rodney, at whom and her boats, the guns of the castle were still pouring a destructive fire. Roused from his reverie by the Polish commandant, he accepted his invitation to take some refreshment; and the rough hospitality of the honest Pole seems very much to have incommoded the bruised and tender state of the noble general's person. Two hours after this he was sent to Mijas, under an escort, and in a day or two subsequent, remanded to to Fianjerolla to meet General Sebastiani, who

'After the first salutation, inquired what had become of my sword, and on my answering, that I supposed some of the officers or soldiers had it in their possession, General Milhaw, (a Polish officer) instantly took off his own and presented it to me, saying 'Monsieur le Général, here is one which has been employed in all the campaigns against the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians, and it is now much at your service.'

This was certainly most handsome, and indeed, noble conduct; yet the right honourable Lord. Blayney seems to have been pleased with it on the ground of *mere personal vanity*, and to have received the general's polite present as a tribute to his own exalted merits.

'This speech, though tinged with *the vanity natural to a Frenchman*, was applauded by the bravos of both officers and soldiers who were within hearing; *I accepted the sword, and indeed felt somewhat gratified at being paid such a public compliment by an enemy.*'

This is a slight specimen of the general style of the noble author whenever he has occasion to mention an act of courtesy or kindness exercised towards him by the officers of the imperial armies; and the frequent occurrences of this kind appear to have had no other effect on his lordship's heart (we suppose Lord B. in common with the swinish herd, *has a heart*,) than that of producing a certain comfortable callosity in that region, and an obliquity of intellect, that will not permit him to trace the generous politeness of his conquerors to the true sources of compassion for their prisoner, and admiration of his lordship's unprecedented skill in military tactics. In the course of our observations we shall present our readers with some choice instances of the gallant and witty lord's performances in this way, out of innumerable examples of attic humour with which his volumes are enriched.

From Malaga, where his lordship procures his baggage from the British ships, by General Sebastiani's permission, Major-General Lord Blayney proceeds at the request of his attentive host to Granada. On the road to that celebrated capital, some hundred years back the splendid seat of arts and commerce, a body of brigands are put to flight by a detachment of the *Lanciers Polonois*, and General Sebastiani, 'with an air of triumph,' bid his lordship 'observe the cattle on which our allies were mounted,' while some of his suite taking their tone from him, observed, '*voilà les Allies de l'Angleterre.*' Lord B. rather piqued, thinks that the party attacked, were not 'brigands,' but 'inoffensive peasants,' which brilliant notion is *almost* confirmed when he observed 'a kind of pad on which the country people convey their things to market,' and which 'served for saddles.' 'Guerillas they could not be—oh, no—those gentlemen being the best armed, well ordered, and bravest warriors in the world; and by no means, as some ignorant people believe, formed from these peasants, who *'carry their things to market on a kind of pad, which serves for saddles.'* So his lordship settles the matter perfectly to his own satisfaction, and

Journeys onward through Antequera, when arriving at a mountain called 'Sierra de los Amadores or Lover's Mountain,' from an amorous Moorish tradition, he thinks very wisely, that notwithstanding its name, it 'would form an excellent military post.' The escort proceeds through Archidona, Loxa, Lachau, and Santa Fe to Granada; during the whole time Lord B. is treated with a warmth of politeness, and generosity that would have made an impression on the feelings of ordinary men, but his lordship, like a peer, regards the attention of his companions with an indifference and equanimity, highly honourable to England and nobility.

To follow his sulky lordship through the whole of his journey from Grenada to Paris, is a task which we must leave to the imagination of our readers. The series of frivolous events which form the mass of the noble author's budget, very amusing, and all that, as they must undoubtedly be, to people of his lordship's stamp, would not, we fear, prove altogether so interesting in the relation to persons accustomed to the exercise of their wits. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with selecting such incidents from the journal as we may deem attractive to grown-up ladies and gentlemen; premising, however, that Lord B.'s opinion of his books is so remarkably just, that we do not remember having often seen a work in which the events are so *entirely* left to their own intrinsic and unassisted merits. How shall we hint to the noble author, with the decorum due to a lord, a sort of indefinite feeling, a kind of floating idea, that he has mistaken his natural avocation. Will his lordship pardon the suggestion, that his admirable capacities would have fitted him to shine with distinguished *éclat* among these worshipful persons appointed to preserve the peace of his majesty's dominions of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Berwick-upon-Tweed; those discreet, venerable-looking gentlemen being exactly a-kin to my lord, in his well-bred abhorrence of the seductions of eloquence. But then the case is rather different between a justice of the peace and an author; and a fastidious world is wonderfully given to be ill-natured, on observing so pure a disdain of any thing approaching animation or embellishment, as characterizes his lordship's drab-coloured lucubrations. Nevertheless, simple justice demands that we except from the list of Lord B.'s inflexible details, certain passages in which he *does* become enlivened by the nature of his themes. Of so deep an acquaintance with the *principia* of *cookery* and *farriery* as is exhibited by his lordship, we are inclined to think, the London professors will be naturally jealous; for if, casting

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aside his scimeter and regimentals, the high-born general *should* betake himself to the active study of those delectable mysteries, despair might seize the soul of a Taplin, and horror, like the night-mare, squat on the beautiful features of a Farley. On the consequent distresses of those illustrious persons, imagination might run riot, but as we are not, at present, sufficiently at leisure for a discussion involving such complicated interests, we conclude this part of our observations, by supplicating his lordship's compassion towards his hapless rivals, and earnestly beseeching him to rest contented with the *domestic* indulgence of his interesting propensities.

With respect to the disposition of the Spanish people in the late magnanimous war, we do firmly believe them to have been more than indifferent in every thing concerning that unhallowed idiot, Ferdinand Capet: we think, moreover, that had his imperial majesty of France used a little more caution, king Joseph would still have worn the crowns of Spain; that, for the PEOPLE of the peninsula, this would have been 'a consummation devoutly to be wished for,' no person with his senses about him, can long hesitate in assenting to. The question is now proved, by experience, to have been, *not* whether the Spaniards were to succeed to the dominion of a foreign prince, or to live under a free and liberal government of their own election—but whether they were to acknowledge subjection to the *enlightened* sway of the French sovereign's brother, or sink under the despotic ignorance of a Capetian ruler, into that slough of slavery, fanaticism, and mental darkness, which even our courtly poets* and ministerial literati have been compelled, *apparently*, to lament, and from which *we know* the EMPEROR NAPOLEON to have been *actively* solicitous, permanently to redeem them; witness the suppression of monasteries, convents, &c.; the abolition of the Holy Office, better known as the Inquisition; the destruction of the then remaining abominations of the feudal system: these, and other things of the same description, class themselves on the side of what we call, though great blessings, *negative* benefits. What would have been the *positive* advantages resulting to Spain from the newly-projected family-compact, the magical turn of affairs on the continent, has prevented us from knowing: but from the *efficient* pa-

* See Scott's 'Vision of Don Roderick.' As for the 'Laureate,' we shrewdly suspect, that at the command of the Holy Father, he would be perfectly willing to tread in the steps of that sublime mystic, Peter the Hermit, between whom and the personage surnamed the 'Wild Boy,' we opine a striking resemblance.

tronage which NAPOLÉON is universally understood to have shewn towards every branch of * *useful*, as well as *brilliant*, art; from the peculiar encouragement held out by the sovereign himself, to every cultivator of every species of science; from that politic affability, and serious munificence, which induced him to associate with men of genius and learning, of *whatever nation, wherever he met with them*, and to confer on such persons the highest titles and dignities of the empire, *utterly regardless of their religious persuasions*;† from that deep feeling which his majesty evinced of the *real* constituents of imperial glory; the feeling which led him *personally* to visit the schools and universities of his states, and *personally*, and *on the instant*, to reward talent and perseverance: from all these considerations, we cannot but conceive that to the country of Pelagius and Bivar, the government of the French monarch, compared with the foolish and drunkenly-cruel despotism of the present ruler‡, would have been as light to darkness, or as heaven to hell.

We make these observations, because it is very evident, that the young lord (we will not be so harsh as to suppose him born *much* earlier than 1793), whose books we are now taking into our critical inspection, is a person by no means accustomed to form liberal and judicious opinions. He beholds every thing through a distorting medium, and his notions on all topics of importance, seem to have been borrowed from the most ordinary and every-day kind of people; while it is fair to observe, that in this commerce, both parties appear to have acted on the purest principles of honour and delicacy. The parties *lending* scorned to take the lowest possible interest for the capital with which they set up their friend; and the party *borrowing* has returned the obligation, by steering perfectly clear of all bold and enterprizing speculation. Consequently, his lordship's stock of ideas is, at the present hour, as complete as when first intrusted to his keeping—a little, or so, the worse for wear and tear—but still in a very respectable state of preservation; very *sweet*, to use a culinary phrase, his lordship will perfectly understand, but not *wholesome*.

* See Birbeck's recent Agricultural Tour in France.

† Were we called upon to name the class of individuals whom we esteem the most enlightened of any country of Europe, we should unhesitatingly pronounce that class to consist of the NEW NOBILITY OF FRANCE. The wretched creature who scrawls for 'the Times' may rave as it pleases, but so it is.

‡ Oh, that Democritus and Heraclitus were now existing, to laugh at, to bewail, the idiocy and wickedness of this man. What rich food for the irony of the Abderite: to the Ephesian, what scope for gloomy speculation.

We have been informed that Joseph Napoleon was in much estimation with the Spaniards, (we mean the people; every body knows the extreme backwardness of the richer part of the nation to interfere with the schemes of the French,) and that previous to his return, Ferdinand was the object of general and contemptuous hatred;* now in the volumes before us, notwithstanding the distress occasioned by the devastation of war, the reader will meet with circumstances corroborative of these, our allegations. Lord Blayney, on his entry into Granada with General Sebastiani, heard, with no comfortable emotions, the repeated *vivas* with which the French troops were hailed by the populace, and at Madrid, 'having obtained permission to visit the palace while the king was abroad,' his lordship observed, that 'the guards on duty were all Spaniards.'

In the minds of all judicious men, our observations on the qualities of Napoleon and those of his family and generals, selected by him to reign over conquered countries, as they respect the great science of politics, the fact of the throne of Naples being at the present moment in possession of Joachim Napoleon,† will have considerable weight in their estimation of the opinions we have expressed relative to the principles of the late government of France, and the benefits that would have resulted to Spain from the establishment on the throne of a French prince. But we must now return to Lord Blayney, a nobleman to whom we wish to shew every possible politeness, but to whose various merits we are apprehensive our limits will not permit us to pay that substantial attention so decidedly their due. However, what we can, we will. In the former part of this article, we commented on his lordship's mode of requiting the attentions shewed him by his captors, and the following extract, taken at random, will at once display his lordship's ideas of wit, gratitude, and disinterestedness. On his lordship's arrival at Toledo, he was invited to dinner by one

* This we have heard from British officers on service in the Peninsula, and Spaniards of Castile have confirmed it in our presence. But Spain has 'lost her breed of noble bloods,' or would Ferdinand still be king?

† It is a singular coincidence of fact with opinion, that while we were writing the above, that vulgar and profligate print, the M.P. then lying on our breakfast-table, brought intelligence of the Neapolitan sovereign being so firmly established in the affections of his people, that he could, without hazard, quit his capital; aye, and for the purpose of giving the last blow to Pontifical insolence. The paragraph bears, that surrounding Rome with one of his armies, and securing the pope, his majesty abated the title of that person to that of 'Bishop of Rome.' Effectual resistance was out of the question, a war with his holiness being neither more nor less than a *bull-fight*. At all this, supposing it veracious, we rejoice. The allies of Britain have a natural claim to our love and veneration.

of the French generals, who had formed a party for the express purpose of meeting him; and wished to afford his noble guest an agreeable surprise by the unexpected appearance of some English dishes. The following is Lord B's illustration of the case:—

'I proceeded to the general's, where I found a large party had been invited to meet me. The moment we sat down, the general informed me, that he had *purposely* provided a treat of roast beef and plum-pudding, both of which he assured me were drest *à l'Anglaise*; and carving an immense slice, which proved to be scarcely warmed, he exclaimed triumphantly, '*du moins je crois que cela doit être à votre goût!*' This exclamation drew on me the eyes of the whole company, who seemingly expected, with anxious curiosity, to see me devour this *raw* and *tough* carrion; and as I could not with politeness send it away untouched, I forced myself to swallow a few mouthfuls, which a glass of brandy assisted me to keep down. The plum-pudding was then served up, and could only be equalled in execrableness by the beef, being a solid lump of half-boiled dough, that would have required the stomach of an ostrich to digest. Added to these little *désagréments*, the general was most *tiresomely* civil, &c.' He also wearied me with the history of *his* achievements, when commanding a body of cavalry under General Pichegru, in Holland and Flanders; and when he learnt that I had been in the same campaign, he entered into some particulars *which were not uninteresting to me*. He, I found commanded the cavalry at Bortel, near Bois-le-Duc, at the affair of Michael Gastel's Bridge, where I was engaged under General Dœering, and where the Hesse Darmstadt troops were severely cut up, losing in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nineteen hundred men, out of two thousand five hundred, while the 89th regiment, which I commanded, successfully resisted the force of the enemy, though *not without considerable loss*.—(Some four or five hundred men, perhaps.)—Vide vol. 1. p. 229.

With this illustrious instance of my lord's grateful disposition, biting wit, and freedom from selfish vanity, we trust *our* readers will be satisfied. The noble author has, it must be owned, given 'ample room, and verge' for whole dissertations on the concentration of all that is refined and chivalric, in the human character. But our confined boundaries, and the necessity we lie under of bestowing *some* of our attention on other authors, peremptorily prohibit us from commenting on those enchanting topics so largely as we could wish. In sketching his lordship's moral and mental portrait, the most we can do is to exhibit him in 'bishop's length.'

Captured by Poles, and, during the commencement of his captivity, of Poles the companion, his lordship had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with their sentiments

(and those are the sentiments of all their countrymen,) upon that unholy and damnable usurpation over their wretched, ruined country, in which three of the first states of Europe were the infamous participators. Those states, or their chiefs, it is now fashionable to call 'deliverers'—and it is to be remarked, that the *only* great continental nation that did *not* share in that act of political diabolism, was the very identical one every vulgar fellow has been clamouring against as so tyrannically and insatiably ambitious. Lord Blayney was so fortunate as to obtain the polite notices of a Pole of rank, a Major Grotowski, of the 19th Polonois, and in one of their conversations the major used the following expressions :—

'That of the two evils the Poles chose the least; for if they were not *allies* of France, they would probably become the *slaves* of Russia; that they were under obligations to the former, for having in some measure restored them to their country; and *finally* that every Pole, *abhorring the unjust partition of their kingdom, naturally felt the MOST IMPLACABLE HATRED for the SHARERS in the SPOILS, and therefore thought ANY alternative better than subjection to them.*' Vol. 1. p. 94.

We will make an observation on the circumstances of Poland. We have observed with much indignation and more *contempt*, the miserable prattle of the newspapers about the 'generosity' and the 'liberality' and the 'benevolent wishes,' and what not, of the allies towards that unhappy country.—The only thing those persons have to do with Poland, is to withdraw their soldiery from her territory, and *leave her to herself*. Whatever confusion and troubles might arise in consequence of such measures, the masters of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, at any rate, would not have to reproach themselves. Any thing short of this, such as making Constantine Romanof, king of Poland, &c. is mere mockery, and we trust that the Poles will consider such an absurd and insolent proposition as the signal of an universal and irrepressible rising against their remorseless oppressors.

We have only room for one other sample of Lord Blayney's talents, and we shall select one in which he shines in the triple capacity of *writer, farrier, and cook*. Of his skill in the professions belonging to the two latter, he seems prouder even than of his military science, rank, or civil dignity; and on this score, we think his lordship will feel especially grateful to us for being accessory to the diffusion of his renown in arts of such estimation and importance.

'Happening to have with me *White's* veterinary, and knowing the French and Spanish ignorance of the treatment of horses, I

proposed giving lectures on the subject, and treating the horses of my friends *gratis*. This was no sooner known, than sick and lame horses came from all quarters. The first I took in hand was an English mare of M. de Billi, who had received a severe blow in the eye, and was pronounced incurable. By frequent steeping, I succeeded in reducing the inflammation; I then applied finely pounded sugar, and lastly, (be cautious, my lord) 'Goulard's extract of saturn, made *weak*,' (is his lordship hinting at the contents of his own cranium) 'which produced a perfect cure. The horse of a general officer was *next* brought me, which I was told the general highly esteemed, and had tried every thing to restore. The animal had not been able to put one of his feet to the ground for nine months. I immediately perceived that he had picked up a nail, which produced a great inflammation and suppuration.—*Taking the horse's foot between my legs*,' (we wish we had been present to behold this artist-like manoeuvre,) 'which surprised the attendants,' (well it might,) 'I pared down the foot near the heel with a penknife, and soon perceived a small stump of a nail; on extracting which, a considerable discharge took place, and on letting down the foot, the animal walked with great firmness, to the great astonishment of the spectators, who could not be persuaded but that I had acted by some charm. My fame as a horse doctor was now spread throughout Madrid, and I had so much practice, that had I taken fees, I should have made a handsome livelihood. In consequence, *I was allowed to go to the stables, and the forge, both within the walls.*——My particular friends now considered it as the highest favour to have a horse shod by me,—for tho' I might not be considered as a first-rate blacksmith in England, both my shoes and shoeing were infinitely superior to those of the Spaniards.'

'In another respect I was also at ease, that was in COOKERY; having often found the necessity of being my own cook while on campaigns, or grousing parties, I learnt to excel particularly in the dressing of four dishes. Indeed *I cooked my own dinner almost the entire journey from Granada to Madrid.*' Vol. 1, p. 810.

We recommend Lord B.'s chapters on the state of Andalusia, and the department of the Creuse, as favourable specimens of his most successful endeavours. In the latter territory he was domesticated for a considerable period, and his account of a tract little known, and out of the usual route of travellers, may be perused with a satisfaction under the controul of caution. We have not dwelt on his *descriptions* or *reflections*, because, though he passed a great portion of his captivity in cities, concerning which all are curious (either on account of their antiquity and former splendor, the relics of ancient magnificence, they still contain, the illustrious characters they have sent forth, their present state of population and refinement, their

progress in the arts, their manufactures, amusements, and opulence), his lordship (whether from listlessness or inability, the attractions of the sciences, in which our last extract proves him to have become such an accomplished *amateur*, the luxurious fascinations of the Spanish *brunettes*, or the allurements of the *bolero*, we cannot say), does not, assuredly, rank with a Swinburne, or a Bourgoanne. His account of Granada, its Generaliph, its superb Alhambra, the stately residence of Moorish royalty and beauty, is but a dim and demi-reflection of the accounts of the same edifices by those elegant and spirited writers. Madrid, Toledo, Bourdeaux, Paris, &c. are discussed in the same dull yet hasty manner; his lordship's communications relating to matters on which half a hundred tourists had previously afforded us intelligence, fuller and more lively given. In fine, the descriptive part of the work is a mere compilation, pieced and patched from the domains of some three or four dozen literary princes, by no very intelligent pillager.

We do not imagine that the fame of either *Bruyere* or *Theophrastus* will experience much danger from Lord B.'s *reflections*; politeness will scarcely permit us to pronounce them an insipid collection of *fadeurs*, sentiments with which his lordship's grandpapa and mama were, in all probability, edifyingly familiar; a raree show of ostensible moralities, set up as a sort of breast-work against the unpleasant intrusions of wholesome monition; crazy bulwarks that betray the builder, or spider-like circumvallations, to entrap the admiration of little girls and boys: yet truth will not allow us to term them the reverse.—'Between two stools,' &c.: let the matter rest as it is.

'But my style,' his lordship may say, 'my style, good critic! elegant and piquant, you must allow: attic wit, genuine humour, pepper and salt, sly slaps, dry hits, smarting cuts, eh? come, my good sir, confess my talents, and let us part like friends.' Then comes sincerity, with a long serious face, and thus respondeth to his lordship's sententious and animated declamation. 'May it please your lordship, it is my office, not all times a delectable one, to speak my sentiments plainly and honestly, maugre the unpleasant sensations they too frequently occasion. Gladly would I dulcify the acerbity of my nature, in consideration of your lordship's innumerable and invaluable qualities—out of the province of authorship. But the *truth* must be stated, even to princes and patricians. So, may it please you, my lord, I shall tender my opinion with freedom, and *without* reservation. If you have studied, your modesty has prevented the world from admiring your progress—*if you can* write with ease, grace, and vigour, your respect

for yourself and your fellow-lords has interfered with the display of those properties; it would be so shocking for a nobleman to write like an author. I admire the constitutional principles upon which your lordship's literary conduct has been founded. That the rank which you adorn may not run the hazard of being mistaken for a moment, you have, my lord, with a sort of proud humility, a dignified disdain of all pride but the pride of a peer, carefully avoided every thing that might give your readers a notion that nature had endowed you with any of those vulgar qualities indispensable to a good writer: yes, my lord, you have acted with most admirable discretion, and in honouring the British public with your charming adventures, delighting them with the recital of your fasts, your feasts, your loves, and 'hair breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach,' your lordship's style almost equals that of his highness of C——d, or your own royal patron. That the books were indited by a nobleman, and that that nobleman was a British peer, your lordship has provided too effectual information for posterity to doubt. With Newmarket sentences, military *verba sesquipedalia*, small talk, and other oddities, witticisms upon your hosts, a certain genteel laxity of language, and a high-born, mettlesome, contempt for grammar, syntax, and that silly thing called punctuation, your lordship has elaborated a species of composition, perfectly new in this island, and which will infallibly convey to future ages a very just conception of your lordship's attainments, and that spirited decision of character, which is the distinguishing mark, the *sigillum splendidum* of illustrious ancestry.

ART. III.—*The First Number of the Second Series of the Vocal Works of Handel*, arranged for the Organ or Piano Forte, by Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. Pp. 30. Button and Co. London.

THE compositions of the immortal Handel, have ever been a theme of panegyric among sound musicians, and every class of persons capable of forming a correct estimate of their merits, and of appreciating the most exalted efforts of musical genius. The transcendant sublimity of his chorusses; the solemn sweetness of his quartetts, trios, and duets; the beauty of his airs, and the grandeur of his overtures, together with the ingenuity and subtlety of his

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fugues, are lasting testimonies of his unrivalled talents, and fix his fame upon a basis, as solid as it is indestructible.

During the first fifty or sixty years, in which these productions were known in England, they not only excited universal admiration, but were eagerly perused, and practically cultivated, by all musical diletanti. But music is not less exempted than other sciences from the vicissitudes of fashion and caprice. The compositions of Haydn and Mozart (masters, unquestionably, of shining abilities) no sooner appeared, than the works of Handel began to experience partial neglect; and a diminution of the list of their admirers, was the lamentable but certain consequence. Yet their successors in public estimation have not enjoyed a better fate. The symphonies and sonatas of the authors abovementioned, are now studied only by professors, or practised by amateurs. The general interest they before excited, has gradually decayed; and comparatively little sensibility is now manifested to the splendid conceptions, and refined beauties, with which they so richly abound. These observations are well enforced in the following extract from the very able address, circulated with the present publication:—

‘ Music, an art, which, while it pretends merely to delight the senses, requires the most elaborate attention and study to relish, is too refined, and, perhaps, too intellectual a pleasure for the indolent Englishman, who, though he will cheerfully devote nights and days of care to his graver pursuits, looks for ease and relaxation alone in his amusements and enjoyments. His business is unmingled with gaiety; he requires, therefore, his gaiety to be unalloyed with seriousness. It is certain, at least, that there is no national music; at any rate, there was no school of music till the time of Handel; and even his school is without scholars, except Worgan and Smith; and their united force has never yet been able to render that master of harmony generally popular through the nation. The grandeur, indeed, and sublimity of his chorusses, speaking as they do a language which all can understand and feel, have frequently been successful in exciting delighted astonishment in our theatres, and devotional enthusiasm in our cathedrals. The variety, also, and spirit, as well as the profound learning of his instrumental compositions, have made them favourites with the select and well-instructed few who attend the concert-room. But they have still been *caviare* to the multitude: and our musical students, both male and female amateurs, turn with horror from the bold and consummate inventions of this astonishing artist, to repose amid the ease and simplicity of Scotch and Irish melodies. This being the case, there are two questions: is it possible to excite a general taste for

music in the nation? and if it is, who is the best author to guide and influence the taste of a great people? The first seems to find its answer in the present state of society: the Englishman, whatever his natural inclination may be, seems, like a country-gentleman learning to be polite, determined to be musical in his old age. There is now scarcely a single family in the kingdom, in which there is not at least one musician. What has been the consequence of this sudden passion for music in a people who are not by nature gifted with the acuteness and delicacy of perception, sufficient for an immediate discrimination between the excellent and the bad in that difficult art? it is this: that a few tinsel songs, at once pretty and easy, become the favourite studies, and are decidedly preferred to the most elegant and exquisite delicacies of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart.

This, we conceive, is the unvarnished language of candour and truth. Indeed, the present state of musical taste and knowledge, not only in the provincial parts, but even in the metropolis itself, furnishes matter for serious regret, and is a real reproach to a nation, which is said to 'shine as well in arts as in arms.'

It is to rescue us in some measure from this self-degradation, and to supplant the prevailing vitiated taste, by bringing before the eyes of the public, the sterling models of musical excellence, that the work now under consideration has been projected. The plan of arrangement adopted by the ingenious editor, is, we must in justice observe, admirably calculated to impart to the mind of the student, a clear and perspicuous idea of the predominant characteristics of Handel's music;—to inspire him with a love for the grandest species of harmonic composition; and improve the vocal as well as manual capabilities of all who wish to become proficient in the practical department of the musical art.

Dr. Clarke has evidently made the oratorios, operas, and serenatas of his great original, objects of his most sedulous study. In the number before us, which contains a portion of *Theodora*, the organ or piano-forte part is digested with considerable skill, and displays a masterly acquaintance with the work, from which it is deduced. In it, the parts allotted by the author to the respective instruments in the score, are ably collected and embodied; the principal points are dexterously taken up; the harmony is, in every instance, complete; and, though it cannot produce those impassioned feelings, those thrilling emotions, resulting from the performance of an orchestra; it, nevertheless, reflects, in no faint manner, many of the bright and captivating features of its prototype.

We conclude with stating, in the words of the address, the mode of arrangement chosen by Dr. Clarke.

The vocal parts are in full score, and the soprano, alto, and tenor cliffs, are transposed into the treble cliff; immediately under them is added a separate part for the organ or piano-forte, compressed from the whole score; and the basses, instead of being merely figured, as in all former editions, are filled up with the notes as chords; so that persons, wholly unacquainted with the rules of *thorough bass*, are, by this arrangement, enabled to play the works of Handel, with as great effect, as if they had devoted years of study to that abstruse part of musical science.

ART. IV.—*Considerations on the Protection required by British Agriculture, and on the influence of the price of Corn on Exportable Productions.* By William Jacobs, Esq. F.R.S. Octavo. Pp. 195. Johnson and Co. 1814.

WITH the blessings of abounding crops on the one hand, and the blessings of a general peace on the other, the harvest-home of the past year was hailed as an universal jubilee!

But, that these blessings may flow in their proper channels, it is indispensable that ministers do borrow leisure from the speculations of commerce and finance, to study domestic economy and internal improvement.

In the days of the Romans, Britain was so famed for its agricultural pursuits, that Rome, and, indeed, all Italy, derived their vast supplies from its abundance; not only in support of their armaments, but for their home consumption. As refinement, however, has polished our nation, the views of our legislature have become more extended, and, notwithstanding it ought to be a fundamental rule of policy with them, to court the union of agriculture with commerce, still we find every support given to our commercial interests, while our landed interest is no longer considered as a leading feature in our national prosperity.

It is true, that His Majesty, the late Duke of Bedford, and many other distinguished personages, have devoted much of their time to the improvement of husbandry; and Sir John Davey, in his able lectures, before the Agricultural Board, has elevated the study of agriculture to a rank among the sciences; still, we lament to add, that when Sir John Sinclair was elated with hopes of success, on the original plan of the formation of the Board of Agriculture, by his expected support from the then minister, he was told by Mr. Arthur Young,

‘don’t give ministers more credit than they deserve; manufacturers and traders may rely on their support, but they never did, nor ever will, do any thing for the plough.’

What is the contemplation, then, before our eyes? This: we behold trade making gigantic steps towards national pre-eminence, while agriculture is merely permitted to creep along, in token of the existence of our landed interest.

At the first view, this policy may appear a paradox; but that is not altogether the case: commerce is more susceptible than agriculture of giving powerful aids to the exigencies of a state, and with less apparent pressure on the general community. But, as commerce cannot exist without agriculture, such indivisible affinity will ultimately produce this result—

That the enormous charges of a long, disastrous, and expensive war, hitherto supported by the illusive credit of commerce, must now be paid by agriculture; and, when the one is insolvent, the other will become bankrupt.

The speculations of commerce may give **INDIVIDUAL** wealth; but **NATIONAL** wealth is dependant on the solid enjoyments of a cheerful and diffusive plenty.

Our author commences his reflections by observing,—

‘It is an imperative duty on the legislature of every country to take all possible precautions, that the people, subject to its government, shall be abundantly supplied with all the necessaries of subsistence, and even with those articles of luxury, to the use of which they have been so long accustomed, that they are rendered almost indispensable.’

But, previously to discussing the present system of agriculture, Mr. Jacobs takes a retrospect of the laws enacted for the protection of our manufactures, beginning with those so far back as the 4th. Edw. III. which prohibited the importation of foreign cloths; thus conferring on our own artisans a monopoly of the home market; and, by the removal of all apprehension from foreign competition, giving a stimulus to domestic exertions, which produced a rapid improvement of our fabrics, and a gradual, but ultimately extensive increase in our means of supply; so that instead of fearing the rivalry of foreigners at home, we have been enabled to excel them in their own countries. As other branches of manufacture have been established in England, the legislature has fostered them, by conferring upon them the exclusive monopoly of the domestic supply.

We are likewise referred to different statutes made for the encouragement of our cotton manufactures, iron, sadlery, cutlery, glass, and other articles. The Navigation Act is

justly considered a monopoly, of the most rigid kind, in favour of ship-builders and British sailors, and has been considered by statesmen, of every party, as a sort of palladium.

The fisheries come next under consideration; to which, from the encouragement given by our legislature, we have been enabled to exceed the French in the Newfoundland, the Dutch in the Greenland, and the Americans in the *Spermacetti* and Southern whale fisheries.

In the West India islands, the manufacturers, ship-owners, and merchants, have enjoyed the advantage of similar restrictions, to the total exclusion of all foreigners; and, in the East, the monopoly is most comprehensive.

In combating the opinions of Dr. Adam Smith, who is said to have been confuted by the Earl of Lauderdale, on the Corn Laws, our author says:—

‘He (Adam Smith) allows, that where taxes are levied on any domestic production, it is but justice that those who produce such articles, should be secured from foreign competition, by equivalent taxes being laid on the same articles of foreign growth. Now, as it can be shown, that the land tax, the property tax, the poor rates, the tithes, the horse duty, and some others, are direct taxes on the productions of the land, it must be conceded by his most implicit followers, that a duty equivalent to those taxes should be laid on such foreign commodities as come in competition with our own agricultural progress; and it may be contended, that a great portion of the indirect taxes fall on the productions of the land, and to that amount the duties on foreign articles of the same nature, ought in justice to be extended.’

The population of Great Britain, according to this writer, since the year 1801, has increased 1,611,882, (being a greater number than the whole population of Scotland amounted to ten years before) and was in 1811—12,552,144. This great body of human beings have ever lived in a comfort not enjoyed in corresponding ranks of society in any other country. The calculation here made is, a quarter of wheat to each individual yearly, being parish allowance. The consumption, at this moderate rate, (deducting one million and a quarter who live upon oats,) creates an expenditure of wheat in Great Britain of 11,000,000 quarters. To supply this, 4,000,000 acres of land must be annually sown; which, at two bushels and three quarters to an acre, takes 1,400,000 quarters. Thus twelve million four hundred thousand quarters of wheat are annually consumed in Great Britain.

Oats, next, come under consideration. The number of horses kept in England, Wales, and Scotland, are computed at two

million and two hundred thousand. Each horse requires two bushels and an half of oats per week, being thirteen quarters in the year; but the practise of soiling is allowed to save three quarters; making the consumption,

For horses	-	-	-	22,000,000
For the inhabitants,	-	-	-	2,081,000
For various minor purposes	-	-	-	2,000,000
For seed	-	-	-	3,235,400

Quarters of oats consumed in Great Britain, 29,266,400

To raise which, it is computed, would require 5,176,647 acres of land; being 1,176,647 more than is required for wheat.—This is a much higher calculation, with allowance for increased population, than has been made by any preceding writer on the subject.

Mr. Brooke, a Fellow of the Royal Society, says, that of the ten million and an half acres of tillage land in England and Wales, 2,100,000 are in wheat. It has been observed that our present author computes 4,000,000 acres to be necessary to raise that grain. The former, for oats, allows 400,000 acres—the latter is of opinion that it would require more than ten times that extent of land to supply our consumption. Brooke allows for wheat four times the ground required for oats; Mr. Jacobs on the other hand is of opinion that oats require much greater extent than wheat.

Of the oats required by our author for home consumption, not a fourteenth part is eaten by man—horses alone consume twenty-two million quarters. The great consideration for agriculturists would therefore be, to find a substitute for oats as food for horses. To this end potatoes, Swedish turnips, carrots, and other roots, have been tried, all of which have tended, but not in any great degree, to lessen the quantity of oats required. We are surprised to find, that, in this enumeration of vegetable substitution, the mangel, worzel, or root of scarcity, is omitted. About twenty years ago this very productive and nourishing plant was in considerable estimation, having been introduced by Doctor Letsom, who cultivated large quantities with great success. It is a most profitable vegetable. The leaves when young are an excellent substitute for spinach, and the root is scarcely to be distinguished from the beet, but it yields much more abundantly. Horses, cattle, and sheep, eagerly eat both the leaves and the root; and it is raised with little trouble or expense.

But, in order sensibly to diminish the consumption of oats, let the farmer use oxen in the business of his farm. Ploughing.

carting; team-work, in fine every labour of agriculture, may be done without horses; while the horse may be reserved for nobler purposes;—the saddle, the coach harness, and proud caparison, are fitter for that high mettled animal, than the yoke of the plough, or the tedious trace of the team. In recommending oxen, bulls, or mules, Mr. Brooke, whom we have previously named, says,

‘ That the ox or the bull is capable of performing all business of heavy draft, not only as well as the horse, but even better, is proved beyond contradiction by the use of them in Flanders, Germany, Spain, Turkey, and all the East, where they plough with no other animals; they are generally employed in the northern states of America, and even in some few places in England. In the five New England states, all farming business, such as ploughing, harrowing, weeding among corn, &c. and also all the waggon, carts, sledges, dragging timber of the largest size, clearing land, &c.* all is done by oxen; and they not only execute the work I have specified, but they go very long journeys of many hundred miles in as short a time as can commonly be done by horses. A gentleman with whom I was well acquainted, removed his family from the eastern part of Massachusetts to Kentucky, a distance of upwards of one thousand miles, which journey he performed in forty-three days, with only two yoke of large oxen, that drew the weight of two tons, the waggon included. I mention this circumstance to counteract, as much as possible, the mistaken prejudice which prevails in this country that oxen cannot travel; and if they could, it is said, they are tediously slow, whereas it is a well known fact, that oxen will, without difficulty, and with heavier loads than an equal number of horses can draw, travel two miles and one half in an hour; a pace quite as quick as our heavy stage waggons usually go; and besides, this labour is executed with requiring little more than half the food necessary for horses. But if a creature with a quicker step is wanted, the breed of the buffalo might be introduced; this beast will go six or seven miles per hour, and their flesh is excellent food for man.—The ox and bull have also this great advantage over the horse, that they eat their food much faster, and are sooner refreshed.—Still further to convince the nation of the superlative benefit of oxen compared with horses, I will mention a fact well known to every one who has been in the middle and northern states of America, and the effects of the different conduct, are an unanswerable proof of the great profit in breeding and using horned cattle. The New England farmers, as I have before observed, employ oxen for most part of their work; but when you get into the states of New-York, the Jerseys, and Pennsylvania, the farmers in general

* It is owing to this general use of oxen, that great quantities of horses are exported to the West Indies, and different parts of the Continent of America.

employ horses; the consequence of this opposite practice is, that were it not for the thousands and tens of thousands of beesves which are driven annually from New England to those last mentioned states, the great cities of New-York and Philadelphia would scarcely be supplied with beef in their markets; at all events they would have none for their shipping, while the markets in Boston, Salem, and Portsmouth (the principal seaports in New England,) are as well provided with beef and veal, as any place in the world, both as to size and to quality. Exclusive of the advantage from the flesh of the oxen, their hides have enabled the people of Massachusetts to establish several very extensive boot and shoe manufactories; in so much, that the single town of Lynn, near Boston, makes more than three million pair* of women's shoes only. Boots and men's shoes of all prices are exported from thence, in amazing quantities to the southern states and to the West Indies.

When we consider the incalculable value of working oxen in a manufacturing country, we cannot help being surprised that our legislature has not turned its thoughts towards this object; for example sake, we will put down the certain yearly value of 500,000 oxen in the place of 300,000 horses laid aside: the food necessary for the horses being quite as much as would be wanted for the oxen. And, that we may not over-rate the true value of the oxen when brought to market, we will put down the price of twelve pounds per head, which alone would produce, or be a saving to the nation of the immense sum of six million pounds sterling; and the hides, when manufactured into boots, shoes, harness, &c. are equal to one million more. It may be said you reckon the horses of no value; which is truly the case: for 500,000 oxen will do twice as much labour of the draft kind as 300,000 horses can do;† and as we before stated, that the food needful for the oxen would not be more than what would be necessary for the horses; the horses, speaking nationally, would be worth nothing. Oxen, it should also be remembered, require not that care which is indispensable with the horse, for without it even his food scarce does him good; while the other animals after their daily labour need nothing more than to be turned to their pastures, or well foddered in their stalls. The difference this circumstance makes to the comfort and profit of the farmer is considerable; as one man can look after twice as many oxen as he can horses. It is now very well known that an ox

* This was a fair calculation, made twenty-five years ago. The late rapid growth of this place, the inhabitants of which, with the exception of a few merchants, are all sons of St. Crispin, has increased this manufacture at least one-third.

† The Sussex farmer, who has a great partiality for oxen, will not admit this great difference between their work and that of horses; though they have found their advantage in working the former. This writer has not accounted for the value of the skin of the horse, which may be rated, at least, at half of the hide of the ox.

teem will plough with ease one acre a day; and from the experiments of His Majesty, Lord Somerville, and other true patriots; much more may be done. It is a well recorded fact, that the Egyptians, in the zenith of their prosperity, worshipped the ox, as being one of the most valuable gifts of God.'

Such of our farmers as retain a prejudice against oxen, which they will not eradicate, may encourage the breed of mules, which are generally stronger than the horse, will live harder, require less food and attendance, and exist double the number of years. An equal number of mules will do every work of the farm, and at half the expense of horses. The poorer class of husbandmen, whose wants imperiously call for supply, in carrying burthens, might employ the ass. This creature, says Mr. Brooke, is much stronger (in proportion) than the horse, twice as durable, will live on one third of the food, and that food the refuse of other animals; yet with these valuable qualities, he finds in this country an unjust bias against him. In other nations, full as well informed as ourselves, he obtains the due share of attention, which his intrinsic worth deserves. This beast, that humbly contents himself with the coarsest food, by browsing and living on the banks of the roads, that rarely commits a trespass, and seldom strays far from his home, is always a faithful and steady servant to the indigent.

The great use made of the ass in Flanders, France, Spain, Italy, and all the eastern parts of the world, sufficiently prove these observations; while with us he is generally overworked, and, at the same time, treated with barbarity, and half starved. It is a disgrace to the police of the metropolis, to see the lowest order of fellows wantonly beating his faithful, patient, ass; while the Persians, whom we term idolators, yearly celebrate his services. On the day set apart for that purpose, an ass, richly caparisoned, is brought into the royal apartment, and there fed out of a golden trough. This beast, in England, is very small, but this is the effect of ill treatment, and want of nourishing food. He seldom exceeds eight or ten hands high, but, in other parts of Europe, and particularly in Spain, where the breed is encouraged, they average twelve hands in height, and are stronger, more hardy, and capable of doing double the work of horses in carrying loads across that mountainous country. Can there be any reason to suppose, that if this breed were attended to here, our asses might not be equal to those of Spain?

A farmer, in a maritime county of England, who well understood the value of this humble, meek, and inoffensive animal, rented a large farm; and finding it much out of condition, he

was under the necessity of *liming* it thoroughly. To effect this with as little expense as possible, he purchased upwards of sixty asses, and with the assistance of these alone, he plentifully limed his farm, and thereby improved it to a flourishing state. The chalk was brought upon his premises in hampers; the animals lived very contentedly about the lanes and ley-fields of his farm. When the improvement was completed, he sold them, chiefly to a man who provided donkey racers for the ladies, at a neighbouring watering place.

It seems to be agreed, that Great Britain rarely grows corn sufficient for the consumption of its inhabitants, and that, in years of scarcity, our importations from Dantzic, America, &c. prove inadequate to that purpose. Our author proceeds to inquire further in the cause of this evil, which is certainly the source of discontent and exasperation, among the populace, against government.

‘It is easy to trace the consequences that must follow from the agriculture of the country being kept in its present depressed condition. The first step in the train of evils has already begun to operate, though so silently as not to be generally remarked; the steps which had been taken, for bringing the waste lands into cultivation, are already suspended. Since the last decision in the House of Commons, no measures have been pursued to bring them into culture, nor will there be any whilst there is a certainty, as there is at present, that the capital expended on them will be entirely lost.

‘The next step in this direction will be, that prudent men, engaged in agriculture, will gradually contract their expenditure on the land, as a means of withdrawing part of their capital; the most obvious way to do this will be, to lay down their corn land to grass, and thereby dispense with the plough, always an expensive implement, whether worked by horses or by oxen. Breeding and fattening cattle will then take place of cultivating grain, and thus the land will yield only one-fourth of its present aliment; for it is ascertained, that a given quantity of land will subsist four times as many human beings on corn as on meat.’

The loss to the farmer, in the present state of things, is demonstrated by our author in various ways. He brings forward, in support of his positions, the calculations of Mr. Buxton, from Essex, laid before the committee of the House of Lords, which were, that wheat should sell at, from 95s. to 100s. per quarter; barley from 40s. to 45s.; and oats from 30s. to 35s. to pay the expence of the farmer; and Mr. Driver, an eminent land-surveyor, is of opinion, that five pounds per quarter for wheat is the price necessary in pro-

tection of the grower. To these calculations, are added the opinions of Mr. Arthur Young, Mr. Lake, of Kent, Mr. Dale, of Tottenham, and Mr. Bennett, of Wiltshire. The latter gentleman,

'In his evidence before the House of Commons, produced a very detailed statement of the expences and produce of a farm in that country of 945 acres, in which, taking the price of wheat at 96s. and barley at 48s. there appears a loss sustained of 66l. 18s.; but as he allows interest on the capital employed at the rate of ten per cent, which on 6697l. 8s. is 669l. 14s.; if that be reduced to five per cent, the profit, beyond interest, would be 267l. 18s.; By another calculation of the same farm, it appears, that by estimating wheat at 80s. and barley at 40s. the annual loss would be 395l. 11s. 8d.'

Mr. Jacobs thinks that this state of things cannot continue even for a few years without the most calamitous results, both to the individuals who suffer such losses, and ultimately to every part of the country, which will soon feel the effects of dearth, and additional evils—and this when it will be too late for the application of any remedy.

'It is of importance to remark, that this representation of what must happen, is principally applicable to the most numerous class of farmers; to those who with small capitals, labour with persevering industry to support themselves and their families, and who scarcely anticipate for their successors any other course than the patient pursuit of the same laborious industry: these men, the most numerous of their profession, when reduced from their present condition to that of day labourers, will seldom emerge from that same state, and thus one of the most important links in the chain of British society will be destroyed.*

'If this should happen, and it is inevitable without some improvement in their state, no persons will be found to fill up the station from whence they are driven; and the proprietors of lands being deprived of their tenantry, the plain yeomen of England will seek in vain for substitutes in any other class of society. Their land must be tilled by labourers hired by themselves, or remain uncultivated till new arrangements have been formed, and the whole order of society be recast.†

* At the Bedford County Meeting, held on the 28th January, 1815, Mr. Whitbread declared, that we had not wheat enough in England to keep the country, and if the average of twenty thousand quarters had not been imported weekly, the metropolis could not be supported.

† In one parish in Kent, near the author's residence, (Mr. Jacobs here observes,) three farms of nearly four hundred acres, are now uncultivated:

‘Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold yeomanry, their country’s pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.’

We would willingly prolong our arguments on this important subject, but our determination to present our readers with varieties of importance, compels us to close this article.

ART. V.—*The Campaigns of Paris, in 1814*; to which is prefixed a Sketch of the Campaign of 1813; in a brief and impartial History of Events from the Invasion of France by the foreign Armies, to the Capitulation of Paris, and the Abdication and Dethronement of Bonaparte; accompanied by a Delineation of the principal traits of his Character, and the cause of his elevation, compiled from authentic Documents, and the testimony of eye-witnesses. Translated from the French of P. F. F. I. Giraud. Octavo. Pp. 140. Leigh. 1815.

We do not know what rank or profession M. Giraud may fill in France, or by what happy facilities he has been enabled to compile his ‘AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,’ on a subject that must be received with general avidity, if those documents be correct; but, we incline to think, with the translator, that this important narrative bears strong testimonials of truth and candour; and that, in short, it is a round unvarnished tale, which may be read with confidence.

If, says the translator, our author appear too decidedly hostile to the ex-emperor, we shall find, that he never meanly flatters the present government. He expresses himself with honest warmth against the long usurpation which had oppressed his country: he gives due praise to the bravery of the French troops: he extols the military skill and devotion of their generals; and, with equal candour, characterizes the noble-minded allied armies.

This, at all events, wears the aspect of impartiality. The volume opens, notwithstanding, perfectly *à la Française*. A Frenchman would lose his national character, if he did not vaunt the grandeur of an empire, that, at the close of the year 1813, extended its dominion over the rich populous countries bounded by the Alps and the Pyrennees; the Rhine, and the two seas!

their leases expired at Michaelmas, and though offered at low rents, no tenants have been found for them.

Napoleon is designated, and very truly, 'THE MAN OF DESTINIES;' for, on the throne, he was the arbiter of nations, and swayed his despotic sceptre under successions of unparalleled good fortune. But, then, how rapidly did fate extinguish all his worldly glory!—his vast empire was, in a campaign of three little months, shaken to the very centre. The princes of Europe unfolded their victorious banners throughout two-thirds of his territory. His warriors were sacrificed in desperate yet unavailing resistance. His chiefs survived their military reputation. The iron hand of destiny removed the mask of delusion; and, Napoleon the Great, awed into a species of stupor, which he could not shake off, descended like a dastard from the imperial throne, which he knew not how to preserve, and, in the defence of which he did not dare to die.

This awful catastrophe, so visibly the agency of the Most High, will form a memorable epoch in history, and has been anticipated by a prophetic genius in the following elegant stanzas:—

'La folle* ambition, dans ces calculs avides,
Fonde ces grands projets sur des sables mouvants;
Un atome suffit pour perdre les tyrans:
Du sort le moins prévu les mouvements rapides,
Viennent leur arracher le fruit de leurs forfaits.

Ou bien si le succès,
Semble les couronner d'une gloire éclatante,
Ils triomphent un jour: mais bientôt a grand pas
L'éternité paraît, terrible, menaçante,
Et plonge leur orgueil dans la nuit du trépas.'

To the disastrous investment of Moscow, our author attributes the rapid downfall of Napoleon; and, less on account of the enormous extent of his actual losses in his army, than in its moral results.

This campaign deprived him, at once, of the esteem of his generals, and the confidence of his troops: they no longer acknowledged the superiority of their leader's military talents, and refused their continued devotion to his hitherto invincible genius. The agonies of offended pride, now, wrought a revolution in his intellectual energies; and, it was believed by many officers who had opportunities to judge his private actions, that, after his retreat from Moscow, Napoleon the Great gave frequent proofs of an insane mind.

* Vide L. Bonaparte's '*Charlemagne*.'

We shall not enter into the political views of the emperor at this period. We will not record the illusive schemes of his *Senatus Consultus*, or argue on the flimsy expediency by which he sought to guarantee his tottering throne, when conferring the regency of the kingdom on his empress, and pompously commanding the coronation of the King of Rome. These experiments on the public feeling, multiplied with pantomimic celerity, could only amount, when analyzed, to this plain truth: that, his whole conduct proved, he had adopted, as his only principle, that impudence will accomplish every thing; and, that to lie, to deceive, to betray, and to corrupt, constituted the whole mystery of his dreadful politics.

All this legerdemain is, however, ably exposed by our author; and his developement of the whole is well worth the reading.

‘ Napoleon—continues M. Giraud—rushed to the war, as to his revenge. To the hyperboles of his *Senatus*—to the menaces of his power—to the force of his genius—to the flight of his avenging eagles, before which his enemies ought to tremble, were added reinforcements, that partook more of reality, and resources more serious. A new levy of one hundred and eighty thousand men was organised. Eighty thousand men from the first ban were called to the frontiers, and the power of refusal was denied them. Under the title of guards of honour, and as a signal favour, the young men, whom, until now, riches or rank had preserved from plebeian conscription, were torn from every noble family. The former laws, which, secured those who had purchased their exemption, or were serving by substitute, were violated without scruple; and, the whole of France seemed to be convoked to its own funeral obsequies. After these grand manœuvres and the organization of these immense forces, Napoleon quitted Paris and France, which so few of those, who accompanied him, were ever to see again.’

According to official calculations, Napoleon took the field with nearly six hundred thousand men; and although he may be said, during this campaign, which we call his last, to have snatched some few favors from fortune, the result was more humiliating than that of the campaign of Moscow, as it determined the fate of his capital.

In this campaign—the hero vanished; and, the man of infuriate passions, and disappointed ambition, was seen to wreak his vengeance on his own person!

The author now leads us to a detailed view of the progress and the denouement of this grand catastrophe; and, by taking a rapid view of the campaign of 1813, he illustrates its influence in that of 1814.

In the course of this interesting narrative, we find the following account of Moreau:—

‘ Moreau had only arrived at the head-quarters of the Allies, 16th August. Public opinion attributed to him the principal part of the plan of operations which decided the issue of this campaign. When the passions of men, which are yet in a state of too great agitation, shall have subsided, justice will be rendered to the purity and generosity of his views. But even then it will be confessed, that he might have employed his great talents and influence more skilfully and more usefully. By placing himself, as a soldier, at the head of the enemy’s troops, he doubtless contributed much to their success; but he lost the opportunity of acting on the public opinion in the capacity of a citizen. If Moreau had presented himself in France with a strong body of French prisoners, he would have effected a political revolution. He would have been the man of the nation and of law. In Germany, he could only gain, and perhaps lose some battles. He was then the man of force; and force might lead to numerous results which entered not into his present calculation.

‘ The elevation of an Archduchess of Austria to the throne of France, and the co-operation of her father in a war directed against that empire, singularly embarrassed the politics of the allies, and produced more than one ill-judged and indecisive measure.’

At Leipzig, victory forsook the French eagles—their’s was not a retreat: but a precipitate flight. The Guards of Napoleon hewed their passage through their own countrymen, who had thronged the bridge of Pleiss; and, by blowing up that bridge, preserved, with a sacrifice of one-third of the army, the life of an individual, who, throughout the perils that environed him, from his flight from Egypt to the treaty of Fontainebleau, made personal salvation his only law.

In the affairs of Hanau, on the 29th and 31st October, Napoleon found his progress arrested; but a skilful stratagem secured his escape. Ordering his baggage to file off in such a way as to fall immediately into the hands of the enemy, it soon became the object of general pillage. Meanwhile, by a vigorous and well-planned effort, Napoleon succeeded in reaching Mayence, which he entered on the 2d November. By this manœuvre, the Rhine secured him from the Cossacks, whom, more than once, he very narrowly escaped. The rest of the campaign, characterised by falsehood and desperation, was but a prelude to the ultimate disasters of France.

When surrounded by the allied powers, when Paris tottered on the brink of fate, the legislative body, for the first time, during

his tyranny of thirteen years, addressed Napoleon in the language of truth. They proposed to him the adoption of constitutional principles, on the confirmation of which they promised him a general and spontaneous rising of the people in his favor. But these conditions he refused; and, happy was it for public liberty, that foolish pride and false greatness led him to condemn this last prospect of success.

Dismissing the legislative body with indignation, Napoleon assembled some of its members at the palace of the Thuilleries, to whom he addressed himself in a tone of invective so indecorous, and mingled with such strange expressions, that history will record it as an instance of insanity.

Those before whom this singular harangue was pronounced were struck with such astonishment, that every one easily recollected many parts of it. The recollections of several of the members were combined together, and a faithful report of this philippic was printed in the journals, at the end of April. I will transcribe a few of the passages for the amusement of my readers:

"I have suppressed," said he abruptly "the printing of your address. It is incendiary. Eleven twelfths of the legislative body are good citizens, but the twelfth part is composed of factious men and bad citizens." (How happened it, that he abuses only the twelfth part? The committee had been formed, and the address voted by the majority.) "Lainé is a traitor sold to England." (A Monarch has the right to pass judgment on a traitor, a tyrant alone injures and calumniates a citizen.) "Is it then at the moment when you ought to unite to chase the enemy from our frontiers, that you exact from me the change of the constitution?"—(They only demanded of him, the execution of that which he had sworn; because citizens will fight courageously for their laws, their independence, and their country, while slaves unwillingly arm at the caprice of their master,) "You are not the representatives of the nation, but the deputies of the departments." (What then is the legislative body, if it be not the representative of the people?) "The legislative body is only a part of the state, and not to be compared with the council of state, and the senate," (who were held in little estimation by him. The legislative body was a part of the state, almost less than nothing! What ideas of government and the constitution!) "I was elected by four millions of Frenchmen to mount this throne." (Four millions! that is too much.) "I alone am the representative of the people. Why do you wish to charge yourselves with such a burden? This throne does not consist of wood covered with velvet. The throne is myself. If you would believe me, I would yield to the enemy, more than he demands of me." (The legislative body only demanded peace, and the abandonment of all

destructive plans of conquest beyond our natural boundaries. Napoleon had himself declared in the face of the nation that he pretended to nothing more. If then the enemy demanded of him less than this, Napoleon has falsely said that he sincerely wished for peace. He is the only incendiary. He alone is chargeable with this parricidal war.) "You shall have peace in three months, or I will perish." (For this time, at least, the half of his promise was realised, and yet not with his consent.) "I go to seek the enemy, and I shall overthrow him." (Vain boastings!) "I am at the head of this nation, because the constitution of the government pleases me." (That we can easily believe; but in good logic, and real justice, we ought to enquire whether this constitution also pleased the nation.) "If France exacted a new constitution, I should say to her, choose another King." (They would joyfully follow this advice.) "It is against me that the enemy is exasperated, more than against France." (A proof that your cause was not ours.) "Return to your houses, and if I find among you a false impression of the report, I will introduce it into the *Moniteur*, and accompany it with notes and illustrations of my own." (If you have such formidable means to confound and overthrow the factious, why avoid discussion?) "Supposing that I have been to blame, you ought not to have reproached me publicly. The dirty linen is washed privately in the house, and the whole world is not summoned to see the operation."—(Force of logic is here united to elegance of expression.) "France has more need of me, than I have of France." (It would be well, if you would tell us of what use you have ever been? It would be generous also, since you have no need of her, to release her from the two millions which she is compelled to pay for your support, and which would be much better employed in paying the pensions of the wounded, the victims of your ambition, and whom you found it convenient to abandon, and in discharging the arrears of the salaries of the public functionaries, and the servants of the crown, whom you were too artful any longer to pay, and who were deprived of the very necessities of life, that you might secure to yourself the contents of the treasury. Since your elevation has already cost us so much, could you not enable us to make a better bargain of your fall?)

'In addition to the pensions which were guaranteed to Bonaparte and his family by the allies in a secret treaty previous to his abdication, he has reserved to himself, the private savings of many years, and it is said, that these spoils of Europe, will furnish him with a revenue of twenty millions.'

From the various intermediate movements of the enemy, the frontiers were overrun from Lyons to Antwerp, to an extent of more than thirty or forty leagues from the Rhine. Napoleon, meanwhile, was employed in reviewing his troops at Paris. At length the enemy assembled before Chalons between the Marne

and the Seine, and his departure was inevitable. At this moment, he gave the protection of his wife and child to the fidelity of the Parisian national guard.

Napoleon (January 23) addressed the national guard more eloquently than, about a month before, he had addressed the legislative body. He held his wife and his son by the hand, and expressed the most noble and elevated sentiments with a tone and manner which appeared to proceed from the soul. He deeply affected all who heard him. This is an incontestible fact. It was at length supposed that he had a heart. Who would imagine that this scene of sentiment was only the scene of comedy? Always an impostor, he had passed the preceding day in studying, with a celebrated actor, his attitudes, his gesture, and the inflexions of his voice, and in short every artifice by which he could produce effect. This anecdote was afterwards related by many ladies of the palace, and on the very day of the representation many of his hearers had recognized in his voice much of the tone and manner peculiar to him, whom they knew not then had been his instructor.

Our author proceeds with great perspicuity to narrate the different military movements of the contending armies, during which we trace the prowess of Blucher, the vigorous movements of the allies, and the increase of public opinion against Napoleon. Fortune had abandoned him, and with the fickle goddess, his no less fickle flatterers forsook his falling fortunes: hitherto, nothing in this campaign had announced the superiority of that genius which had so long been attributed to him, till he saw the necessity of striking a decisive blow, or his fate would be for ever sealed. To accomplish this purpose, he resolved to re-establish his own glory at the expense of that of Blucher; to this he was, most probably, urged by his hatred towards Prussia, and more particularly towards that commander.

Blucher, on this occasion, was in a position too far separated from the grand allied army; independently of which, his divisions were so widely distributed, that he could not combine their operations, or employ them in mutual support of each other. By a march of wonderful rapidity, and by a boldness of action, equally prompt and decisive, Napoleon obtained a brilliant though momentary success, which served, eventually, to render his fall more signal.

During all these operations, peace had been offered to Napoleon, conditionally, that France should return to her former limits; but without either accepting or rejecting the terms, he

resolved once more to try the fortune of war : his good genius betrayed him in a smile, and he lost every thing, because he believed that he could gain every thing.

' The inhabitants of the invaded provinces, irritated by the pillage and outrage to which they had been exposed, took up arms in several places, and without rising *en masse*, killed many scattered soldiers. There is reason to believe that the allies did not lose less than fifteen or twenty thousand men by this species of warfare. These losses excited in them a spirit of suspicion and revenge, which would have caused the utter ruin of even the most tranquil provinces, had the campaign been prolonged. These partial movements, however, did not produce any general or spontaneous resolution, and had little influence on the operations of the belligerent powers.'

At length, the enemy approached the barriers of the metropolis. In their rapid march, they were met by heralds deputed by the Municipal body, to declare the capitulation of the city. The generosity of the allied sovereigns nobly granted a suspension of hostilities, and the capitulation was confirmed.

Drawing towards a conclusion, our author observes :—

' Some persons have reproached the national guard with not having been sufficiently disposed to shed their blood in the defence of the city on the day before ; it however prevented the effusion of torrents of blood on the morrow. Will not this service compensate for their former fault ? or is it not probable that posterity will applaud them for the one and the other ?

' In consequence of their exertions, the entry of the allied sovereigns and their troops was not only peaceable, but soon assumed the character of a festival. It was the festival of Europe, at which almost every nation had some representative.

' Pressed by the rapidity of our narration, we will not attempt to describe that grand spectacle, yet sufficiently present in the recollection and the heart of every Frenchman. Who can forget with what generosity these monarchs, so long menaced by our arms, avenged themselves only by offering us peace, a legitimate government, and all the benefits which these could produce ? Who can forget with what deep admiration we gazed upon, and crowded around these kings, who yet were men, and invited us to approach them. All Paris presently knew, that, for the first time during many a year, the car of victory scattered blessings alone in its train, and that the city would be exempt from military requisitions and all the expenses and calamities of war. This pleasing intelligence rapidly spread from one extremity of the metropolis to the other. Enemies on the preceding day, our reciprocal confidence had already converted us into faithful allies.

It was now one family which a miscreant had embroiled, and which the expulsion of that miscreant had re-united.

While every heart repayed the debt of gratitude by the deep feeling and the warm expression of sentiments to which we had been long unaccustomed, the politician applauded the noble and elevated mind which had terminated the evils of Europe, by admitting all the great European families to an equally honourable share of the advantages and the blessings of peace.

‘We recognize the allies at the camp of the Grecians, obedient to the councils of Minerva, disarming by their justice the enemies whom force could never subdue, and causing them to forget the impious Adrastus by a king who had learned humanity in the school of adversity. The beautiful reverie of Fenelon now became the faithful record of history. The true interest of men and of princes is always inseparably allied with justice, and if the ashes of Moscow had excited a terrible revenge, who can tell what those of Paris would have produced! How much would the campaign of 1814 have been abridged, how much blood would have been spared, if the French had earlier known these generous intentions, and if they who were falsely called their enemies, could have been recognized as their deliverers.’

This sublime spectacle, the memory of which cannot fail to excite admiration in posterity, was the immediate prelude to the termination of Napoleon’s political existence. Many efforts were made to throw Paris into confusion, but they were momentary. M. Giraud undertakes, and we rejoice at it, to exculpate Napoleon from the damnable intention attributed to him of blowing up the powder magazines at Grenelle, and thereby to destroy the whole city. He assures us, it is, now, perfectly understood, that the orders issued had no other object than to deprive the enemy of that vast resource, by throwing the ammunition into the river.

It will be remembered, that Napoleon had nearly reached the gates of Paris, at the moment his troops were marching out. He had been informed of every thing at Villejuif, and his rage, as may be conceived, was frantic. Like Richard, he had ‘set his life upon the die,’ and had resolved to preside, in person, at the defence of his capital: but, mark the unerring ways of Providence!—finding the route of Troyes intercepted, he was compelled to make a circuit by Sens and Fontainebleau. Thus, his arrival at the gates of Paris was postponed a few hours; and those few hours, thank heaven! saved the city and its inhabitants.

On 2d April, the senate pronounced the dethronement of Napoleon; and, on the 6th, the restoration of the Bourbons.

This conduct in the senate, prevented any daring chieftain from hoisting his standard, and preserved France from the horrors of a civil war.

'They hastened to dispatch the act of dethronement to Fontainebleau. Bonaparte was haranguing his troops; he was preparing them to march, and had set before them, as their object and their reward, Paris, and forty-eight hours' pillage. Deplorable effect of military despotism! Frenchmen were found who participated in the fury of their chief, and the cries of 'Paris, Paris,' issued immediately from the ranks. One word of Marshal Ney arrested every movement. 'You are no longer emperor. You can no longer command these brave men, and they must no more obey you. See here the act of your dethronement.'

'Napoleon, thunderstruck, re-entered his palace. His marshals informed him that all was lost; that they yielded to the will of the nation, and would not arm themselves against their country. He attempted not for one moment to appeal from the decree of the senate to that force which had always been his law. He appeared resigned to his fate. But while they ceased to obey *the emperor*, these warriors, whom he had so long sacrificed to his own personal ambition, did not cease to serve their old *companion in arms*, and did themselves much honour by the care which they took of his interests.

'Marshal Marmont, treating of the submission of the sixth corps to the new government, which now wore the character of national authority, stipulated with the allies, by a convention of the 3rd and 4th of April, that if the ulterior events of the war should give them possession of the person of Napoleon, his life and his liberty in a place which might be agreed on, should be guaranteed. Marshals Ney and Macdonald did more. They charged themselves, in conjunction with the Duke of Vicenza (Caulincourt,) to treat with the Emperor Alexander respecting the dynasty of Napoleon. They negotiated with warmth. For a moment they expected to succeed: and it was only when considerations of the highest importance rendered that success impossible, that they felt themselves at liberty to offer their complete adherence to the new laws which governed France, publicly declaring that 'to deliver their beloved country from the calamities of a civil war, it was necessary that every Frenchman should embrace the cause of their ancient kings.* The latter circumstances were soon followed by the abdication of Napoleon, and his acceptance of the island of Elba as his retreat, and his future sovereignty.'

Our volume exhibits a brief sketch of the character of Napoleon. M. Giraud attributes to him as a general, rapid

* See Letter of Marshal Ney, April 5th.

and accurate conception in the field of battle; but contends that his courage was temerity, and his firmness obstinacy. He purchased his victories with torrents of blood, and their brilliancy was always eclipsed by contingent calamities.

‘ The two following Latin verses contain the portrait which the Romans had drawn of the Corsicans; we should now rather consider it as the portraiture of an individual, and should be at no great loss to fix on the original.

*Corsica lex prima ulcisci; post vivere rapto;
Tertia mentiri; quarta negare Deos.*

‘ At whatever epoch of his public life we regard Napoleon, we shall see him faithfully obeying one or all of these laws.

‘ In Italy he professed a hypocritical veneration for the Pope, at the moment that he had sent his troops to subjugate Rome in the name of liberty. In Egypt he boasted to the musselmen that he had destroyed the knights of Malta, and had overthrown the holy-see, and the cross; he wished them to believe that he was commissioned by providence to be the support of Mahometanism. In France he rebuilt the altars, and recalled the ministers of religion, but only with the hope, and the tacit condition that they should be his ministers, and should make religion the instrument to accomplish his purposes; and in the new catechism he transformed the political questions of the legitimacy of his power into religious dogmas.

‘ He had persuaded himself that this falsehood and deceit would produce effects durable and real, and then with the genuine effrontery of an imposter he made a jest of the imposition which he practised. These were the measures which he habitually employed to ensure success. On these false and despicable supports he built the colossal edifice of his power, but he forgot that he laid the foundation in the sand. By the usurpation of an undeserved glory, he prepared the way for the usurpation of unjust power. He environed himself with the false reputation of talents and superiority, by means of which he became the *only man* in the state. The journals were long his accomplices, and afterwards became his slaves.

‘ His usurpations and his injustice have too much desolated Europe, to render it necessary for us to retrace the mournful picture: and so great was his propensity to revenge, that although public representations were sometimes boastingly given of acts of clemency which either interest dictated, or necessity compelled, it is probable that he never pardoned an injury from the bottom of his heart. This implacable hatred was nevertheless adroitly and successfully concealed. I will recount one circumstance which perfectly characterises the man.

‘After he had usurped the government, (Brumaire 18th) some officers had loudly expressed their dissatisfaction at this revolution. The ideas of republicanism had yet too much force. They were indignant at seeing the work of ten years reversed by a stranger in one day. They conspired, or rather they talked much of a conspiracy. These officers had been remarkable for the violence of their proposals, and the loudness of their menaces. It was said that they had formed the project of proceeding to the Tuilleries, surrounding Bonaparte and putting him to death. They were exiled or placed under the superintendence of the police.’

His hospitals, continues M. Giraud, would afford a picture from which we should recoil with horror. A sketch of them has been published under the title of ‘THE GRAVES OF THE GRAND ARMY.’ We will not enhorror our readers with any description of them, but sum up these undoubted facts. In Egypt, he poisoned his soldiers, and destroyed his prisoners with grape shot. In Germany, he abandoned his wounded to the mercy of the enemy; and, at Cheateau Thierry, he threw the wounded of the enemy into the river to rid himself of them.

Why, it may be asked, did France so long submit to the yoke of a master so little qualified to govern it? to which we reply, that once seated in power, his compelled overthrow must have rekindled the horrors of civic discord; his elevation, and its maintenance, were the effect of three powerful engines which he worked with wonderful adroitness, we mean HYPOCRISY, FORCE, and CORRUPTION! By profound dissimulation, he imposed on national simplicity; and, by the perfidious art with which he excited a military spirit among a people passionately fond of glory, he lured the whole nation to the army, and made that army the very body of the people.

Finally, says our author, Napoleon was a man, who, in his civic administration as well as in war, knew not where to stop. He outraged every thing, and attained nothing. Like Cataline, he aimed solely at objects immeasurable, extraordinary, and far beyond his means.* The effects of force were preferred by him to the efforts of genius. In short, like a rope-dancer, whose sole object is to astonish the multitude, he was compelled to climb an obelisk. Arrived at the extreme summit of the spire, and finding no point to support his feet, he fell from the height, and was dashed to pieces in the fall!

This simile is too mean to be applied to such a man as Napoleon; for, with all his vices, he was a great captain

* *Questus animus immoderate, incredibilia, nimis alta, semper cupiebat.*
Sallust. Conj. Catill.

endowed with singular military genius. The French are a brave people, and that bravery was never more signalized than under the command of Napoleon. The vastness of his designs ; the brilliancy of his conquests ; and, a predetermined idea that he could always command victory, gave enthusiasm to national courage. In the field, he had the art to win every heart. To his officers he was ever ready of access : all who accosted him were certain of a good reception. When he passed the lines, he smiled graciously upon his warriors, and the effect of a smile of affability, or gesture of encouragement, to a body of them without penetration to appreciate words and things, by their exact value, is powerfully effective. Yet never did a chieftain so coldly send millions to slaughter. The victory which he resolved to achieve, was won upon pyramids of slain. He would have made no scruple in sacrificing a whole army to a single victory, provided he were sure of another army to replace the loss. Humanity was a term exploded from his dictionary ; and it was to this insensibility of heart, that he owed the barbarous tactics which laurelled his campaigns. From these victories he exercised a fifteen years' despotism on the several powers of Europe, and it may be truly asserted, that fear, more than policy, signed and sealed the Confederacy of the Rhine. Nor was the influence of his martial exploits confined to foreigners, it extended all over France : generals and ministers, the magistracy and the people, were all dazzled with his glory, and felt honoured in acknowledging themselves his servants ; but his ambition was insatiable. Had he, when First Consul, restored the house of Bourbon, posterity would have idolized his memory ; he would have lived loaded with wealth and honours, and would have ranked among the first captains of the world. Posterity would have blessed his memory, and Europe would not have had to deplore the slaughter of ten millions of human beings !

It was once said of Napoleon, by a person who enquired after the emperor's health,—‘ he is well, very well ; he is gay and corpulent : he feeds on laurels ; and, his beverage is human blood !!! ’

Such was Napoleon ! Now we view him as a consummate actor, who played a Nero, a Caligula, a Dionysius, an Alexander, or a Charlemagne ; and, now, like Garrick, who was either Lear, or Abel Druggier, he enacts the retired philosopher. He affects apathy and indifference ; passes judgment on himself, and speaks of his fall as an accident that had happened to a neighbour. He reasons on the hopes and fears of the Bourbons. He is happy in seclusion. Happy ? What happiness !

ART. VI.—*Sketches of the History and Present State of the Russian Empire*: of the Progress of Civilization from the Foundation of the Monarchy to the Accession of the House of Romanof, the present Reigning Family; and particularly under the Sovereigns of that House: connected with political and personal Memoirs of the Imperial Court. By the Rev. William Anderson. Pp. 439. Gale and Co. 1815.

[Continued from p. 51.]

THE duties of an historian are clear and precise. His *first* is, to collect from every accessible source the *materials* of his intended work. To every quarter is his diligence to be directed; it is the province of mere labour, in which it is impossible to be supererogatory. In the rude minstrelsy of primitive bards, the treasures of valuable, though, obsolete chroniclers, and the memorials of tradition, he will meet with strong incidental lights. The progressive improvement of successive periods will furnish him with intelligence, ampler and more authentic. He will find that, as the events assume interest and importance, the relater becomes, in proportion, animated, and more worthy of credit. He must receive it as an axiom, that barbarous times are generally barren of great characters, and consequently, of great transactions; yet will he discover such times to be those of wonders. This is the natural result of national vanity: where there is nothing worthy relation, the invention of ignorance and pride supplies the chasm. The gorgeous web and glittering festoons of romance, are flung over the shapeless trivialities of incivilization. Receding from those remote ages, the progress of the historian becomes safer and more delightful; the stream of intelligence flows in broader and purer channels, till, arriving at contemporary periods, a thousand springs and fountains burst up before him, and present him with their living and abundant waters.

His *second* duty is of a more difficult and imperative nature, and embraces the selection and arrangement of his stores, the separation of fact from fiction, the chronological and unconfused disposition of events, and the consideration of what should be incorporated with the text, what reserved for commentary and illustration. Many incidents and anecdotes that would break in upon and disturb the serious march of the main record, may be eminently conducive to the important purposes of explanation: these are the cross-lights of history, casual corruscations that flash in upon and reveal the secret recesses of time and character. This is the department in which the discretion and judgment of the historian will be severely and

incessantly tasked. The division of the whole period of which he details the events into eras, epochs, &c. will naturally suggest itself to his reflection, and is included in this, the second duty of the historian.

His *third*, a most solemn obligation, lies in drawing unbiassed and seriously-considered deductions respecting the intellectual tendencies and probable results of the actions he records. *Intellectual*, we say, because all moral principle is dependant on, and subservient to, the supremacy of the mental functions. The mind of man is the heart of man; the individual acts well who acts wisely, and the *constitutionally*-moral being, is a person spoiled of his manhood, an eunuch in the muster-roll of humanity, a thing, a machine acting from unconscious or foreign agency, to whom, if no *blame* can be attached, no praise can be awarded.

The historian should be raised above the prejudices of his age and country. His panegyric, his reprobation, should be distributed in the spirit of thoughtful and philosophic impartiality. His office, august and awful when exercised by talent and integrity, constitutes him the instructor of nations, and requires an elevation of sentiment and principle beyond the reach, or even the conception, of the puny and time-serving politicians of the age in which he may have the misfortune to live. His views of men and events should be characterized by a sublimity and truth of observation we are entitled to expect in a personage undertaking the delineation of so immense and various a panorama.

In his portraits of celebrated characters, he is not to varnish guilt, or enlarge the actual dimensions of illustrious virtue. The first is base, the second unnecessary. He must not tell us that a wretch who deliberately conspires against, and murders his own son, in a fit of diabolical frenzy attempts the assassination of his friend, and after '*dislocating*' the limbs of suspected persons, orders them to be scourged, and the '*raw parts*' to be '*roasted over a slow fire*,' is a great prince. He is not audacious to lift his voice against that of a mighty nation, in an affair concerning that nation solely, and, siding with their inveterate enemies, DARE to pronounce the illustrious personage to whom they have decreed the purple, an usurper. He is not to listen to every flitting falsehood, every lying scandal broached against a renowned sovereign, because that sovereign may not have been born a king, or be royally-descended.

LASTLY—his *STYLE* should be clear and unembarrassed; flowing but not lax, dignified but not pedantic, elegant but not meretricious, sparse of ornament, and free from excrescences.

The diction of History is marked by an unaffected, masculine energy, peculiarly hostile to the lighter species of composition. Her praises, her reproofs, are to be dispensed with the grave consciousness of her just and imprescriptible jurisdiction. The historian, in the exercise of his office, is greater than princes, for he is their—JUDGE. How vast, how sacred his task! What immense responsibility does he personally incur! The fate of all that is noble and virtuous, hangs on his integrity, and the choice is before him, to be an angel or a demon. For the purposes of the latter there are many kinds of language—for those of the former, but ONE. Let him not dissolve our reverence by the indiscretions of wit, spleen, satire, or malignity. Let him state his thoughts with serious and unlimited freedom, and pass his honest censures with unimpassioned severity. Independent, too, of these considerations, he should remember that the works of the historian are the legacies of posterity; that, in forming his style, therefore, he should have regard to the purest idiom, the best-wrought compositions of his country; that the lighter language of inferior topics is fluctuating and fleeting; that to future times his wit may be pointless, his spleen without object, his satire lose its edge, and his malignity its direction. He should be perpetually intelligible. Therefore, he must never compromise the erect dignity and steadiness of his character.

When we commenced the above train of observations, we certainly had an eye towards Mr. Anderson's numerous and glaring deficiencies in the department of literature in which it has pleased that reverend and indiscreet gentleman to exhibit his incapacities. But the disposition which our remarks have produced in us, will not permit us to pursue such humble game. Did he possess a tincture of any of the qualifications of the historian, we might expatiate at some length, and with some pleasure, on the historical part of his book; but the thing is really too contemptible in almost every point of view, to detain us long in an exposition of its gross defects, its manifold puerilities. His *research* is confined to the most modern and ordinary authors, themselves collectors, compilers, and hoarders of stray scraps. In the selection and arrangement of his materials, he has, absolutely, no skill whatever. With Mr. Anderson fiction is fact, and fact is fiction; every particle of his information is thrust, deserving or not, paltry or important, into his text. He gives us nothing but raw beef,—no side-dishes, *entrè-mets* or desert. We have sat down to his banquet; we have 'cut,' but we certainly shall not 'come again.' In proof of our accusation, we refer him

to page 389 of these his 'Sketches,' where he tells a stupid story about the rulers of Prussia and Russia, and the master of an English vessel, which is most probably not true—and whether true or not, was nothing at all to him, and had nought to do with his business. Is the chief purport of a narrative to be thus intruded upon and burlesqued, simply to shew the author's congenial taste for stale jokes and shrimpish absurdities? If this is really to be endured, the task of writing history might as well be consigned at once to the heirs-male of those eminent personages, Messrs. Thumb and Miller. And of the two alternatives, the latter indeed has decided advantages; we certainly prefer the elegance of the elf, and the wit of the jester, to Mr. Anderson's ursine cumbrousness, and abortive humour. Then, too, he is the worst hand at a reflection we ever met with, and incurably infected with all the gross and vulgar prejudices peculiar to persons of his narrow grasp of mind; an adorer of legitimate, i. e. lineal, tyrants; the humble servant of deans and bishops; the gratuitous adopter of great and small *mendacia*; a very slovenly workman in the delineation of character; and, with respect to his diction, the fosterer of every cast-off common-place in the English language. His book is indeed, a kind of infirmary in which every impurity of our tongue has met with a reception more than benevolent, and almost paternal.

Before we proceed to our extracts, it will not be improper to give a summary view of the early history of the barbarians of *Muscovy*.

In the ninth century, Theophilus, the Eastern emperor, dispatched an embassy to Lewis, the son of Charles the Great, or *Charlemagne*. In the retinue of the imperial ambassador were included the envoys of the Russian *chagan*,* who having, in their journey to Constantinople, traversed many hostile countries, nearly as barbarous as their own, wished to avoid returning by the same route, and expected that the French king, through the mediation of the Greek ambassador, would transport them by sea to their beloved Sarmatia. Then Europe first heard of the Russians.† These people were of the same blood as the Swedes.‡ They were detained by the suspicions of Lewis,§ who waited for more full and satisfactory information before he dismissed the wanderers.

* This is the true title---that of *Czar*, a mere corruption of *Kaesar*.

† Confer *Theophilus Sigefrid Bayer's* Dissertation de Origine Russorum, (*Comment. Academ. Petropolitanae*; tom. vii. p. 388---436,) and *D'Anville's* Geographical tract de l'Empire de Russie, son Origine, et ses Accroissemens.

‡ Confer *Liutprand*, (*Hist. l. v. c. 6*).

§ See the *Annales Bertiniani Francorum* (in *Script. Ital. Muratori*; tom. ii. pars 1, p. 525).

Issuing from the rocks of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, successive hordes of desperate savages, after laying waste the shores of the Baltic, proceeded into the interior of the regions subsequently known by the name of *Muscovy*, and subduing the weaker barbarians, the Fins, Slavi (or Slavonians), and the primitive Russians of the Lake Ladoga, incorporated with, and assumed the name of the latter; and Ruric, their leader, established himself on the throne of Russia, which his descendants maintained above seven hundred years. The heirs of the first *chagan*, their power in some degree consolidated, wished to disburthen their dominions of their turbulent auxiliaries, and by directing their cupidity to richer regions, accomplished their desires. The voluntary exiles entered into the Byzantine service, were embodied with the imperial guard; their fidelity was conspicuous and unshaken; and in the last days of the empire, the *Varangians** preserved their loyalty to the Cæsars.

The thirst for plunder soon inspired the heirs of Ruric with the determination of assaulting Constantinople. The severe chastisement they experienced in four successive expeditions† was insufficient to check their undisciplined ferocity, till the heroic valour and military skill of the emperor JOHN ZIMISCES effectually humbled the spirit of their hardiest and most enterprising chief, †*Swatoslaus*, (Mr. Anderson, with true Scythian affectation says—*Sriatoslof*): The generosity of the emperor granted them peace on liberal terms, and this event was the precursor of a more regular intercourse and commerce between the two nations than had hitherto subsisted.

Christianity was introduced into Muscovy in the year 988.—So early, indeed, as 955, *Olga* the wife of *Igor* the son of *Ruric*,

* Vide *Du Cange (Glossar. Med. et Infimæ Græcitatæ, sub voce Βαρύροι. Med. et Infimæ Latinitatis, sub voce VAGRI. Not. ad Alexiad. Annæ Comnenæ. p. 256, 257, 258. Notes sur Villehardouin p. 296, 299.)* Confer etiam *Reisk. Annotat. in Cereemon. Aula Byzant. Constant.* Are we to be proud or humble in reading in *Codinus*— Πολυκρούσεις οἱ Βαρύροι κατὰ τῶν πατρίων γλώσσων αὐτῶν ἤτοι Ἰνδιάνισι

† For the first in 885, see *Bayer's Dissertat. de Rutorum prima expeditione Constantinopolitana (Comment. Academ. Petropol. tom. vi. p. 365---391)*. For the second, consult *Nestor and Nicon in Levaque's Hist. de Russie, tom. i. p. 74---80*. Of the third invasion, the history will be found in *Leo Grammaticus, p. 506, 507. Incert Contin. p. 263, 264. Simeon Logothet, p. 490, 491 Georg. Monach. p. 588---589. Cedren. tom. ii. p. 629. Zonaras, tom. ii. p. 190, 191; and Luitprand, l. v. c. 6*. For the fourth attempt on the city of Constantine, consult with advantage *Cedrenus, tom. ii. p. 758, 759, and Zonaras, tom. ii. p. 253, 254*.

‡ See the *de Administratione Imperii* (c. 1---8,) of the Emperor *Constantine Porphyrogenitus*.

From the reign of Wolodimir to the invasion of the Tartars, or *Tatars*, under *Batou Khaun*, in 1235, nothing of moment, in a historical point of view, imparts vigour and animation to the annals of *Muscovy*. The alliance of that chief with the Cæsars introduced christianity, and christianity introduced a semblance of civilization. A trade of barter appears to have obtained, about this time, between the Greeks and the Russians, and the Russians and the Normans. The wars of the heirs of Ruric, the wars of barbarians, may be passed over without much regret; but that fierce and resistless torrent of conquest, which threatened to deluge the whole of Europe, and permanently establish the sovereignty of the Moguls, or *Monguls*, in *Muscovy*, would have fixed the attention, have fired the pen, of any one but such a gloating admirer of the *Romanofs*, and other trifles, as poor Mr. Anderson. It will not be required of us to enter minutely in the history of that portentous irruption. Suffice it to say, that for more than two centuries was Russia obedient to various branches of the House of Jenguez. In 1476, *John Basilovitz*,† Duke of Moscow, burst the chains of Mongul bondage, and gradually extended his authority over a considerable portion of *European Russia*. This person seems to have been a valorous and (for his age) a politic ruler. He was succeeded by his feeble-minded son, Feodore, who slipped out of the throne at the touch of a sturdy, hard-hearted brother-in-law, by name Boris Godunof, (should

† It was this horrid fellow, who ordered the architect of his palace to be murdered, that no other person should enjoy the benefit of his skill. Yet, with Mr. Anderson he is the personification of liberality and the other virtues. We wonder at this---for the man was *not* a Romanof.

it not be *good-enough*, considering the gentlemanly kind of people over whom his benevolence inclined him to reign). Civil contentions ensued, which terminated in giving to Russia that dynasty of earthly divinities—the Romanofs—the charming Romanofs—the witty Romanofs—the soft-souled, the intellectual, the captivating Romanofs.

Dry and dusty as is Mr. Anderson upon all things else, no sooner does he get on the high-rope of his desires, (here the ghost of Abbershaw frowned upon us) than he begins dancing, whirling, capering, chattering, chuckling, and giggling, in a highly amusing, though unintelligible style; now stuffing his hands into his pocket; then tossing them on high, with his visual orbs fixed in a trance, as if he had got a peep into the seventh heaven—anon stepping forward with the gravest of all possible visages, he commences an elaborate harangue, to produce which he appears to have swallowed half the opium of Egypt—then starting off into the light trot of a gascon interlude, you would think all the *pearl* of London had been exhausted to engender the sparkling effervescence and brisk brilliancy of his effusions. The figure will be completed, if you imagine his temples ornamented with one of those spirit-stirring caps with which Erasmus has decked his laughter-loving dame, and her good-humoured disciples.

The contemptible trick practised by Mr. Anderson, in the first chapter of his pseudo-history, must not pass without due correction. The Romanofs, we allow, at the present period are scarcely more idolized on the banks of the Neva, than on those of the Thames—and those attractive gentlemen are the prime objects of this reverend person's eloquence and panegyric. We are perfectly ready to allow the suavity, skill in bowing, dancing, and other celestial accomplishments of the Russian ruler—and are sufficiently orthodox to believe in his *valour*, notwithstanding the malicious insinuations of some ill-natured people respecting certain symptoms on the entrance of the Emperor Napoleon into Muscovy. In common with our countrymen, we are delicately sensible to all these fascinations; yet we do opine, nevertheless, that to imprint at the head of a chapter, as its main subject, and in all the pomp of capitals, the name of a family which is only brought to view in its *conclusion*, was an experiment of Mr. Anderson's valour, more bold than wise. It certainly displays his genius at catchpennies, and exhibits an amusing coalition of craft and impertinence.

The press of more important matter, and the length to which we have already proceeded, interpose their suggestions against the propriety of a further canvas of the great defects of this *soi-*

disant historian. To those who are anxious for solid information, various and deep research, and critical acumen, regarding the history of Russia, we recommend M. LEVEQUE's *Histoire de Russie*. All that we can afford to do for Mr. Anderson, is to lay before our readers some few extracts from his book. We have given a pledge, too, we must redeem. In the commencement of our observations on the reverend gentleman's lucubrations, we styled Peter Romanof (nicknamed the Great) a ~~MONSTER~~—Catharine Romanof (the murderess of her husband, the USURPER of his throne) a ~~MESSALINA~~—and Paul Romanof a ~~MADMAN~~. What says Mr. Anderson to these charges? Whether or not we are vilipendiaries, the quotations we are about to make will leave no dubiety.

Shortly after Peter mounted the throne, a mutiny among the Strelitzes occurred. The czar's sister, Sophia, was implicated in the revolt, and was supposed to aim at sovereignty, to the great disquiet of her amiable brother. Peter 'held in his palace a court of enquiry. The most exquisite tortures were employed in his presence; to extort evidence against those whom he suspected. Some of the criminals' (how were they criminals, if they were only suspected?) 'were repeatedly whipped; the shoulders of others being dislocated by a cord and pulley, in that posture' (What posture? Their being dislocated does not explain their posture—but this is à l'Anderson) 'they received the knout; many after suffering this punishment were roasted over a slow fire, the raw parts being exposed to the flames. These unhappy beings were hung in numbers about the walls of the city, and the public roads. Two hundred and thirty were suspended about the nunnery in which the Princess Sophia was confined.' And 'TWO THOUSAND of the Strelitzes,' the men who were chiefly instrumental to this fellow's exaltation, 'suffered capital punishment.' These atrocities, at which devils would grin, Mr. Anderson pronounces 'the prelude to reform in every department.' What sayeth the man of God to our first charge?

Now to the usurping murderess, and her lusts.

The usual, almost the *only*, means of securing this woman's favour, was by the introduction to her notice of some new Hercules, some Cossack Adonis, on whom to expend her superfluous ardours, and in the note to the 371st page of this book, it is distinctly stated, that the whole expense of Catharine's haram amounted to forty-two millions of English pounds sterling. What sayeth the man of God to our second charge?

Now to Paul, and his frenzies.

CRIT. REV. VOL. I, February, 1815.

Paul put forth a decree, that all who appeared in round hats should have them taken from them, or torn in pieces. The vexations arising from this order were innumerable; the Cossacks and soldiers of the police seizing the people's hats, or beating those who, ignorant of the prohibition, offered resistance. Another prohibition appeared, allowing a fortnight to procure harness for carriages, in the German mode, and authorizing, after that period, the police to cut the traces of every carriage harnessed in the Russian manner. An ancient custom among the Russians was, when they met the tsar, his consort, or his son, to alight and prostrate themselves in the snow or filth. This tyrannical homage, which had been abolished in the former reign, Paul re-exacted in all its rigour. Several persons, whose coachmen passed on without observing the emperor, were thrown into prison. Those who were permitted to kiss the hand of Paul, were obliged to make the floor resound by striking it with their knees, and smack their lips aloud. Prince George Galitzin was arrested by his majesty himself, for negligence in performing this ceremony. All tradesmen were ordered to efface the French word *magazin* from the front of their shops, and substitute the Russian word signifying *shop*; 'because,' said this discriminating person, 'the emperor alone can have magazines of wood, flour, corn, and other articles,' p. 327.

Will Mr. Anderson style our *third* charge a libel?

The hurry to get the book out before the cessation of our national *Russianomania*, has deformed it with numerous typographical errors. In many instances whole words are left out. The punctuation is wretched. We consign Mr. Anderson to the Philistines.

ART. VII.—*The Nature of Things*. A Didascalie Poem. Translated from the Latin of Titus Lucretius Carus, &c. &c. By Thomas Busby, Mus. Doc. Cantab. Two volumes. Quarto. Pp. 419, 416. 5l. 5s. Rodwell, and White and Cockane. 1819.

[Continued from page 18.]

WITH feelings of unabated pleasure we resume our operations upon a work, which has splendidly closed up a disgraceful chasm in the literature of Britain.

We propose to take into discussion that portion of Lucretius' poem, embracing the display and digestion of the peculiar and ultimate results of the theory of Epicurus, as far as they have regard to, and connexion with, those mysterious and anxious topics in which the whole human race is eternally interested.

An odd sort of notion has found its way into the crania of

some weak persons; (and such there are, even in the Devonian Athens of Ashburton) to treat the system of Epicurus and Lucretius as an unsubstantial and airy vision, which flew before the penetrating sagacity of succeeding and christian philosophers. These intelligent individuals have supposed it as a fact, that, long ere Mr. Paley astonished the world, the hypothesis on which 'The Nature of Things' is founded, with all its subtle and magnificent reasoning, had succumbed to the mightiness of its fierce and numerous antagonists. Unfortunately, this is not the true state of the case; and so far are we from imagining the ratiocination of the Roman bard to have been victoriously combated, that we take the reverse of the position to be the side on which all judicious persons arrange themselves. In respect to matters of mere speculation, all men are upon a par, if their intellects be equal. We will not so grossly belie the truth, as to say that any of those delightful philosophers who, since the dark ages, have sprung up in such abundance against the pernicious, but by them unconquerable, tenets of certain of the Grecian sages, can for an instant endure a comparison of their frail and perishable essence, with the masculine energies and consummate dexterity of the controversialists of antiquity. Of these it would, perhaps, be nearly impossible to select one in whom all the qualities essential to an argumentatist are more eminently conspicuous than Lucretius: and the part of his work now under our canvass (his third book) is precisely the one in which that illustrious ancient puts forth abilities which, though we receive them as the maximum of his powers, must, at the same time, be looked upon as transcending those of all his adversaries, previous to the present translator and opponent, put together. From the opinions we have stated with regard to Lucretius and his antagonists, it will be readily perceived that the sentiments of the idlers above mentioned are in no great veneration with us, and that it is our firm persuasion, that if conviction do not flash upon the reader's understanding, on the topics discussed in the third book of Lucretius, when he peruses the Commentaries appended, he must wait till some more powerful spirit than either Polignac or Paley shall enter the lists with the mighty champion of doctrines hitherto so unsuccessfully and ingloriously contended with.

It is pretty generally known to all persons accustomed to the perusal of the abstruser classics, that the third book of Lucretius discusses the nature of the vital and intellectual principles; and that, establishing for his bases certain axioms, some of which are consistent with, and others contrary to, the theories of many eminent moderns, he proceeds to deductions, very

startling to theologians; but which, if they are to be controverted, must be encountered by argumentation, not rage or scurrility; still less a chance, it will be evident to our unimpassioned readers, will the affected disdain of the punyists we condescended to notice, have of coping with the keen and potent faculties of Lucretius; whose most important doctrines were, till very lately, any thing but exploded—if by *exploded* it be understood they were satisfactorily refuted. In his poetical and highly-enriched discourses on the nature of the soul, the Roman bard delivers himself in a strain, we believe it would puzzle half the bishops of the realm to encounter, at least with any of those cheerful anticipations with which such reverend persons delight to solace themselves. The *triumphant* style, too, in which Lucretius is apt to conduct his dissertations, a triumph rising in a tolerably exact ratio with the importance of his immediate subject, we conceive to have been very irritating to the self-complacency of the little animals who have occasionally ventured to freak it in the presence of the philosophical Hercules—and the fate of Lychas is not a very enviable termination. The meekness of the surplice and crozier, again, might hazard the being exalted to a profane level with pagan *hauteur*, and every body knows this would not be decent.

There is another class of persons whose conduct is equally absurd, though for different reasons. We allude to those who, because they discerned no chance of beating Lucretius at his own game, suddenly went over to the ranks of the enemy; and with all the obnoxious enthusiasm of converts, fought with more than mortal fervour in a cause against which they originally drew their swords with a fury only surpassed by their present bigotry.

Both the oppugners and friends of Lucretius, previous to the publication of the present translation, were, we take it, equally unfortunate in their choice. The first thought it a fine thing, no doubt, to show off their *esprit* against the brilliant defender of opinions every *clericus* they came in contact with, told them were the high roads to damnation. So these accomplished gentry set their small wits to work, and with a pert confident briskness peculiar to *animalcule* of their species, began their attack upon the haughty disciple of Epicurus. When pigmies war with giants—when the weazel meets the lion—the issue is too obvious to require telling. So, these little persons, after pouring in their small shot upon the impenetrable armour of their foe, had the mortification to find, dear, sweet things! that its substance retained its integrity, and its surface its brilliancy. With his friends by desertion, the case was different—without

being better. These individuals hugged themselves in the conceit, that, in allying themselves with so renowned a chief, they should come in for a share of the glory resulting from his darings; and that, having assisted their commander in his praiseworthy designs, and contributed every thing in their power to the depriving mankind of some two or three comfortable notions enough—such as, that there *might* possibly be such a power as Providence—and that it was not altogether quite so ridiculous to believe in the immortality of the soul—and a few other commodious ideas—having, we say, laudably exercitated themselves in this work of benignity, they might then, they thought, complacently repose under the shade of their laurels, and sing their pœans to the surrounding concourse of applauders. But these persons had never reflected, that to a leader so potent in himself that he could laugh his assailants to scorn, the tender of service would be useless; that the battle *he* fought was to be decided, not by numbers, but skill—that the glory of a conqueror is depreciated by the aid of auxiliaries—that, in a contest of the mind, those who were incompetent to the overthrow of an unsound cause, were, certainly, but ill calculated to become its sustainers—and that thus, contemned by his pride, and rejected by his confidence;—repulsed by his magnanimity, and driven back by his disdain—if they yet adhered to his side, they would become at once the poor, unsheltered objects of his contempt, and the contumely of the former class of reptiles, who, at any rate, might hiss against the steel they were unable to bite.

But there *was* a mode of engaging with the noxious principles of Lucretius, that held out a reasonable prospect of completely putting down the dangerous arrogance peculiar to atheists and demurrers against Providence and a future state. All the arguments adduced in support of the contrary of that consoling doctrines, may be traced upwards to that eminent genius as their principal propagator. By a serious enquiry into all the important positions laid down in 'The Nature of Things,' conducted in a spirit of magnanimous recognizance of his vast abilities, both as a poet and metaphysician; by calmly assuming the office of inquisitor into the *foundations* of his theory, and by mining the base of the edifice, leave the superstructure without support; by so ordering matters, as to draw the materials of refutation from the work to be refuted, and thus rendering its author subservient to his own conviction; lastly, by calling into play those great general principles of natural philosophy with which Lucretius, like the low and illustrious of his age, was unacquainted—by adopting these means, it was perfectly

within the power of a highly-gifted personage to demolish for ever the specious and magnificent system of one of the brightest minds of a period fertile of expansive and lofty intellects. The impression produced on our mind by the attentive perusal of Dr. Busby's Commentaries in general, and more especially by those on the third book, is, most undoubtedly, that he has very effectually achieved the above desirable ends; that in naturalizing Lucretius among us, he has given the death-blow to infidelity; and rendered more substantial service to the interests of religion by this, his successful engagement with the giant of atheism, than all the preachments of the fathers, from Athanasius to Polignac.

In extracting from a didactic work, like 'The Nature of Things,' where argument and imagination mingle in pretty equal proportions, and where, besides, so large and important a part of the whole consists of the notes, we cannot, after considerable cogitation, hit upon a plan superior to that adopted in our last, viz. that of accompanying our quotations from the poem with the corresponding commentaries. Indeed, the more we consider it, the more firmly are we persuaded of its propriety; and of its particular necessity in the present instance, we think every one will be convinced, after what we have said of the contents of that part of the work on which we have just been offering our observations, and which will furnish materials for the remarks we shall submit to our readers in the course of the present article. It is proper to observe, at the same time, that in the work of Lucretius, the elements of poetry and argumentation are so closely interwoven with each other, that it would be difficult to select a passage eminent for its logic; that is not likewise conspicuous for its eloquence, or pouring forth of the fancy.

The following positions are fundamental with the Epicureans; *that* man is a compound being, formed of three distinct powers—mind, soul, and body—subsisting, nevertheless, in a strict and intimate coalition with each other. The first in rank is the mind, or intellectual function; the soul, or vital principle, holds the second place; and last in order is the body, or corporeal habitation of the two primary and sovereign constituents. It is maintained likewise, *that* over the soul the mind exercises a just and illimitable supremacy; *that* by the united energies of the two, the body is absolutely governed; and that *ALL* are mortal in the sense in which chemists accept the term, i. e. they dissolve into their primitive atoms, and by future arrangements and difference of disposition, produce in endless succession other and specifically varying individuals. Such

are the essential points of the theory to which Lucretius bent the whole force of his abilities, and dedicated the whole of his life. We shall now let him speak for himself.

'The ACTIVE MIND, which oft the soul we call,
(Where guiding reason lives, the source of all
That teacheth life's oeconomy) is part
Of compound man, like hands, or eyes, or heart.'—
'Linked in one nature, live the mind and soul,
But mind's the guide, and sovereign of the whole;
The obedient body rules in every part,
Its seat the middle region of the heart.
There hope, dread, joy, all passions are combin'd,
And prove the heart the mansion of the mind.'

Thus we are told that the mind of man is as perfectly corporeal as any other part of his being; and that the heart is the place of its residence. The first of these positions, we conceive, might be so handled as to put the advocate for Lucretius in great perplexity. CHANCE was every thing in the system of Epicurus. Now the same chance that had at any given period produced a certain arrangement and organization of atoms or corpuscles, might, after their dissolution and dispersion (for the atoms do not perish) reproduce the same organised disposition in the same identical corpuscles, and, thus, in complete contradiction to the doctrine here inculcated, an individual, instead of regarding his death as an eternal close of his existence, might, reasonably and pleasantly enough, look forward to a resurrection of his 'corpuscles,' and his family and friends console themselves in the idea of a speedy and healthy resurrection of the re-organised atoms of their deceased relative and companion.

Dr. Busby has a note on the harmony of Aristoxenus, which is so admirable that we regret its extension will not allow us to lay it before our readers. We pass to the account of the nature of the mind.

'Now the mind's* nature I proceed to shew;
Its principles, and why so freely flow
Our active thoughts:—First then, observe the mind
Of seeds composed of small and subtle kind.'—
'Since then so volatile the mind is found,
Its atoms must be smooth, minute, and round.'—
'This the mind's tenuous nature will explain
How small a space its atoms might contain—'

* Confer Epicuri Epist. ad Herodot. apud Laert.

When ' from the limbs the vital powers retreat,
 The frame relinquishes nor bulk nor weight.
 The mortal monarch limits his pretence,
 Takes but the tepid breath and vital sense.—
 Thus ' from the body, tho' life's seeds expire,
 Their form, their weight, the limbs preserve entire.

Hence then, the nature of the soul and mind,
 Are formed of smallest atoms, since we find,
 When flown, they leave the body's weight behind. }

Not simple, but compounded, prove
 These mental seeds that soul and body move :

Since a warm vapour, mixed with tenuous breath,
 Forsakes the body at the point of death,
 And draws the obedient air in its retreat :

(For without blended air exists no heat)

And heat, like æther, in its nature rare,
 Must be united with the seeds of air.

Thus, then, compounded principles, we find,

(Heat, air, and vapour) constitute the mind.

But in all these no reasoning power believe :

Can we, indeed, their reasoning power conceive ?

Can they to motions sensitive relate ?

Heat, air, and vapour, can they thought create ?

Hence a FOURTH NATURE we to these must join ;

A nameless something with their powers combine :

Something of smallest, smoothest, solids framed,

Most volatile, most subtle, and inflamed.

This of minutest atoms formed, will first

Its powers exert, and into motion burst ;

Instant the heat and vapour then are moved,

Next by the air the quickening force is proved ;

To action start the limbs, the blood's on fire,

The bones and viscera, pain or joy, acquire,

And the scorched marrow Passion's flames inspire. }

But when thus deep the extatic torments dart,

Trembles the suffering frame in every part ;

For freedom struggle Nature's vital fires,

And through the body's pores the soul expires.

Yet oft the surface motion's force restrains,

Preserves the soul entire—and life remains.

Of these FOUR NATURES, so confusedly rove

The subtle seeds—so intermixed they move—

That those from these no interval divides ;

Each with the others constantly resides ;

No force, save death, dissolves the mental pact,

Powers of one body, all, they all in union act.

In matter animate, as taste, scent, heat,

(One perfect body forming) blended meet,

So viewless vapour, caloric, and air,

And that FOURTH PRINCIPLE, supremely rare,

(To which these ~~three~~ their vital vigour owe,
 And from whose power all sensate motions flow)
 One subtlest substance by their union give,
 One nature form, and in one nature live.
 Nothing in power with this fourth something vies,
 Deep in the body's last recess it lies,
 In searchless secrecy—inspires the whole,
 And forms the vital essence of the soul.
 For through the limbs and frame as soul and mind,
 Unheard, unseen, diffuse their powers combined,
 (Since so minute and few their active seeds)
 So this fourth, nameless, power, their flame that feeds,
 Of smallest parts composed, acts unrevealed,
 Deep in the body lodged, and there concealed;
 Sways the whole frame, of life itself consists,
 And of the soul the very soul exists.'

The whole of this, animated and vigorous as are the concluding lines commencing 'Hence a fourth nature, &c.' is characterised by that species of false, though ingenious, reasoning, which a person of strong talent is greatly apt to involve himself in, when he espouses the defence of erroneous doctrines. The poet's idea, if mathematically true, of the weight of the body suffering no diminution from the retreat of the soul, would alone be sufficient to overthrow his whole scheme. But, when after informing us the mind is constituted of heat, air, and vapour, he introduces a 'Fourth Principle,' a sagacious adversary could not fail to take advantage of so evident a surrender of every previously-maintained point. Dr. Busby's note on this *lapis mentis* is peculiarly worthy of attention, from the singular closeness and interrogatory antithesis of its argument.

'The FOURTH PRINCIPLE, the *nameless* something here admitted by the poet to be necessary to vitality and thought, is nothing less than a relinquishment of the consequences of all his fundamental propositions respecting the materiality of the soul. If certain atoms, excessively subtle, compared with those of the body, constitute heat, air, and vapour; and the heat, air, and vapour, so constituted, cannot think, no advance has been made by the comparative subtlety of the ardent vapours and aerial seeds from the corporeal nature, towards the nature of the *mind*. We have, then, before us the constitution of the mind without mind; the materials of thought, without the powers of thinking. We have been taught, that the mind is composed of matter; and now learn, that the matter of the mind is insensate. In a word, the mind of Lucretius wants a mind. He discovered this, and provided a FOURTH PRINCIPLE. But what is this FOURTH PRINCIPLE, this *nameless something*? A nature formed of seeds, still more subtle than those

of heat, air, and vapour. These seeds, by their excessive subtlety, as compared with the seeds of heat, air, and vapour, produce mind. But if the excessive subtlety of the seeds of heat, air, and vapour, as compared with the seeds of the body, makes no advance from the nature of the body towards the nature of mind; if the seeds of heat, air, and vapour, are as positively incogitative as those of the body, why should the excessive subtlety of the seeds of the fourth principle, as compared with the seeds of heat, air, and vapour, make any advance from the natures of heat, air, and vapour, towards the nature of mind? If thought depends solely on the tenuity of the mental atoms, as compared with those of heat, air, and vapour, why is not thought produced by the tenuity of the atoms of heat, air, and vapour, as compared with those of the body? Why does it not commence with the very commencement of the comparative tenuity? Why not begin with a seminal tenuity less excessive, as compared with the tenuity of the corporeal seeds, than that of the seeds of heat, air, and vapour? And again; since the seeds of the body are excessively tenuous, compared with the seeds of grosser substances, why is not mind produced by *their* comparative tenuity? Why does not thought begin with the body, and appertain to the body? Why, again, as the body matures, should not the creative power of its seeds increase, and the body at length attain the full faculty of reason? And, then, what necessity for a soul? The introduction of the poet's FOURTH PRINCIPLE is fatal both to his animal and rational theory.—Though without this nameless something he could form the human frame, there here was stopped. Till the FOURTH PRINCIPLE, the Promethean fire, animated his statue, it would not move. Something was wanting, and something he discovered; but missed the only adequate principle—*spiritual animation*. Not recognizing the giver of life, he could not perceive the gift: Life was matter, matter was life; and the excessively subtle seeds of heat, air, and vapour, were vivified by the more excessively subtle seeds of a FOURTH principle.

Now this is reasoning—close, sharp, conclusive reasoning; and it settles the point at once. Had it been in any of the irksome little creatures who have taken up their swords of straw against Lucretius, to talk in *this* strain, something might have been done towards baffling the proud obstinacy of that extraordinary, but misguided genius.

So many beauties, of a purely poetic description, demand our attention, that, notwithstanding our affection for logic, we must make short work with the remainder of the commentaries on this book, which abound in matter of the same kind as that of our last extract, and content ourselves with recommending them, in a body, as the most undeniable evidence of Dr.

Busby's talent at this species of writing, and the completest refutation of the pernicious errors of Lucretius.

The triumphant question of the poet, if the soul *were* immortal, would she not with rapture leave her worn and dilapidated mansion for an heavenly residence? struck us in the perusal, as being rendered with extreme felicity, and an ardent boldness truly Lucretian.

Or say, the soul eternal, would she grieve,
Her bonds to loosen, and her prison leave?
Would she not rather, with a just delight,
Rush to her freedom and celestial flight?
Joy, like the snake, her ancient slough to throw,
Wake to fresh vigour, with new lustre glow?
Or like the stag, that casts his antler's weight,
Exulting bound, and hail the happier state?

The following is the same style of characteristic *hauteur* and self-confidence :—

' And tell me whence the soul's so warm desire,
The body's gradual vigour to acquire ;
With her to grow, the flower of age attain,
Rise as she mounts, and slow perfection gain ;
But that from first the kindest, strictest ties
Together held the inseparable allies ?
Why from decaying members doth she fly,
In the foul trunk, as fearing she should lie ?
As dreading that the old and tottering frame
Should fall, and stifle her departing flame ?
Vain fear ; if not by nature doomed to die :
For what can injure immortality ?—

' Again ; a mortal nature to combine
With one whose energies can ne'er decline ;
To think that things so opposite in kind,
Blended can live, harmonious union find,
Were needless all—for what so wild a dream—
What more impossible to sense can seem,
Than temporal nature to eternal tied !
A dying frame and deathless soul allied ;
A Mortal Bridegroom and Immortal Bride !'

In painting circumstances of powerful human interest, in the delineation of animated nature, Lucretius has displayed great accuracy of conception, and a vividness of language that does not suffer the idea to cool in its passage. The descriptions of the mutilated warrior and wounded serpent are precisely of these kinds of veracious and forcible pictures ; scenes

with which, thanks to the gentleness of man, and the unconscionable fertility of nature in the subordinate classes of her offspring, some hundreds of thousands are charmingly familiar.

‘ In hostile fields, when unrelenting Mars
Sweeps through the falling ranks his scythed cars;
Lopped from the trunk, the warrior's members fly,
Purple the ground, and quiver as they lie:
So swift the motion of the griding steel,
Nor heart, nor mind, the glancing edge can feel;
Still glory's energies the soul engage,
Flush with triumphant hope, and fire with rage;
Still the maimed body urge upon the foe,
Inspire with courage, and impel the blow:
Dismembered heroes press the town's assault,
Scale the high walls, or o'er the ramparts vault;
Nor miss the severed limb, or battered shield,
They left behind them on the gory field;
Here a fallen warrior, mangled, strives to rise,
While his lost member quakes before his eyes;
There by its heaving trunk, the severed head,
Still stern of face, still looks the heart to dread;
Still flame the threatening eyes with living ire,
Nor close, till flown the soul's indignant fire.
So, if a sword to numerous parts divide,
The serpent's shining length, and speckled pride,
Quick-spouting blood from every tortured part,
And fierce convulsions tell the raging smart;
Red anger from his eye-balls flashes strong,
He brandishes around his forked tongue,
His crested head reverts with maddening pain,
The writhing parts to sting—nor stings in vain.

But the most striking and magnificent passage in this book, perhaps, in the whole poem, is the one in which nature, personified in *prosopopœia*, is represented as majestically rising up before the eyes of her ungrateful children, and indignantly reproving their causeless lamentations of approaching dissolution, and thankless return for her past indulgencies. We know not if the whole circle of ancient poetry contains a passage of equal sublimity, and to say that Dr. Busby has done it justice, is pronouncing that gentleman one of the first poets of his age—as far, be it understood, as eminently fine translation permits the concession. Our article has surpassed its intended boundary, and we cannot quit Dr. Busby with a better grace than by

quoting the paragraphs in illustration of our sentiments, and assuring him, that in our next number we shall return to the analysis of his work with the same pleasure and earnestness with which we resumed it in the present.

' I hear great Nature, rising in her ire,
 Upbraid her sorrows, and their cause require,
 ' Oh, folly! madness! whence, ah whence began
 These loud complaints, rash, discontented man?
 Why the vain tear indulge, and murmuring sigh?
 And whence the sad regret that thou must die?
 If life's delights thou freely did'st enjoy,
 And all her generous bounty well employ,
 Nor let them, in thy youth's exulting day,
 As through a fractured vessel, pass away;
 Why not with grace, the sumptuous banquet close?
 Cheerful retire, and take thy soft repose?—
 But if away life's blessings thou hast cast,
 And feel'st thy own improvidence at last,
 Why now dissatisfied? Why ask for more
 To throw away, like those you threw before?
 Why dost thou still prefer with care to live,
 Since no new joys, new pleasures I can give?
 In the same constant circle still they'll move,
 No bright diversities, no heightenings prove;
 Thus, though thy frame the age of man survived,
 (And worse, if to eternity you lived)
 Unvaried gifts but poorly would supply
 The bliss required, and better thou should'st die.'
 ' If angry Nature thus our folly drew,
 Say would the picture be more strong than true?
 ' But if with boundless grief a wretch complain,
 Might she not chide him in a harsher strain?
 ' Begone, sad fool: dispel thy thankless fears,
 Hush thy vain sigh, and dry thy fruitless tears:
 Hath he at life's declining stage arrived,
 ' Grievest thou,' she'll say, ' who all for pleasure lived?
 Fool! to bemoan the loss of past delight,
 The absent covet, and the present slight!
 Delightless doth thy being pass away,
 And joys unconsummated round thee play;
 Death unexpected stares thee in the face,
 Or ere thou'rt satisfied, or ere with grace,
 And crowned with blessings, thou can'st end thy race.
 But 'tis full time those pleasures to resign,
 Which scorn thy age, and will no more be thine:
 Leave them to others—grudge not to depart,
 But quit thy station with a cheerful heart.'

ART. VII.—*The Art of preserving the Sight unimpaired to an extreme old Age; and of re-establishing and strengthening it when it becomes weak : with Instructions how to proceed in accidental Cases, which do not require the assistance of professional Men, and the mode of treatment proper for the Eyes during, and immediately after, the Small-pox. To which are added, Observations on the Inconveniences and Dangers arising from the use of common Spectacles, &c. &c. By an experienced Oculist. Colburn. Pp. 247. 1815.*

To this short treatise our author has not thought proper to affix his name or residence. We cannot help expressing our surprise at this modest concealment, as the remarks are comprehensive and practical, demonstrating considerable experience in his profession; and seem well calculated to ensure the approbation of the reader. The contents are not very methodically arranged, and should not be considered as a description of all diseases to which the organ of sight is liable, but they will be found to contain many useful hints to preserve this inestimable faculty.

Amongst the wonders of the creation, the eye of an animal merits peculiar admiration; for, whether its structure is regarded as an organ of perfect mechanism, prospective contrivance, beauty, pleasure, or utility, it possesses a most prominent claim to our attention.

It is the faculty which affords a perpetual and renovated succession of delightful and picturesque scenes, imparting to the spectator's mind all the images which occupy the area of three parts of a circle to very extensive distances; and yet so surprisingly accommodating is its power, as to devolve by the aid of microscopic invention, a new world of splendid objects exquisitely perfect, and ten thousand times more minute than the point of a needle. The author of our existence has manifestly conferred upon this organ more transcendent properties to gratify mankind than any other; for, from its impressions made on the sensorium, we not only derive immediate pleasure, but the charming scenes of juvenile adventurers are depicted so forcibly on the imagination, that they will be retained with undiminished enjoyment, to a lengthened period of existence. Yet this does not appear to be the case with the ear; for, however mellifluously the harmony of sweet sounds may ravish and possess the senses, the remembrance of them will bear only a faint picture to the mind, compared with the lively representations excited on the retina of the eye. Miraculous indeed are the attributes of the visual faculty! whose power is capable of engraving upon the memory with precision (after a lapse of

many years) the figure, colour, dimensions, the variety of light and shade, and all the minutæ of a simple object.

Such a treasure should not be negligently or wantonly abused; yet, from its constant requisition, no part of the human structure seems to suffer more indiscriminate ill usage. There is no Charlatan who is not a professed eye doctor; scarce an old woman that has not a sovereign remedy. Although it is well known that this delicate organ is susceptible of a great variety of distinct diseases, each requiring a specific mode of treatment. So much being premised, we consider every essay of importance which comprehends sapient directions for preserving the eyes from diseases, or relieving them when morbidly affected.

This little work possesses the merit of using no unintelligible terms, but is offered as a manual of advice, containing efficacious precepts, and conveyed in a language within the reach of the simplest readers.

If the author had proposed a technical synopsis of ocular diseases, it would have abridged its value, and rendered its use problematical; but we have reason to believe it will prove a serviceable performance to the community at large, and will be perused with pleasure and advantage. It is not to be considered a mere collection of recipes, but rather as instructive precepts for patients to regulate and manage their own eyes; and if the directions should sometimes appear too fastidious, it ought to be remembered, that the anatomy of this beautiful organ is extremely delicate, and composed of a vascular network so inconceivably minute as renders it an object of microscopic wonder.

We shall now extract a few specimens of the author's observations. Speaking of the prudent use of the eyes in the various stages of existence, he goes on to say,

'Many parents seem to take it as an established maxim, that they must keep their children continually occupied lest they should become idle, or lest indolence should turn them from that pursuit to which they are destined, or from the acquirement of those accomplishments in which they are intended to shine. In consequence of this, the poor martyrs are constantly shut up in the same chamber, occupied at first with their play things; then with their studies; and often without the slightest exercise in the open air. Then come the masters, if the poor martyrs are cooked up at home, and there is no end to writing, drawing, sewing, embroidery, music, until the little ones driven beyond their powers, can no longer support it without complaining of their eyes. Too often indeed their complaints are useless; and although an ex-

perienced physician should be called in, who may speak from the dictates of his conscience to the headstrong parents, pointing out the excess of hurtful labour, yet the ordinary reply is 'that they cannot too soon accustom them to employment, if they wish to make any thing of them.'

'I shall not enlarge upon this silly obstinacy; but I still feel it my duty to recount some of the deadly results which are thus unnecessarily braved, and on which, people are not apt to reflect until too late; and I appeal here to the medical world, if these prejudices have not often been productive of the loss of sight, sometimes even of life to many children of both sexes.'

On the moderate use of the eyes in general, our author illustrates the position in the following chapter:—

'Inasmuch as a prudent use of the sight is salutary, so much is an entire state of inaction pernicious to it: and of this, there is the most incontestible proof in the case of the near-sighted and the squint-eyed. He who squints sees all objects double; and it is believed that it is only a bad habit, because that with time he begins to regard the objects around simply as they exist, and no person, not even the squinter himself, thinks that he sees objects but with one eye, when he sees them simple. If we examine with attention the visual mode of the squinter, we shall find, that he at the commencement of his indisposition, always closes the affected eye in order to fix it. So that in a short time, neglecting the use of it more and more, it loses its faculties compleatly by this constant inaction in such a manner that the unfortunate individual may be considered as one eyed.'

'I have in most cases of this kind been enabled to afford by the simple process of binding up the sound eye every day for a couple of hours, in order to oblige the patient to make use of the debilitated organ, and according as it was more or less indisposed to keep the other more or less veiled, continuing the operations until the unstrained eye could fully perform its functions.'

'Although the cause of this affection has occasioned much controversy with Doctor Priestly and other eminent men, the theory of it has been generally considered as a paralysis of the muscles of the diseased eye, owing to their inaction during the progress of this affection. The principle of the cure is scientific, as it is well known a palsied muscle is most speedily remedied by a gradated and moderate action.'

Our author observes, that it is always a matter of urgent necessity to preserve the eyes from a light too vivid, and expresses himself as follows, towards the ladies' dress.

'Every hat or bonnet of any other colour than black, grey, blue, or green, and particularly when the inside is smooth and shining, ought to be considered as an article of the most pernicious

quality; for in the same manner as water, or the snow in the streets, reflects the light by a thousand different rays, so does this brilliant lining throw it down upon the pupil, where it causes more ravages than even the direct rays of the sun itself upon the weakest eye-sights.

Again, with respect to fans, where still used by ladies, in summer, or at public places:—can any thing be imagined more absurd or foolish, than an instrument whose object is to intercept the rays of the sun, yet which receives it through every fold or opening; an instrument, too, red, white, or yellow, worked in gold, in silver, in ivory, or mother of pearl, as if expressly fabricated for the ruin of the eyes!—If these must be used let them be of some utility at least; but then they must be green, blue, or grey, without either brilliancy, or even transparency. And such are the inventions of luxury, there is no one more prejudicial to the eyes than the veils now used by the fair sex, which seem rather adopted for the purpose of exciting male curiosity, than for any absolute convenience resulting from them. The continual vacillation of these gauzes or nets thus intercepting objects in a confused and partial manner, weaken the sight so much that I frequently have under my care young persons, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, whose eyes were naturally very good, but who already complain of visual weakness, and are no longer able to execute any of those fine works with which they have been accustomed to amuse themselves.

Will these martyrs to fashion never be truly sensible of the injury they are thus doing to themselves? Ought they not, indeed, to perceive it in the ease and pleasure which they feel almost every moment in the very act of throwing their veil on one side in order that they may be better able to see the objects which excite their curiosity.

Yet the veil is still retained, and though some by an experience almost too hardy, have been induced to correct their error, yet I fear there will always be too many of these gew-gaws so pernicious to the visual faculty, as they are, unfortunately, now adopted even by the lowest classes. Would to heaven that my decree was strong enough, my words persuasive enough to banish them without a possibility of their returning.

In the first pages of this Review, we have expressed our sentiments generally upon the infinite importance which the visual faculty when perfect, produces on our happiness. There is a mechanical cause which is gradually operating upon this organ to occasion the imperfection of its powers; and this is the globular figure of the anterior portion of the eye, whilst the form of it continues accurate, and the rays of light are conveyed by the interior humours to produce a distinct image on the expansion of the optic nerve; the natural focus of the object will generally be about eight or nine inches from the sight. When the

prominence of the eye diminishes, this space grows proportionably longer, and the object of vision is rendered less distinct. This alteration is commonly felt by the inhabitants of Europe about fifty years of age; and proceeds with gradual progress until the picture on the retina can no longer be distinguished. Here then is the period of the most deplorable catastrophe which human nature can experience, the total failure of this incomparable faculty.

Amongst the various examples of human ingenuity, there is no invention which deserves to be more highly estimated than an apt substitute to repair deteriorated vision.

We humbly offer our opinion, that appropriate glasses, under the denomination of spectacles, possess this property; but certainly no instrument requires more skill in the artist, or more considerate discretion in the wearer. From the former the choice of the material; whether of glass or the Brazil pebble, they should be perfectly destitute of any flaw, and both the glasses should bear a correct accuracy in their execution. The wearer should not be contented to use any that required a focus of more than eight or nine inches, which should render the object clear without magnifying, and without occasioning uneasiness after they had been used. Such instruments can always be found at skilful opticians, and then it must be conceded that it is a valuable acquisition, as with such an assistance a wearer of fourscore will read or write with the same facility as when he was forty years of age. We do not think it necessary to add more than quoting the author's sentiments upon the danger of some kind of spectacles.

Common spectacles made as it were by chance, and as it is vulgarly termed, though truly, manufactured by wholesale from all sorts of defective materials, even sometimes from the common window glass, are much to be complained of; and if the public could be brought to reflect seriously upon the dangerous effects which result from their use, the whole tribe of Jew opticians (as dangerous to the full as the quackery oculist) would soon be deprived of a venal gain, founded upon the ignorance and intention of their customers.

I shall state a few points in which common glasses are always defective, in hopes that no idea of cheapness or economy shall in future induce even the poorest to have recourse to those which infallibly destroy the sight, they were expected to assist and to preserve.

It is indeed a matter of serious import to the poor in general, and worthy the attention of the benevolent, that a charity should be formed on the principle of the Rupture Society, at whose house there might be a supply of good optical glasses, with

respectable dispenser skilled in this particular branch of medicine, who would distribute good spectacles to the poor that were absolutely in want of them, and even supply the decenter classes with them at a cheap rate.

‘The points of complaint respecting common spectacles, in general, are

‘That they are badly polished, which affects their transparency.

‘That the two glasses or lenses are never of an equal thickness.

‘That the glass is often full of specks and imperfections, which being partly ground down are not easily observable.

‘And finally, that the convexity is not regular; the sides not only differing, but different degrees of convexity being absolutely on the same side of the lens.

‘One great cause of all these evils is in the mode of grinding them, one person attending to several at a time, although good opticians will agree with me that one lens at a time is sufficient for a workman’s attention if it is to be properly ground. It is indeed a general principle with honest opticians, that the principal attention of the workman ought to be paid to the preservation of a regular sphericity in each lens, whether convex or concave; for which reason each must be kept perpendicular to the plane of the machine, a thing which cannot be done if two are ground at once, for neither of them can be perfect, on account of being obliged to change them from hand to hand alternately; and it is easy to conceive that an infinity of defects must exist in those which are made, from two to six at a time; if, indeed, any good lenses should be found in the latter case, which, no doubt, sometimes happens, it is merely a matter of chance. The cheapness of these glasses, unfortunately, is a bait to many; but I cannot sufficiently deplore the ignorance of those who are so inattentive to the preservation of their most precious faculty, and whose wants are essentially different from any others to which the human frame is subject.

We shall add nothing further respecting this little essay, which, upon the whole, does the author credit; and as we have considered it a commendable treatise, the reader who is interested to preserve his eye-sight, may be advised to furnish himself with the wholesome directions which it inculcates, and consult them occasionally when he finds it necessary.

ART. IX.—A Treatise on the Principles and Practice of the High Court of Chancery; under the following heads:—1. Common Law Jurisdiction of the Chancellor.—2. Equity Jurisdiction of the Chancellor.—3. Statutory Jurisdiction of the Chancellor.—4. Specially Delegated Jurisdiction of the Chancellor. By Henry Maddock, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister at Law. 2 Vols. Octavo. Pp. 1131, exclusively of Preface, Table of Contents, and List of Cases cited. Clarke and Co.

THE rules which govern the present practice of the Court of Chancery, and the principles on which they are founded, have long been established, both by customary and statutory law. From the original institution of the court (which may be traced as far back as the reign of Edward the first*), to the time of Sir Heneage Finch, created Earl of Nottingham, by Charles the Second, it is, indeed, true, that no regular system of jurisprudence was adhered to, by the chancellors, who successively presided. The great seal was seldom committed to the guardianship of lawyers; pliant courtiers, arrogant and ambitious prelates, were its almost exclusive depositaries. These persons, who, though keepers of the king's conscience, evidently retained but little of *their own*, imagining themselves invested with uncircumscribed authority, more frequently listened to the voice of egotism, and personal aversion, than to the dictates of substantial justice and sound morality. The numerous decrees passed within that period, savoured of nothing so much as arbitrary stretch of power, and perversion of intellect; and exhibited, in colours the most glaring, contempt of every maxim of reason, and every precept of equity. But the accession of Sir Heneage Finch to the supreme seat in the Court of Chancery, was a prelude to the introduction of an enlightened plan of procedure, and the establishment of a complete reformation in practice. That distinguished judge, endowed with eminent talents, and incorruptible virtue, deeply read in the legal and constitutional doctrine of his country, quick to discern, and indefatigable in pursuing, the genuine principles of justice, notwithstanding the labyrinth of error and chicane, in which they were then involved, abolished the former false and pernicious system, elucidated the true grounds of equity (on which the learning of Ellesmere, and the genius of Bacon, had previously shed but feeble light), and laid the foundation of a comprehensive and liberal scheme of jurisprudence, which the wisdom of the legislature, aided by the

* Vide Fleta, l. 2. c. 13.

probity, and abilities of men, subsequently called to fill the office of chancellor, has fostered, meliorated, and established.

It is, nevertheless, an opinion, frequently propagated, and as frequently received, that the power of the chancery court is still absolute and unlimited; and that the acts of the judge, do not, necessarily conform to strict and positive regulations, but are the pure offspring of uncontrouled discretion: and this opinion, it is alleged, derives no inconsiderable support from the testimony of some profound lawyers and antiquaries, Spelman,* Coke, Lambard, Selden, and even Bacon himself. But, independently of the consideration, that the declarations of writers, however respectable, who lived at periods so far distant, cannot, by any fair ratiocination, or ingenious sophistry, be employed to show the *present* nature of a jurisdiction, which, since their time, has been gradually matured and settled; an appeal to the statute-book, a perusal of the works of later juridical authors, and even a superficial review of the prevailing practice of the court, will sufficiently demonstrate the ignorance of those who now inculcate this notion, and the misplaced credulity of such as yield it implicit faith. To exemplify.

It is affirmed, that the chief business of the court of equity is to ~~abate~~ the rigour of the common law; and that the performance of this duty, is confided to the conscience and discretion of the chancellor. No such authority exists. Common law ordains, 'that land devised, or descending to the heir, shall not be liable to simple contract debts of the ancestor or deviser, although the money was laid out in purchasing the very land.' The injustice of this ordinance is manifest. An individual incurs a debt of large amount, without giving to the creditor, either an acknowledgment by deed, or bond for repayment; he dies, bequeathing his territorial possessions, rich in the bounty of nature, and improved by every effort of art, to some remote relative, some intimate friend, or entire stranger; or, by operation of law, they become vested in the next heir. In this case, the creditor is furnished with no legal claim on the estate; law exempts it from responsibility, and forbids him to indulge the hope of obtaining from that, perhaps, the only source, satisfaction of his debt. But, a court of equity is powerless to in-

* The language of this recondite archæologist is, certainly, unequivocal. 'Quæ in summis tribunalibus multi le legum canone decernunt iudices, solus (si res exegerit) cohibet cancellarius ex arbitrio; nec aliter decretis tenetur sæ curiæ vel sui ipsius, quin, elucante nova ratione, recognoscat quæ voluerit, mutet et deleat prout sæ videbitur prudentiæ.' Gloss. 108.

terpose; it can minister no relief. The law is positive, and the maxim is inviolable; coercing with indiscriminate rigour, *pari potentia*, every equitable and legal tribunal.

Again, it is urged, that the peculiar province of the chancellor is to trace out, and decide according to, the spirit of the rule, in utter disregard of the letter, when the letter and the rule are mutually repugnant. But so far is this from being the exclusive duty of that officer, that every judicial functionary is bound to observe it. The genuine spirit of the common law, the true intention or mind of the legislature, apparent or discoverable, must, in every instance, be strictly followed, and inflexibly adhered to. The interpretation of customary law, the construction of parliamentary statutes, is governed in one court by the same systematic precision as that which prevails in another. Each strives to give a just and equitable exposition. Neither is authorized to extend, curtail, or modify, in the minutest degree, the express or ascertainable sense. Indeed, were it otherwise, perpetual discord and irreconcilable variance would inevitably ensue. The administration of a law, couched in ambiguous language, would appear in a variety of shapes. An equity judge would endeavour to fathom its *essential* meaning; while the judges of the common law courts, intent upon nothing so much as preserving the integrity of the *letter*, pertinaciously enforced its mandates or prohibitions to the utmost verge of their application. Thus the scales of justice would be in a state of continual vacillation: mild and oppressive determinations flow from one and the same source: and these, incessantly multiplying, must confound and distract every suitor, and even the most experienced lawyer, with their number and contrarieties. But the non-existence of such evils is to be ascribed to the uniformity of the views taken of the law by those appointed to watch over the rights of individuals. The principles and practice of the respective courts of law and equity are, for the most part, in unison with each other; the decisions in cases, over which a concurrent jurisdiction is exercised, bear reciprocal resemblance; and, where the jurisdiction is exclusive, a well-connected plan of proceedings is established, from which the judge is not permitted to swerve.*

* Lord Nottingham, disapproving the doctrine laid down in some cases cited in *Freeman versus Goodham*, said, with more warmth than prudence, 'that he would alter the law in that point,' (the point at issue), *Chan. Rep.* 295. But Lord Talbot, when this declaration was mentioned to him, observed, 'that he did not see how any thing less than an act of Parliament could alter the law.' 'If,' said his lordship, 'the law, as it now stands, be thought inconvenient, it will be a good reason for the legislature to alter it; but, till that is done, what is law at present must take place.' 3 P. Wms. 411.

The systems of jurisprudence (says Sir William Blackstone*) fit our courts, both of law and equity, are now equally artificial systems founded in the same principles of justice and positive law; but varied by different usages in the forms and mode of proceedings.

The work before us is denominated 'A Treatise on the Principles and Practice of the High Court of Chancery.' What ought we to expect from a title so promising? What is the signification of the term 'treatise?' Is it synonymous with 'essay,' 'disquisition?' Most unquestionably it is. Are we not warranted, then, in looking into a work, thus entitled, for something like critical discussion and sound reflection? or, at least, something approaching lucid observation and judicious remark; in addition to extensive knowledge and simple statement of facts? The question admits but of one rational answer. But Henry Maddock, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, barrister at law, entertains, we suppose, a very different opinion. Whether that gentleman actually drew up the title, *subsequently* to the conclusion of his labours, in the fond conception of its appropriateness to what he had *already* done; or whether he bestowed on it his *earliest* care, as a voucher of what he *intended* to do; we have not the temerity to determine. But thus much we will assert, that, by publishing his volumes in their present state, Mr. M. is himself singularly forward in evincing to demonstration the utter want of analogy between their contents and the appellation with which he has chosen to honour them. In travelling through his multitudinous pages, not a single original remark, not even the shadow of an examination of the basis, on which rests any one legal or equitable maxim, has fallen within our ken. No argumentation is employed; no sagacity exercised. At disquisition there is no attempt; at subtlety no endeavour. In a word; regarded as a 'treatise,' on a learned and vitally important science, the work is dry, insipid, and uninviting.

But we would not have it imagined, that, because this publication is totally destitute of reasoning, and every kind of literary merit, it presents no *materials* for thinking,—no useful information. The author certainly exhibits himself as a diligent student, and industrious compiler. Indefatigable in collecting cases, active in accumulating authorities. And, though we cannot congratulate him on his powers of methodical or perspicacious arrangement, we yet willingly award him all due praise, as a laborious researcher and storer of facts.

From the foregoing observations it is tolerably clear, that in noticing a 'treatise' like the present, the critic has but one course to adopt. Having no substratum for *literary* criticism, he is compelled to confine his remarks to the *subject-matter*. With this limitation of our censorship, we rest perfectly contented. It is our design, therefore, in the instance before us, to display to our readers, a synoptical view of the law, touching one of the many weighty topics comprehended in the vast system of chancery jurisprudence, and to briefly offer such ideas, as may suggest themselves to our mind, from an attentive contemplation of the subject. We shall select bankruptcy.

Previous to developing the general outline of the law upon this question, it is incumbent on us to explain the technical import of the phrase, 'act of bankruptcy.' An act of bankruptcy, then, may be defined 'a certain act committed, or line of conduct pursued, by a trader or *chapman*, which by the statutes of the realm, renders him liable to be immediately deprived of the ownership of his estate, provided, he stand indebted to any one creditor in the amount of 100l., to two in the amount of 150l., or three or more in the amount of 200l.*' We say 'statutes,' because the whole code of bankrupt laws is an invention solely of the legislature. To the common law it is an entire stranger. And hence it has been determined by Sir John Holt, that the clandestine removal of property for the purpose of preventing an exertion, cannot be deemed an act of bankruptcy.† For the statutes include only fraudulent conveyances, and procuring the seizure of effects by colourable process: but this, though a palpable fraud, yet being parallel with neither of those cases, constitutes no ground for declaring the party bankrupt. It has also been expressly adjudged, 'that a banker's stopping or refusing payment, is no act of bankruptcy; for it is not within the description of any of the statutes.'‡

From the above definition it appears, that no act of bankruptcy can be committed by any one, except a *trader* or *chapman*: the operation of the laws being strictly confined to persons of that class. Purchasing simply, or simply vending, will not rank an individual under either of those denominations: but that he purchase or vend, for the *means of subsistence*, is indispensably required.

The humanity of the legislature towards honest but unfortunate traders,§ is, doubtless known to all; but the reasons on

* 5 Geo. 2. c. 30. † Lord Raymond's reports, 725. ‡ 7 Mod. 139.

§ The enlightened policy recently adopted by the legislature in regard to other orders of the community, may seem the counterpart of that, which pervades

which it is founded, may not be obvious to many. 'If,' says the classical commentator on English jurisprudence, 'persons in other situations of life, run in debt without the power of payment, they must take the consequences of their own indiscretion, even though they meet with sudden accidents that may reduce their fortunes: for the law holds it to be an unjustifiable practice, for any person but a trader to encumber himself with debts of any considerable value. If a gentleman, or one in a liberal profession, at the time of contracting his debts, has a sufficient fund to pay them, the delay of payment is a species of dishonesty, and a temporary injustice to his creditor: and if, at such time, he has no sufficient fund, the dishonesty and injustice is the greater. He cannot therefore murmur, if he suffers the punishment which he has voluntarily drawn upon himself. But in mercantile transactions the case is far otherwise. Trade cannot be carried on without mutual credit on both sides: the contracting of debts is therefore here not only justifiable, but necessary. And if by accidental calamities, as by the loss of a ship in a tempest, the failure of brother traders, or by the non-payment of persons out of trade, a merchant or trader becomes incapable of discharging his own debts, it is his misfortune, and not his fault. To the misfortunes therefore of debtors, the law has given a compassionate remedy, but denied it to their faults; since, at the same time that it provides for the security of commerce, by enacting that every considerable trader may be declared a bankrupt, for the benefit of his creditors as well as himself, it has also (to discourage extravagance) declared, that no one shall be capable of being made a bankrupt, but a trader; nor capable of receiving the full benefit of the statutes, but only an *industrious* trader.* These, then, are the humane reasons, which have induced our lawgivers to mitigate the calamities of individuals, engaged in the perplexities and speculations of traffic.

We proceed to enumerate the principal acts of bankruptcy. They are, 1. Departing from the realm, whereby a debtor withdraws himself from the jurisdiction and coercion of the law, with intent to defraud his creditors.† 2. Departing from his own house, with intent to secrete himself, and avoid his creditors.‡ 3. Concealing himself in his own house, so as to be

the statutes affecting the commercial world. But whoever consults the 'act for the relief of insolvent debtors,' will find that it contains many provisions peculiar to itself, and widely different from those which characterize the bankrupt laws.

* Vide 2 Blackst. Comment. 473. † 13 Eliz. c. 7. ‡ Ibid. l. Jac. c. 15.

inaccessible to his creditors, unless for just and necessary cause; which is likewise construed into an intention to defraud his creditors, by avoiding the process of the law.* 4. Procuring or suffering himself willingly to be arrested, outlawed, or imprisoned, without just and lawful cause; which is also deemed an attempt to defraud his creditors.† 5. Procuring his money, goods, chattels, and effects to be attached or sequestered by any legal process; which is another plain and direct endeavour to disappoint his creditors of their security.‡ 6. Making any fraudulent conveyance to a friend, or secret trustee, of his lands, tenements, goods, or chattels; which is an act of the same suspicious nature with the last.§ 7. Procuring any protection, not being himself privileged by Parliament, in order to screen his person from arrest; which likewise is an endeavour to elude the justice of the law.|| 8. Endeavouring or desiring by petition to the king, or bill exhibited in any of the king's courts against any creditors, to compel them to take less than their just debts; or to procrastinate the time of payment, originally contracted for; which are an acknowledgment of either his poverty or his knavery.¶ 9. Lying in prison for two months, upon arrest or other detention for a debt of an hundred pounds, without finding bail, in order to obtain his liberty.** For the inability to procure bail, argues a strong deficiency in his credit, owing either to his suspected poverty, or ill character; and his neglect to do it, if able, can arise only from a fraudulent intention: in either of which cases it is high time for his creditors to look to themselves, and compel a distribution of his effects. 10. Escaping from prison after an arrest for a just debt of an hundred pounds.†† For no man would break prison who was able and desirous to procure bail; which brings this within the reason of the last case. 11. Neglecting to make satisfaction for any just debt to the amount of 100l. within two months after service of legal process for such debt, upon any trader having privilege of parliament.‡‡

An act of bankruptcy being committed, a petition must be presented to the lord chancellor, by one or more creditors, praying him to grant a *commission* 'to such discreet persons, as to him shall seem good,' for the purpose of inquiring into and examining the state of the debtor's affairs: the petitioners at the same time proving their debts by *affidavit*,§§ swearing

* 13 Eliz. c. 7.

† Ibid, 1 Jac. 1. c. 15.

‡ 1 Jac. 1. c. 15.

§ Ibid.

|| 21 Jac. 1. c. 19.

¶ Ibid.

** Ibid.

†† Ibid.

‡‡ 4th. Geo. 3. c. 83. vide necnon. 2. Blackst. Comment. 478.

§§ 5 Geo.

2. c. 20.

their belief that the party is become bankrupt, and executing a bond to the great seal, in the penalty of two hundred pounds, conditioned to verify their statement. And to prevent collusive commissions, 'if they receive any money or effects from the bankrupt, as a recompense for suing out the commission so as to receive more than their ratable dividends of the bankrupt's estate, they forfeit not only what they shall have so received, but their whole debt.'* The affidavit and bond are delivered into the bankrupt's office, (an office incident to the court of chancery,) and entry is made in the Docket-Book. This constitutes what is termed, *striking a docket*; which, in every instance, necessarily precedes the commission. And by an order of court, originating with Lord Chancellor Erskine, it is decreed, that a docket shall not be considered as struck, until entered in the docket-book; and that 'if any person striking a docket, shall not, within four days next after such docket shall be struck, order a commission to be sealed at the then next public seal, in case there shall be a public seal, within seven days after such docket shall be struck, or by a private seal, within eight days after the striking of such docket, and shall not cause the same to be sealed accordingly, then that any person may be at liberty to sue out a commission without notice being given to the person who shall first have applied for such commission.'† The law indispensably requires that the petitioning creditor found his application upon a *legal debt*, that is, a debt recoverable in a court of law; for, if the debt be properly subject to the jurisdiction of a court of equity, it will not, however just and indisputable, be sufficient to support a commission.‡ Hence, it has been adjudged, that an *assignee of a bond*, cannot pray a commission; he not being a *legal creditor*.§ It is also explicitly declared, by the highest authority in the country, that if a creditor has his debtor *in execution*, he cannot petition for a commission of bankruptcy.

When the commission is issued, which is a matter of right,|| and as much *ex debito justitiæ* as a writ,¶ it is the first duty of the commissioners, to require the *petitioning creditor* to appear *in propria persona*, to examine him concerning the nature and condition of his debt,** ascertain the vocation of the debtor, and hear evidence touching the act of bankruptcy. If the testimony adduced be clear and convincing, it is their next duty

* 2 Blackst., Comment. 460.

ber, 1806.

1 P. Wms. 782.

Wilson, 1 Atk. 218.

† Vide Lord E.'s order, 29th of December, 1806.

‡ Vid. *Ex parte Hillyard*, 2 Ves. 407.

§ *Ex parte Loe*,

|| *Ex parte Browne*, 18 Ves. 63.

** *Cook's Bankr. law*, 1. Vol. 7.

to pronounce the party bankrupt, to give notice of the fact in the gazette, command the personal surrender of the bankrupt within a limited period, and appoint three distinct days (the last of which must be on the forty-second day after the advertisement, unless the time be enlarged by the chancellor) for the meeting of the creditors to prove their respective claims, and select certain of their own body, in whom shall be vested, for common benefit, the sole management and distribution of the debtor's estate. But, if it be a point of doubt, whether or not the party is a trader within the meaning of the statutes, the chancellor will, on application, enjoin the commissioners to forbear issuing any warrant of seizure against the debtor's effects, or summoning him to surrender before any issue on the question has been tried;* or the court will direct an *action* to be brought by the alleged bankrupt, and in the mean time, stay proceedings.† And when a commission is sued out from motives purely malicious, the party is at liberty either to petition the chancellor to assign the bond, or to institute an action.

The voluntary surrender of the bankrupt, protects him from arrests, arising from any civil cause of action, till his final examination is past: but if he fail to surrender, or conform to the several injunctions of the statutes, he shall be deemed guilty of felony without benefit of clergy, and shall suffer death; and his goods and estate shall be distributed among his creditors.‡ If reasonable apprehension be entertained that in the interval between the date of the commission and last day of surrender, he will abscond or conceal himself, he may be arrested under the warrant of any judge or justice of the peace, and his effects and papers be consigned to the commissioners.§

But unavoidable inability to surrender within the time prescribed, as *sickness*, &c. is good cause for petitioning the chancellor for an order, to permit the commissioners to appoint a fresh meeting, and to take the surrender;|| which seems to have led to the decision, that an omission to surrender, if undesignated, is not felony.¶

On his examination, the bankrupt is bound under the penalty of death, to make full discovery of his estate and effects, as well in expectancy as possession. If he conceal or embezzle any portion, to the amount of twenty pounds, (except the necessary apparel for himself, his wife, and children,) or withholds any books or writings, with the intention to defraud his cre-

* Ex parte Parsons, 1 Atk. 72.
217, 218. ‡ 5 Geo. 2. c. 30.
¶ Ambl. 307.

† Ex parte Bryant, 1 Ves. and Bea.
§ Ibid. || 15 Ves. p. 1.

ators, he is a felon without benefit of clergy, and his creditors shall be entitled to his property.*

If imprisoned by the commissioners for refusing to answer, or for answering in an unsatisfactory manner, he may, by an *Habeas Corpus*, have the propriety of the questions, or the sufficiency of the answer, determined either in the chancery or a common law court.† And, if committed for not answering a question, the answer to which might subject him to a prosecution for felony, the *chancellor*, on the presentation of an *Habeas Corpus*, will discharge him. An illegal commitment is foundation for an action.‡

We shall develop the subsequent operations of the law, in the words of Sir William Blackstone.

‘ If the bankrupt hath made an ingenuous discovery, (of the truth of which there remains no reason to doubt) and hath conformed in all points to the directions of the law; and if, in consequence thereof, the creditors, or four $\frac{1}{5}$ parts in five of them in number and value, (but none of them creditors for less than 20l.) will sign a certificate to that purport; the commissioners are then to authenticate such certificate under their hands and seals, and to transmit it to the lord chancellor: and he, on oath made by the bankrupt, that such certificate was obtained without fraud, may allow the same; or disallow it, upon cause shewn by any of the creditors of the bankrupt.

‘ If no cause be shewn to the contrary, the certificate is allowed of course; and then the bankrupt is entitled to a decent and reasonable allowance out of his effects, for his future support and maintenance, and to put him in a way of honest industry. This allowance is also in proportion to his former good behaviour, in the early discovery of the decline of his affairs, and thereby giving his creditors a larger dividend. For, if his effects will not pay half of his debts, or ten shillings in the pound, he is left to the discretion of the commissioners and assignees, to have a competent sum, allowed him, not exceeding *three per cent*; but if they pay ten shillings in the pound, he is to be allowed *five per cent*; if twelve shillings and sixpence, then *seven and a half per cent*; and if fifteen shillings in the pound, then the bankrupt shall be allowed *ten per cent*: provided, that such allowance do not in the first case exceed 200l.; in the second 250l.; and in the third 300l.‖

‘ Besides this allowance, he has also an indemnity granted him,

* 5 Geo. 2. c. 30. † *Ex parte Lingood*, 1 Atk. 242. ‡ 2 Wils. 382.

§ By stat. 49 Geo. 3. c. 121. s. 13. this number is reduced to *three-fifths*. || But, it is one of the enactments of the stat. 24 Geo. 2. c. 57. that if a bankrupt suffer his *bona fide* creditors to be imposed on by debts which he is sensible are *fictitious*, he shall be excluded *in perpetuo* from all title to these merciful provisions. And if he has given with any one of his children a marriage

of being free and discharged for ever from all debts owing by him at the time he became a bankrupt; even though judgment shall have been obtained against him, and he lies in prison upon execution for such debts; and for that, among other purposes, all proceedings on commissions of bankrupt are, on petition, to be entered of record, as a perpetual bar against actions to be commenced on this account: though, in general, the production of the certificate properly allowed shall be sufficient evidence of all previous proceedings.*

This, then, is a summary of the general plan and process of the laws of bankruptcy. In taking a review of those laws, we may observe, that, for the most part, they are distinguished by a spirit of great liberality, and founded on solid principles of wisdom. They give every just security to the creditor, consistent with the best views of the trading interest, and lighten the unavoidable burthens of the debtor, which would otherwise press upon him with a weight altogether insupportable, and, perhaps, ultimately drive him to seek relief in self-destruction. But there are still two points which we think deserve the serious attention of the legislature. 1. The punishment of death annexed to the non-surrender of a bankrupt. 2. The option of creditors, either to grant or refuse the certificate, by which alone the bankrupt can hope of restoring his faded fortunes, and regaining that station in society which he held before with irreproachable integrity. With regard to the first point, we have but few observations to offer. It is, doubtless, true, that as the principal intention of the bankrupt laws is to put the creditor in possession of the debtor's effects, so every facility should be given to the ascertaining the extent and quantity of those effects; and that as the debtor must, from every imaginable reason, possess the most intimate knowledge of his own affairs, and a perfect estimate of the extent and circumstances of his own property, so he should be *compellable* to afford elucidation and explanation on such topics, to those in whose hands the law directs the effects to be vested: but we cannot think, that the severest penalty known to our criminal jurisprudence, is either wisely or justly inflicted on a distressed individual, who, from a *variety* of causes, no one of which even approximate to felony, may be induced to disobey the rigid mandates of the law, and forbear to present himself before creditors

portion of more than 100l. at a time when his effects were insufficient to liquidate all his debts; or if within a twelvemonth before he became bankrupt. If he have lost at any one time 5l. or in the whole 100l. by gaining or wagering, then also a similar exclusion attends him, 5 Geo. 2. c. 30.

* 2 Blackst. Com. 483.

who have suffered from either his imprudence or misfortune, and can prove sound and legitimate claims upon him, which he is conscious that neither his territorial, pecuniary, or other property, is sufficient fully to answer. On the second point, we have something more to say. If an individual, who, in consequence of being deeply involved in ruinous speculations, is declared a bankrupt, surrender himself within the time appointed, answer all legal interrogatories with precision, truth, and clearness make full developement of all his effects, and conform, in every respect, to the express letter of the law,—surely such an individual deserves to have his merits certified by those who have received benefit from them. But, if the law deems it wise to qualify creditors to give such certificate to their debtors, it ought to vest them with no *discretionary* power to grant or refuse it. If the debtor be honest, and up to the very moment of his application for the certificate, have demeaned himself with exemplary rectitude, undoubtedly he prefers a claim too strong, too palpably just, to admit the exercise of discretion. The circumstances are clear; the duty should be definite. But, as the case now stands, creditors are the absolute judges of their debtors—that principle which predominates in our legal code, ‘*nemo debet esse iudex in sua propria causa*,’ is here effectually lost sight of. The creditor has full and unquestionable power to say to his unfortunate, but virtuous, debtor: ‘I know that you have had to struggle with a long series of untoward events, and have, at last, sunk under the overwhelming weight of despondency—I know that you have surrendered to your creditors both yourself for examination, and your estate for their use—that you have obeyed the laws of bankruptcy in every point—that you have shewn an unimpeachable character,—and that you are now literally without the means of support; but that with an attestation of these circumstances, coming from your chief creditors, you might be enabled to again commence the career of honourable life, to advance in repute, and eventually reach the summit of your laudable ambition; nevertheless, I have cherished two or three little prejudices against you, prejudices which I know not how I have contracted, and I cannot relinquish my claims to the produce of your future exertions, the fruits of your future industry, by consenting to be a party to the certificate.’

ART. X.—*Travels through the South of France, and in the Interior of the Provinces of Provence and Languedoc, in the Years 1807 and 1808; by a Route never before performed, being along the Banks of the Loire, the Isere, and the Garonne, through the greater Part of their Course. Made, by permission of the French Government, by Lieutenant-colonel Pinkney, of the North American Native Rangers. Pp. 473. Gale and Co. 1814.*

LITTLE more than half a year has flown by, since the Emperor Napoleon swayed over the fortunes of the most powerful country of Europe; a country his military and political genius had borne to the pinnacle of greatness, enabling her to hold in subjection nations, *kings*, we should rather say, who had formerly conspired against her existence as *France*. The battle of Lodi doubled her martial renown, the thunders of Marengo announced the descent of peace and glory on her plains; and when her monarch-general advanced to the metropolis of Austria, the mightiness of France, and the ambition of her sovereign, suddenly bursting on their besotted enemies, afforded ample field for fearful speculation: the state of things was radically changed, and those who had presided at the councils of Pilnitz, now looked forward to the period when the Neva, the Danube, the Manzanares, and the Tagus, might flow through the empire of Napoleon.

Little more than half a year has elapsed, since the election of a Bourbon to the throne of France was held out as the precious balm that was to heal the wounds of Europe, and pour reanimating influences through every artery of her exhausted frame. The war-shaken nations sighed for the tranquillities of peace, her rainbow glistened over the temples of Louis, her doves nestled among his lilies; repose was dearer than glory, and the hearts of the French, we were told, clung to the man whose reign was to realize Saturnian fables. All our minstrels burst out into joyous rhapsodies; songs, and odes, and masques celebrated the birth of the new era; Cossacks were astonished to find themselves angels; Russians became demi-gods; and from the north to the south, from the east to the west, rang forth the hallelujahs of the nations for extinguished horrors, and descending delights.—ALAS!—

These observations arose from certain impressions left on our minds by the present publication, which we consider, in a good measure, as a sort of *exposé* of the state of the *French EMPIRE* in regard to very many of the constituents of national prosperity; the state of its agriculture, its internal commerce, the condition of its people, &c. Of all these important sub-

jects, as they relate to the kingdom of France, and the consequences which the new government may produce, the state of things is too unsettled to admit of stable deductions.

Mr. Pinkney is a near relation, we believe the son of the late ambassador of the United States to this country. At a very early period of his life, the desire of seeing France had incorporated itself with his fondest wishes. A land which nature, art, genius, and glory, all united to embellish—France, the paradise, in fine, of Europe, rose to his waking, sleeping visions, and called him to her shores. About the middle of the summer of 1807, Lieutenant Colonel Pinkney landed at Calais, where he obtained his passport for the interior, and reached Paris by the usual route, through Montreuil, Abbeville, Amiens, and Clermont. A week at Paris could only enable him to form a very general notion of the modern Athens. During his sojourn in the capital, he domesticated with Mr. Younge, the confidential secretary of Mr. Armstrong, American ambassador to France: and the hospitality of his host, and the loveliness of Mrs. Younge, appear to have had their due effect on Mr. Pinkney's susceptibility. At Paris he was presented at court, and seems to have been dazzled with the splendour of the imperial audience. From Paris he proceeded, in company with Mr. Younge, his lady, (a niece of the celebrated Lally Tolendal), and Mademoiselle St. Sillery, a niece of Mrs. Younge, southward, through the delicious regions of Provence and Languedoc, along the smiling banks of the Loire, the Isere, and Garonne, to Marseilles, where he took leave of the kind and lovely friends whose society had enhanced the pleasures of his delightful journey, and embarked for America, to which country his private affairs imperiously called him.

Mr. Pinkney's design in making this tour was not that usually formed and acted upon by travellers. His main and sensible objects were to become familiar with the face and character of the country, the nature and species of its productions, and the state of its inhabitants. Travellers, generally speaking, traverse the regions, of which they pretend to furnish accounts, with a celerity that *cannot* permit any extended, discriminating, or luminous observations, and pass on to towns and cities, which they describe with the feelings of persons escaped from purgatory. Not so Mr. Pinkney; he went to France, not so much to see Paris and its other cities, as to acquire correct notions of the agriculture and scenery of the country, and the manners of the people. If not a profound, he is by no means an uninteresting, observer. If his book will not place him on

a level with Volney or Humboldt,* we might in justice rank his volume in a much higher class of productions than 'Strangers in France and Ireland, &c.'

These travels, indeed, abound with useful, interesting, and sometimes curious matter. Mr. Pinkney deviated from the ordinary route, and of course beheld many things not previously described, information on which was, nevertheless, much to be desired. The contents of his book are interesting and multifarious; and, as they relate to a period which has been represented as the iron age of France, we have deemed it proper to analyze these travels with more than usual attention, to generalize its intelligence; and shall now proceed to lay before our readers the results of our scrutiny under their distinct and appropriate heads.

CLIMATE.—The difference of temperature between the south of England and the north of France is sensibly experienced at Calais and in its neighbourhood. The air greets the stranger with an unaccustomed softness, and the influence of warmer gales is exhibited in the superior fertility of the soil. Vegetation is more abundant and vigorous, trees grow nearer the cliffs, and the Flora of Calais is more luxuriant and various than that of the Kentish coast. Approaching Paris, the climate improves; and between Breteuil and the capital, the vine gives evidence of the increasing warmth of the climate. South of Paris the temperature is Elysian, and the heavens present one cloudless expanse of bright azure, gradually deepening into the rich *teinture* of an Italian sky. The sun-set in this country is mentioned by Mr. Pinkney as surpassingly glorious. In the departments of the Loire, the air, like that of Sheerauz, is so extremely dry and pure, that the inhabitants frequently repose under no other covering than the sky; and our traveller usually kept his casement open during the night. In truth, from Paris to Marseilles, from Bourdeaux to Lyons, the climate of France is a paradisiacal union of the mildest airs, the brightest heavens. The rivers and streams intersecting that delicious region are of a crystalline clearness; the surface of the land is a mixture of every pleasing variety of hill, vale, and wood; plants, and shrubs, and flowers, of every kind, are perpetually breathing forth clouds of intoxicating sweets; and the atmosphere is impregnated with the fragrant vapours that escape from the soil. Provence and Languedoc are the modern Paphos, and the Loire is the 'River of Love.' An hundred le-

* The AMERICAN RESEARCHES of this learned traveller will form a prominent article in our next number.

gends of amorous fame attach romantic interest to every spot distinguished by its natural beauty; the speech of the peasantry even is marked by traits characteristic of the country, and the manners of the whole population are celebrated for their singular and poetic elegance. To conclude, the winters are short, and rarely severe.

AGRICULTURE, as pursued in France, is certainly not so scientific an employment, nor under such strict and methodical arrangements, as English husbandry. In the neighbourhood of Calais, and the northern *arrondisemens*, the course of the crops (in some places fallow, rye, and oats—in others, fallow, wheat, and barley) exhibits the comparative unskilfulness of the French farmer. The manure of lands in the vicinity of towns is furnished from the stables, and accumulating filth of the streets. The gathering in the crops is managed with less dexterity and neatness than in England; but the gay *insouciance* and buoyant hilarity of the French harvest-home infinitely excels the restricted cheerfulness of English labourers at the conclusion of the autumnal toils. Much of the business of French agriculture is entrusted to female hands. The farming implements are by no means equal to ours. The system of enclosures appears to gain ground with the landed proprietors generally. The *émigrés*, who were permitted to return to France, have introduced something of the English system in agricultural processes, which are beginning to be conducted in a manner different from, and superior to, that formerly adopted. His majesty seems to have paid considerable attention to the cultivation of the soil; and, by holding out munificent encouragement to foreigners to settle in the empire, manifested his sincere devotion to the interests of his people. The good of France was a phrase ever on his lips, and we do believe it sprang from his heart. It is difficult to contend with national habits, and we are not at all astonished to find, that the French labourer is too partial to his own, to part with them all at once in favour of English customs. The number of great capitalists is small; and it sometimes happens, in consequence, that a considerable part of an extensive farm remains uncultivated for a longer or shorter period, according to the increase or diminution of the proprietor's or tenant's finances. Flax and hemp are generally cultivated; and the peasantry are enabled to supply themselves with beds, blankets, coats, and all kinds of household linen, from their own plantations. The corn is trodden out in a peculiar manner. Three or four layers are placed on a dry spot (usually under the central tree, where the labourers assemble for the evening dance), the

cattle are then driven over it in all directions by little girls, a woman being stationed in the centre to hold the reins. As fast as thrashed, the corn is cleared away by one party, another winnows it, a third heaps it, a fourth supplies fresh layers. The whole of these processes are conducted with the greatest joy and animation, the girls and women singing, the men occasionally resting, to pay their gallant attentions. Our hearts tell us how transporting to a traveller accustomed to the soberer manners of his own country, must be the springy cheerfulness of the French peasantry; and we should detest or commiserate the man who could traverse the South of France, during the vintage and harvest season, surrounded by thousands of blithesome beings like these, heaven and earth laughing around him in light and loveliness, and possess a heart unkindled by this universal illumination of the spirits.

We will farther observe to our readers, that the French farms being generally on a smaller and more compact scale than those of England, are invariably, according to Mr. Pinkney, maintained in a superior state of order and cleanliness. Not a weed is suffered to exist; enlarged knowledge, and greater capital are the only stimuli required by the French farmer, to place him on a level with the English agriculturist. The industry he has, and surely he does not lack the ability. The establishment of the imperial government appears to have had influence on the price of land. Security of possession enhanced its value greatly. In the northern departments, it was occasionally sold at twenty Napoleons the *arpent*, or acre: in the neighbourhood of Aix and Avignon, large purchases might be made at the rate of five or six pounds (English) the acre.

ROADS.—Mr. Pinkney, ordinarily intelligent and impartial, is, perhaps, not altogether consistent in his statements respecting the public ways of France. In one part of his book he complains of the roads throughout the empire being led in straight lines, no curving sweeps, no verdant hedges, to delude, to refresh the eye. Yet he, subsequently, speaks of the roads of France as being superior to those of England, not only in natural beauty and scenery, but in *construction and state of repair*; and accounts for this by the incessant and personal vigilance of his majesty, who, unlike some princes we could name, saw 'every thing with his own eyes.' Nay, the author, in his way from Abberville to Amiens, is in perfect rapture on this topic; and, after informing us that nothing is wanting to quick travelling in France but English drivers and English carriages, exultingly exclaims, 'How would a mail-coach roll upon such a road!' Public roads are for public utility; and the most nu-

merous portion of travellers are men of business; expedition, therefore, is the first thing to be consulted—and straight roads, we humbly conceive, answer this purpose better than curved ones. For this most essential object of national expenditure, the imperial government was sagaciously attentive; and every one, who has been in the habit of perusing the annual *exposés* of the state of the empire, will recollect the strenuousness with which the improvement of the old, and the creation of new, roads were commented upon, and impressed on the mind of the nation.

MANUFACTURES.—The peculiar views of the emperor, it is allowed, interfered largely with the external commerce of the empire. But the spirit of enterprize which was not permitted to exercise itself in extra-European traffic, was still usefully directed to domestic manufactures. The decrees, too, against England had the effect of calling forth the inventive faculties of the French artisans; and, in many instances, the *succédanée* has permanently supplanted the use of the prohibited article. In the course of his journey, Mr. Pinkney mentions with eulogy the manufactures of cloth, carpets, silks, damasks, &c. established in the great towns. At Amiens, the inhabitants complained of the dearness of the raw material, owing to the war, whose continuance they unanimously ascribed to the English ministry.

SCENERY.—The south of France, as a country abounding in all the constituents of beautiful and romantic nature, is not surpassed, we suppose, by any in Europe. Of the climate, we have previously spoken. The delicious regions through which Mr. Pinkney journeyed, have given frequent opportunities of display to this gentleman's powers of description, and we take pleasure in acknowledging his skill in these matters. We shall only say, that every attraction that can be afforded by the components of lovely and picturesque scenery, are lavishly and felicitously exhibited in the pastoral departments of austral France.

STATE OF THE PEASANTRY.—Whatever may have been the partial evils of the Revolution, with regard to the great mass of the nation, the breaking up of the detestable old *réime* has produced the most beneficial results. The wealth that centered in the hands of the ancient proprietors, and administered to the profligate propensities of the *Heliogabali* of the *Vielle Cour*, now flows through innumerable channels; the peasant of *Old France* was a *slave*—the peasant of Modern France is a well-provided, free, and happy being. It is true that the clergy have lost the greater part of their enormous domains and revenues,—as well as the ancient nobility;—so much the better.

It has been said, that what tempests are in the physical, revolutions are in the political world. We subscribe to the truth of the assertion. The swarm of locusts that devoured the vitals of the state, could only be swept away by the tremendous artillery and circulating lightnings of the Revolution. We smile at the dirty little wretches who splutter about 'miserable Frenchmen.*' It is delightful to us, also, to know, that this disposition of things is irreversible, and that any attempt to alter it would engender a fiercer turbulence than that which characterised the former tornado. The leaves of the Sybilline volume of French politics that yet remain unread, admit of wonderful and portentous scannings.

Mr. Pinkney almost universally found the peasantry well-lodged, well-fed, courteous, hospitable, and intelligent; slightly taxed, and cheerfully obedient to the government.

THE CONSCRIPTION.—Under this head we had put down several memoranda: but as we have had the promise of fuller and more circumstantial intelligence respecting the mode of recruiting the imperial armies, we shall reserve our observations for a future period. The public have been grossly, infamously imposed upon in this subject.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—The character of this illustrious personage opens a vast field for reflection on the past—for speculation on the future. At present we can only afford to contradict, on Mr. Pinkney's authority, some of the idle nonsense that has been vented against that sovereign, principally by renegades and mercenary scribblers. The wars in which Napoleon was engaged have been pronounced inexpressibly burthensome to his subjects—yet Mr. Pinkney, a few days after his landing in France, was expressly told that the taxes were remarkably moderate; and that, though the articles of life had been unusually high, 'the successes of the emperor were bringing every thing to their former standard.' Again: 'every one spoke of the Revolution with execration, and of the emperor with satisfaction.' Even the *emigres* eulogised him, and Mr. Pinkney fell in with one of these persons, who, though his petition for the restoration of his estate had been rejected, declaimed at length, and in terms of high panegyric, on the emperor's 'vigour, inflexible love of justice, and personal attention to the administration.' To what a prince has Louis succeeded!

* Search the files of the vulgar print known (where it is known) by the name of the 'Times.' The fellow who jobs it has thousands on his hands, with all his impudent boasting.

Mr. Pinkney is an animated, sometimes elegant writer; occasionally he is obnoxious to the charge of prolixity; but his volume contains much useful information, and we prize it as affording a lively, sensible, and impartial view of France under the sway of Napoleon.—Before we quit him, we shall let the author speak for himself.

Mr. P.'s connexions introduced him to society of the first rank in Paris, and his description of a French route is sketched with the hand of a proficient in the *haût ton* of the most voluptuous capital in Europe.

About eight, or nearer nine, Mr. Younge and myself, with two or three other of the dinner company, were summoned up to the drawing-room. The summons itself had something peculiar. The doors of the parlour, which were folding, were thrown open, and two female attendants, dressed like vestals, and holding torches of white wax, summoned us by a low curtsy, and preceded us up the great staircase to the doors of the anti-chamber, where they made another salutation, and took their station on each side. The anti-chamber was filled with servants, who were seated on benches fixed to the wall, but who did not rise on our entry. Some of them were even playing at cards, others at dominos, and all of them seemed perfectly at their ease. The anti-chamber, opened by an arched door-way into a handsome room lighted by a chandelier of the most brilliant cut glass; the panels of the room were very tastily painted, and the glasses on each side very large, and in magnificent frames. The further extremity of this room opened by folding-doors into the principal drawing-room, where the company were collected. It was brilliantly lighted, as well by patent lamps, as by a chandelier in the middle. The furniture had a resemblance to what I had seen in fashionable houses in England. The carpet was of red baize with a Turkish border, and figured in the middle like an harlequin's jacket. The principal novelty was a blue ribbon which divided the room lengthways, the one side of it being for the dancers, the other for the card-players. The ribbon was supported at proper distances by white staves, similar to those of the court ushers.

The ball had little to distinguish it from the balls of England and America, except that the ladies danced with infinitely more skill, and therefore with more grace. The fashionable French dancing is exactly that of our operas. They are all figures, and care not what they exhibit, so as they exhibit their skill. I could not but figure to myself the confusion of an English girl, were she even present at a French assembly. Yet so powerful is habit, that not only did the ladies seem insensible, but even the gentlemen, such as did not dance, regarded them with indifference.

Cotillions and waltzes were the only dances of the evening.

The waltzes were danced in couples, twenty or thirty at a time. The measure was quick, and all the parties seemed animated. I cannot say that I saw any thing indecorous in the embraces of the ladies and their partners, except in the mere act itself; but the waltz will never become a current fashion in England or America.

There is no precedence in a French assembly, except amongst the military. This is managed with much delicacy. Every group is thrown as much as possible into a circle. The tables are all circular, and cotillons are chiefly preferred from having this quality.

I did not join the card-players; there were about half a dozen tables, and the several parties appeared to play very high. When the game, or a certain number of games were over, the parties rose from their seats, and bowing to any whom they saw near them, invited them to succeed them in their seats. These invitations were sometimes accepted, but more frequently declined. The division of the drawing-room, set apart for the card-players; served rather as a promenade for the company who did not dance: they here ranged themselves in a line along the ribbon, and criticised the several dancers. Some of these spectators seemed most egregious fops. One of them, with the exception of his linen, was dressed completely in purple silk or satin, and another in a rose-coloured silk coat, with white satin waistcoat and small-clothes, and white silk stockings. The greater part of the ladies were dressed in fancy habits from the antique. Some were sphinxes, some vestals, some Dians, half a dozen Minervas, and a score of Junos and Cleopatras. One girl was pointed out to me as being perfectly *à l'Anglaise*. Her hair, perfectly undressed, was combed off her forehead, and hung down her back in its full length behind. She reminded me only of a school boy playing without his hat.

We were summoned to the supper table about three in the morning. This repast was a perfect English dinner. Soup, fish, poultry, and ragouts, succeeded each other in almost endless variety. A fruit-basket was served round by the servants together with the bread-basket, and a small case of liqueurs was placed at every third plate. Some of these were contained in glass figures of Cupids, in which case, in order to get at the liqueur, it was necessary to break off a small globule affixed to the breast of the figure. The French confectioners are more ingenious than delicate in these contrivances; but the French ladies seem better pleased with such conceits in proportion to their intelligible references. Some of these naked Cupids, which were perfect in all their parts, were handed from the gentlemen to the ladies; and from the ladies to each other, and as freely examined and criticised, as if they had been paintings of birds. The gentlemen, upon their parts, were equally as facetious upon the naked Venuses; and a swan, affixed to a Leda, was the lucky device of

innumerable pleasant questions and answers. Every thing, in a word, is tolerated, which can in any way be passed into an equivocal. Their conversation in this respect resembles their dress—no matter how thin that covering may be, so that there be one.

‘So much for a French assembly or fashionable rout, which certainly excels an English one in elegance and fancy, as much as it falls short of it, in substantial mirth. The French, it must be confessed, infinitely excel every other nation in all things connected with spectacle, and more or less this spectacle pervades all their parties. They dance, they converse, they sing, for exhibition, and as if they were on the stage. Their conversation, therefore, has frequently more wit than interest, and their dancing more vanity than mirth. They seem, in both respects to want that happy carelessness which pleases by being pleased. A Frenchwoman is a figurante even in her chit-chat.’

We were much pleased with Mr. Pinkney’s account of Avignon, once the seat of the Popes, and celebrated as the scene of Petrarca’s amours.

‘The situation of this city is in a plain, equally fertile and beautiful, about fifteen miles in breadth and ten in length. On the south and east it is circled by a chain of mountains. The plain is divided into cultivated fields; in which are grown wheat, barley, saffron, silk, and madder. The cultivation is so clean and exact, as to give the grounds the appearance of a garden. As the French farms are usually on a small scale, they are invariably kept cleaner than those in England and America. Not a weed is suffered to remain on the ground. The French want nothing but a more enlarged knowledge, and a greater capital, to rival the English husbandmen. They have the same industry, and take perhaps more pride in the appearance of their fields. This detailed attention greatly improves the face of the country; for miles succeeding miles it has the air of a series of parks and gardens. The English mansion is alone wanting to complete the beauty of the scenery. From the high ground in the city nothing can be finer than the prospect over the plain and surrounding country. The Rhone is there seen rolling its animated stream, through meadows covered with olive-trees, and at the foot of hills invested with vineyards. The ruined arches of the old bridge carry the imagination back into the ancient history of the town. On the opposite side of the Rhone are the sunny plains of Languedoc, which, when refreshed by the wind, breathe odours and perfumes from a thousand wild herbs and flowers. Mont Ventoux, in the province of Dauphiny, closes the prospect to the north; its high summit covered with snow, whilst its sides are robed in all the charms of vegetable nature. On the east are the abrupt rocks and precipices of Vaucluse, distant about five

leagues, and which complete, as it were, the garden wall around Avignon and its territory.

The climate of Avignon, though so strangely inveighed against by Petrarch, is at once healthy and salu-rious. There are certainly very rapid transitions from extreme heat to extreme cold; but from this very circumstance, neither the intensity of the heat nor of the cold, is of sufficient duration to be injurious to health or pleasure. The air, except in actual rain, is always dry, and the sky is an ethereal Italian blue, scarcely ever obscured by a cloud. When the rains come on they are very violent, but fall at once. The sun then bursts out, and the face of nature appears more gay, animated, and splendid, than before. I do not remember, that amongst all the pictures of the great masters, I have ever seen a landscape in which a southern country was represented after one of these showers. Homer has described it with equal force and beauty, in one of his similes; but as the book is not before me, I must refer to the memory of the classic reader.

There is one heavy detraction, however, from the excellence of the Avignones climate. This is the wind denominated the Vent de Bize. The peculiar situation of Avignon, at the mouth of a long avenue of mountains, gives rise to this wind: it collects in the narrow channel of the mountains, and bursts, as from the mouth of a barrel, on the town and plain. Its violence certainly exceeds what is common in European climates; but it is considered as healthy, and it very rarely does any considerable damage. Augustus Cæsar was so persuaded of its salutary character, that he deified it, as it were, by raising an altar to it, under the name of the Circian wind. The winters of Avignon, however, are sometimes rendered by it most distressingly cold. The Rhone is frequently covered with ice sufficiently strong to support loaded carts, and the olive-trees sometimes perish to their roots.

Avignon is surrounded by walls built by successive popes; they still remain in perfect beauty and preservation, and much augment, particularly in a distant view, the beauty of the town. They are composed of free-stone, are flanked at regular distances with square towers, and surmounted with battlements. The public walks are round the foot of this wall. The alleys fronting the river, and which are bordered by noble elms, are the summer promenade: here all the fashion of the city assemble in the evening, and walk, and sport, and romp on the banks. In the winter, the public walk is on the opposite side. The fields likewise have their share; and the environs being naturally beautiful, the spectacle, on a summer's evening, is gay and delightful in the extreme.

At Boulogne Mr. P. met with a veteran soldier,

Who had been in the battle of Marengo. He gave me a very lively account of the conduct of that extraordinary man, the French

emperor, in this grand event of his life. His expression was, that he looked over the battle as if looking upon a chess-board: that he made it a rule never to engage personally, till he saw the whole plan of the battle in execution: that he would then ride alternately to each division, and encourage them by fighting awhile with them: that he visited all the sick and wounded soldiers the day after the battle, inquired into the nature of their wound, where and how it was received; and if there were any circumstances of peculiar merit or peculiar distress, noted it down, and invariably acted upon this memorandum: that he punished adultery in a soldier's wife, if they were both in the camp, by the death of the woman; if the offending was not in the field, and therefore not within the reach of a court-martial, the soldier had a divorce on simple proof of the offence before any mayor or magistrate. I demanded of this veteran, pointing to the flotilla, when the emperor intended to invade England? He perceived the smile which accompanied this question, and instantaneously, with a fierce look of suspicion and resolution, demanded of me my passport. Though the abruptness of his conduct startled me, I could not but regard him with some admiration. A long, thin, spare figure of fifty-five, was so sensible of the honour of his country, as to take fire even at a jest at it, as at a personal insult. It is to this spirit that France owes half her victories.

At Montreuil, our author had ordered himself to be called at an early hour of the morning, wishing to reach Paris as soon as possible;

But was awakened previous to the appointed time by some still earlier travellers—a very numerous detachment of conscripts, who were on their march for the central *dépôt* of the department. The greater part of them were boys, and were merry and noisy in a manner characteristic of the French youth. Seeing me at the window, one of them struck up a very lively *reveillee*, and was immediately joined by others, who composed their marching band. They were attended, and their baggage carried, by a peculiar kind of cart—a platform erected on wheels, and on which they ascended when fatigued. The vehicles were prepared, the horses harnessed, and the young conscripts impatiently waiting for the word to march.

* * * * *

I mounted my horse, and followed the conscripts, who, with drum and fife, were merrily but regularly marching before me. The regularity of the march continued only till they got beyond the town, and down the hill, when the music ceased, the ranks broke, and every one walked or ran as he pleased.

The imperial audience is then described by our intelligent traveller:

I had resolved not to leave Paris without seeing the emperor;

and being informed that he was to hold an audience on the following day, I applied to Mr. Younge to procure my formal introduction. With this purpose we waited upon General Armstrong, who sent my name to the grand chamberlain with the necessary formalities. This formality is a certificate under the hand of the ambassador, that the person soliciting the introduction has been introduced at his own court, or that, according to the best knowledge of the ambassador, he is not a merchant—a *negociant actuel*. It may be briefly observed, however, that the French *negotiant* answers better to the English mechanic, than to the honourable appellation, merchant.—General Armstrong promised me a very interesting spectacle in the imperial audience. ‘It’s the most splendid court in Europe,’ said he: ‘the Court of London, and even of Vienna, will not bear a comparison with it.’ Every one agreed in the justice of this remark, and my curiosity was strongly excited.

‘On the appointed day, about three o’clock, Mr. Younge accompanied me to the palace, where we were immediately conducted to a splendid saloon, which is termed the ambassadors’ hall. Refreshments were here handed round to the company, which was very numerous, and amongst them many German princes in their grand court dress. The conversation became very general; those who had seen Napoleon describing him to those who were about to be introduced. Every one agreed that he was the most extraordinary man that Europe had produced in many centuries, and that even his appearance was in no slight degree indicative of his character. ‘He possesses an eye,’ said one gentleman, ‘in which Lavater might have understood an hero.’ Mr. Younge confirmed this observation, and prepared me to regard him with more than common attention.

‘The doors of the saloon were at length thrown open, and some of the officers of the grand chamberlain, with white wands and embroidered robes and scarfs, bowing low to the company, invited us, by waving their staves, to follow them up the grand staircase. Every one now arranged themselves in pairs, behind their respective ambassadors, and followed the ushers in procession, according to the precedence of their respective countries, the imperial, Spanish, and Neapolitan ambassadors forming the van. The staircase was lined on both sides with grenadiers of the legion of honour, most of whom, privates as well as officers, were arrayed in the order. The officers, as we passed, exchanged salutes with the ambassadors; and as the imperial ambassador, who led the procession, reached the door of the anti-chamber, two trumpeters on each side played a congratulatory flourish. The ushers who had led us so far, now took their stations on each side the door, and others, in more splendid habits, succeeded them in the office of conducting us.

‘We now entered the anti-chamber, in which was stationed the regular guard of the palace. We were here saluted both by

privates and officers, the imperial guard being considered as part of the household. From the anti-chamber we passed onwards through nearly a dozen most splendid apartments, and at length reached the presence-chamber.

My eyes were instantly in search of the emperor, who was at the further extremity, surrounded by a numerous circle of officers and counsellors. The circle opened on our arrival, and withdrew behind the emperor. The whole of our company now ranged themselves, the ambassadors in front, and their several countrymen behind their respective ministers.

Napoleon now advanced to the imperial ambassador, with whom, when present, he always begins the audience. I had now an opportunity to regard him attentively. His person is below the middle size, but well composed; his features regular, but in their *tout ensemble* stern and commanding; his complexion sallow, and his general mien military. He was dressed very splendidly in purple velvet, the coat and waistcoat embroidered with gold bees, and with the grand star of the Legion of Honour worked into the coat.

He passed no one without notice, and to all the ambassadors he spoke once or twice. When he reached General Armstrong, he asked him, whether America could not live without foreign commerce as well as France? and then added, without waiting for his answer, 'there is one nation in the world, which must be taught by experience, that her merchants are not necessary to the existence of all other nations, and that she cannot hold us all in commercial slavery: England is only sensible in her computers.'

The audience took up little less than two hours, after which the emperor withdrew into an adjoining apartment; and the company departed in the same order, and with the same appendages, as upon their entrance.

ART. XI.—Klopstock and his Friends. A Series of Familiar Letters, written between the years 1750 and 1808. Translated from the German, with a Biographical Introduction, by Miss Benger. Octavo. Pp. 309. Colburn. 1814.

KLOPSTOCK, the celebrated author of the *Messiah*, has left a memory, which, by his enthusiastic countrymen, is handed to posterity with sacred veneration; and, as the sublimity of his muse is acknowledged throughout every polished country, may we not presume to find many persons, in Great Britain, who will be desirous to study the mind of this great man, as unfolded to observation by a series of familiar letters?

In a correspondence, where thought communes with thought, where the heart speaks to the heart, where the inmost soul,

confidentially, exposes its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, we trace the real character, and behold the intuitive sensibilities of unsophisticated man!

These letters contain an outline of Klopstock's life, for a period of more than fifty years. The correspondence is limited to few persons, and, consequently, possesses a unity of design, which, as it were, associates the parties into one friendly circle, displaying the native frankness of a family fireside, divested of its tedium and insipidity. The originals of the letters now in translation before us, were carefully collated by Klammer Schmidt, the intimate friend of Klopstock, as well as a writer of no mean celebrity; and they were so collated from papers in the possession of Klopstock's widow, and the posthumous MS. of his oldest correspondents. These are given to Germany, as the offering of friendship at the shrine of patriotism; and national sympathy cherishes, while it applauds, the precious gift.

Miss Benger tells us, in her preface to the translation, 'that the interesting Memoirs * of Miss Smith secured to Klopstock the affections of all her readers; and, indeed, it frequently happens, that persons whose admirers were confined to select circles, acquire posthumous fame, from the simple testimonials that flow from truth and nature, in support of departed worth and genius.

Klammer Schmidt, who has been very sparing in his biography, but who writes from indubitable authority, speaks thus of Klopstock's father. 'Whatever he wrote, was, like himself, frank, manly, and independent; he indulged in the arbitrary use of French or Latin words, which, mingled with German, formed a sort of mosaic style of whimsical singularity. His letters were truly characteristic; but, as most of them referred to family affairs, or to obscure books on obsolete subjects, and, as they had frequently too controversial an aspect, they were generally found to be unfit for publication.'

This old gentleman was proud of his son, and still more proud of the Messiah. The last years of his life were enlivened with care and sickness; but under this suffering, he displayed the firmness of a philosopher, with the fortitude of a christian; and, finally, expired with patriarchal piety and saint-like resignation.

* It is impossible to advert to this publication, without observing, that Miss Smith, with all her personal graces, and extraordinary attainments, her simplicity, modesty, and magnanimity, was precisely such a being as Klopstock would have been proud to celebrate.

These virtues in the father were powerfully attested by the filial veneration of the son, whose letter on his father's death, abounding with exquisite touches of genuine grief, forms a noble monument to departed virtue.

Of an opposite cast to this patriarchal correspondent, is his nephew, the volatile, fantastic Schmidt, the votary of Anacreon and Horace, and yet the professed panegyrist of Klopstock. In one of his letters, the reader will find a description of his character, drawn by himself, which, as Klammer Schmidt intimates, is a correct resemblance.

From childhood he had associated with Klopstock as his dearest friend, and was the first to recognize, and to proclaim, his cousin's superior genius. Yet, in the following correspondence, it will appear, that he avows for Gleim a preference he had never felt for Klopstock. Though born to affluence, he spent some years at Langasalze, in a retirement unsuited to his taste, which gave no scope to his talents, and where his chief solace appears to have been, the society of his sister, the beautiful Fanny, so passionately beloved—so fondly celebrated by the author of *The Messiah*.

Like his two correspondents, Schmidt was a poet, but distinguished from both by a playful tone of raillery, which was sometimes indulged at their expense; he often smiles at the fine poetical phrenzy of Klopstock, nor does even Gleim, for whom he professes a degree of regard little short of adoration, always escape his archness. But his sprightly vein affords such an agreeable relief to the sentimental pensiveness of Klopstock, that we are disposed to allow for the indulgence of his favourite propensity—and it is not without dissatisfaction that we so soon lose sight of him in the correspondence. Of the circumstances which led to this estrangement, no particulars are communicated; but we accidentally learn, that Schmidt finally fixed his residence at Weimar, and died there in 1807, three years after his early friends Klopstock and Gleim had paid the debt of nature.

The sister of Schmidt, the accomplished Fanny, next claims attention; and though we find but two of her letters in the collection, and those are too short to enable us to form any opinion of her character, yet having heard of her so often, we are gratified with even so trifling a specimen of her style and sentiments.

From these two billets it is easy to discover that she was cultivated, and accustomed to literary conversation; but though the enamoured Klopstock is pleased to call her a Sévigné, it is surely rather by contrast than comparison, that she excites any recollection of that charming writer. Fanny became acquainted with the poet at Langasalze in 1748, during his residence in the Weiss family. From that period she was the object of his idolatry; and to use the words of Klammer Schmidt, inspired him with a passion which tinged with gloom four brilliant years of his life. Fanny

gave her hand in 1758 to a merchant in Bismark, of whom her brother observed with his usual point, *that he had not only sense and good humour, but a handsome person, and was consequently in possession of every requisite to make a reasonable discreet woman happy.*

‘Margaret Muller, the delightful Meta, is already perfectly known, and it only remains to add, that of her too few letters, not one has been suppressed, since even in writing on the most trifling occasion, she has a native charm that is all her own, and irresistibly inspires sympathy and affection.

‘The most interesting correspondent after Meta is Gleim the poet, the scholar, the man of taste, the honorable confident and bosom counsellor of all his friends. He was born in 1715, at a place near Halberstadt, on the banks of the Selke, and but two miles distant from Quedlinburg, the native place of Klopstock. In their boyish days, however, they had no intercourse. Gleim, who was some years the elder, was sent for education to Wernigrode, and probably never heard of his future friend till he had entered the lists of fame. His parents were eminent for worth and wisdom, and Gleim, like every other poet of that age in Germany, was equally distinguished for filial piety.

[To be continued.]

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

THEOLOGY.

ART. 1.—*A Combined View of the Prophecies of Daniel, Esdras, and St. John*; shewing that all the Prophetic Writings are formed upon one Plan; accompanied by an explanatory Chart. Also, a minute Explanation of the Prophecies of Daniel; together with Critical Remarks upon the Interpretations of preceding Commentators, and more particularly upon the Systems of Mr. Faber and Mr. Cunningham. By James Hatley Frere, Esq. 4 vol. 8vo. Pp. 476. Hatchard, 1815.

We present our readers with the consideration of a volume, which assumes the aspect of extraordinary novelty. It is no less than the novelty of reducing prophecy to a classic system.

Wonderful age! how abounding in illusive science! how rich in speculative philosophy!

Mr. Frere—the new professor—has introduced a table, which he styles, ‘A general Plan and Arrangement of the Prophecies of

Daniel, Esdras, and St. John.' It commences with the book of the Revelation of St. John, A.D. 96; and proceeds, like a genealogical tree, to the Millenium; and, from the period of the commencement of the temporal kingdom of Christ, throughout a variety of other designated periods, until it reach the period of the perfection of the kingdom of Christ. This arrangement is ingeniously called a 'unity of plan,' to pervade the whole interpretation given of the prophetic writings.

By the adoption of this rule, we are assured, that, in addition to those already established by former commentators, prophecy will be admitted to be, what it undoubtedly is in reality, a perfect system; and that the great opprobrium of the subject, which is its uncertainty, will be, in a great measure, removed: for, the stricter the rules by which a commentator is confined, the greater must be the difficulty of giving any false interpretation that shall wear the appearance of truth.

This work was put to press so early as the month of March, 1814; but, as it did not appear until after Bonaparte had left France to settle in Italy, Mr. Professor Frere has been compelled to speak of that, as a PAST EVENT, which he had designed to speak of as one that would, UNDOUBTEDLY, BE SHORTLY ACCOMPLISHED.

2 Esdras, xii. 34.—'The period in which the earth is refreshed, being delivered from the violence of the eagle, and in which the people of God are made joyful, until the coming of the day of judgment.'

Nothing can be more clear than the Professor Frere's concluding paragraph to his indefatigable labours:

'I have myself—he tells us—endeavoured to shew, that from v. 31 to 40, has been already accomplished in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte; but, if the selection here given should not appear satisfactory, we must, if we would preserve consistency of interpretation, wait till some other individual shall arise, in whom all the particulars of this prophecy shall be more accurately and satisfactorily fulfilled.'

This is a most cheering consolation, very modestly administered. We read nearly five hundred pages on the fulfilment of Prophecies, to learn, that, if we are not convinced by what is PAST, we have nothing to do, but wait patiently for that which is to COME,

Exquisite logician!

ART. 2.—*The Athanasian Creed examined.* By the Rev. John Dennis, A.B. late of Exeter College, Oxford. 24mo. Pp. 16. All booksellers. 1815.

WHY is the frequent omission of this creed permitted in our church service? There is one person of the Father, another of the
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Son, and another of the Holy Ghost. But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, is all one, the glory equal, and the majesty eternal.

Mr. Dennis originally published this discourse anonymously, because he had been informed, that, in the pending Trinitarian controversy, Unitarians refuse to read any production which, from perceiving the author's name subjoined, they infer to be written on the Trinitarian side of the question.

The author presents himself in the character of a good christian, and exemplary minister of the church of England. He quotes passages from scripture, on which each distinct clause of the creed is founded.

ART. 3.—*A few Plain Thoughts on the Liturgy of the Church of England*; with the View of explaining and promoting its rational Use and spiritual Design. By the Rev. C. Daubeny, LL.D. Archdeacon of Sarum. 24mo. Pp. 34. Robinson & Co. 1815.

A most excellent moral and religious discourse, on the attributes of the Common Prayer; comprehending the religious hope, that pious and zealous ministers, communing with a devout and fervent congregation, may promote the honour of God, the salvation of individuals, and the prosperity of the kingdom.—
AMEN!

ART. 4.—*Select Portions of the New Version of Psalms*, for every Sunday throughout the Year; with the principal Festivals and Fasts: for the Use of Parish Churches. The Words selected by the Rev. George Hay Drummond; the Music selected, adapted, and composed, by Edward Miller, Mus. Doc. With a Selection of Hymns, for particular Occasions. 24mo. Pp. 140. Scatchard and Co. 1814.

THIS is the twenty-second rapid edition of a very pleasing collection of psalmody; and will, no doubt, be very acceptable to every devout christian.

POETRY.

ART. 5.—*Lothaire*; a Romance, in Six Cantos, with Notes. By Robert Gilmour. 1 vol. 12mo. Pp. 210. Cowrie. 1915.

Pretty, romantic, and interesting. We cannot commend the

beginning of this tale of chivalry; but, as it advances, it improves. The tournament is neatly described in tolerably flowing verse. The moral is good.

In the knightly combat, Heaven, by means of a cloak and battle-axe, aids the cause of innocence; Lothaire avenges his murdered father; recovers his inheritance; marries the lady of the castle, the beautiful Edwina; and the author may be said to conclude, with Shakespeare, that, 'All's well that ends well.'

ART. 6.—*The Only Child*: a Poem, in Two Cantos. 12mo.
Pp. 44. E. Wilson. 1814.

THIS impressive little tale is dedicated to an amateur poet of no mean stamp—Mr. Wilson Croker; and, although the subject of seduction has nothing novel to give it *éclat*, we cannot refuse our approbation to the author, for the simple and pathetic beauties with which he has adorned his narrative of woe. It concludes—

' High beat her breast,—as thro' the leafless dell,
Her eye discern'd her home, her native cell;
Stung to the quick, she wildly gaz'd around,
And faint and weary, sunk upon the ground;
The melting objects fail'd her swimming sight,
And the dear landscape trembled into night.
A passing neighbour with indulgent eye,
Rais'd the faint wand'rer to a shelter nigh;
Scarce knew the object of his kindness now,
Grief had so deeply furrow'd o'er her brow;
She knew the face, but gather'd from his eye,
She dar'd not far the hidden tale descry:
Suspence at length the secret fetters burst,
And with fix'd eye she stood to meet the worst:
The worst she heard,—'twas not for man to throw
A darker colour on her speechless woe:
She hugg'd her infant, but its piteous wail,
Pass'd as unheeded as the eastern gale;
Still Nature fail'd to grant the last release,
To sink her suff'rings in the balm of peace;
Life in her breast still held a little sway,
A ray of sunshine in December's day!
She wander'd onward to the woodbin'd door,
But seem'd to know the native cot no more;
She heeded not the stream that bubbled by,
Unmov'd she heard the sweet bird's melody:

2 D 2

Onward she ream'd, and hugg'd her little store,
 But hugg'd a corpse, where life-blood flow'd no more;
 She stopp'd not with the village maid to mourn,
 She heeded less the black return of scorn.
 In thought bewild'rd as she mov'd her sight,
 The hast'ning sun-set told approaching night;
 While the rude east wind, howling far around,
 Beat on the hovels with a clatt'ring sound;
 With hurried gait she bore the tempest dread,
 Till shrieks of wildness struck her vacant ear;
 They broke the spell, her brain resum'd its seat,
 She wept, she stumbled at the stranger's feet.
 'Poor fool, 'twas but a streamlet,—oh! the sweets
 Of home—repose—hark! 'tis my pulse that beats;
 Oh! murder'd hope!—hark! hark!—who's there? that voice—
 Come, sit thee here—come doff thy cloak—draw close—
 Julia will dry thee!'—'Julia! Oh! my God!
 My poor, poor father!'
 The sleep of death o'erwhelm'd her as she spoke,
 She struggled, fainted, died beneath the stroke.
 Oh! splendid robber of a virgin's name,
 List, as you prize your present, future fame,
 Tho' in your breast love's vivid splendours play,
 And hopes of conquest light you on your way;
 View some deluded maid's last moments, go—
 Mark well her dumb, unutterable woe;
 Think on the day, when from the yawning tomb,
 All shall revive, to meet their final doom:
 Improve the few, the precious moments giv'n,
 Or meet thy victim at the bar of heav'n!

EDUCATION.

ART. 7.—*The School Speaker*; consisting of Poetical and Prosaic Pieces, Oration, Dialogues, &c. Introductory, Appropriate, and Interesting; selected from the best Writers, for the Use and Improvement of Young Persons of both Sexes. By Thomas Carpenter, author of 'the Scholar's Spelling Assistant,' 'Youth's Guide to Business,' &c. 24mo. Pp. 172. Law and Co. 1815.

THIS excellent moral compilation is classed under three distinct heads; Poetry—Prose—Dialogue. The subjects are either didactic, narrative, descriptive, or pathetic; the whole preceded by instructions on the art of correct pronunciation and harmonious delivery.

Our approbation is brief—'good wine needs no bush.'

ART. 8.—French Pronunciation, Alphabetically Exhibited, with Spelling Vocabularies, and new Fables, French and English. By C. Gros. 24mo. Pp. 115. Law and Co. 1813.

A very useful elementary treatise. We have not seen many better calculated to convey correct sound, and to assist pronunciation.

ART. 9.—An Easy System of Short-Hand, upon an entirely new Plan, founded on long Practical Experience: from its Simplicity and Facility of acquirement, peculiarly adapted for Persons who study by themselves, by which Short-hand may be learned in half the time it could by any other Publication. Illustrated with Plates. By James Mitchell, M. A. 24mo. Pp. 72. G. and S. Robinson. 1815.

THE science of short-hand writing is a late discovery; but the invention may be traced to writers of the remotest antiquity. Formerly, indeed, abbreviations were used as mere aids to memory, either in committing to writing the rapidity of thought, or, of taking notes from any public orator; by which practice, the substance and peculiarities were preserved, and subsequently arranged. But, now, a skilful short-hand writer can give, with accuracy, to the press, a verbatim speech, from our speakers in parliament, in the courts of judicature, or otherwise.

The author of the present system is self-taught from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He undertook the acquirement to assist his own private studies, to enable him to take notes and memorandums at public lectures, to make extracts from books, &c.; but for the last twelve years, he has carefully arranged such materials, as experience assured him would unite perspicuity with brevity and simplicity. Having thus founded principles, partly his own, and having been successful in communicating his discovery to a number of pupils, he is desirous to facilitate the means of general communication.

It is certain, that most treatises on short-hand, appear to be more calculated for the improvement than for the acquirement of the art. Let us consider our author's principles.

'The object of short-hand, being to render writing as expeditious as possible, the rational principles on which it is founded, are—

1. To leave out as many of the letters usually written as can be done, consistent with legibility, so as to leave the number to be written as small as possible.

2. To use for those letters the characters most easily made.

In carrying the first principle into effect, we are to use in short-hand, such letters only, as are absolutely necessary to make up the sound of the words, or to suggest them to the mind.

Vowels being only simple articulate sounds, though the connectives of consonants, and are employed in every word, and every syllable, are not necessary to be inserted in the middle of words, because the consonants, if fully pronounced, with the assistance of connection, will always discover the meaning of a word, and make the writing perfectly legible. This mode of writing, by leaving out the vowels, is not peculiar to short-hand, but is used in the Hebrew, Arabic, and most Eastern languages.

In many cases, also, when the vowel is not strongly accented in the beginning or end of a word, it may be omitted, and after considerable practice in short-hand, it may always be done when following a public speaker.

When diphthongs or triphthongs occur, only one vowel is to be expressed, being that which agrees best with the pronunciation.

All silent consonants are also to be left out.

By the above rules, *man* must be written *ma*; *law*, *la*; *light* must be written *lt*; *might*, *mt*; and *psalm*, *sm*.

When two consonants have a simple sound, and may be changed for one, it is to be done. Thus *enough* is to be written *enf*; *laugh*, *lf*.

A consonant which in long-hand is repeated, in short-hand need only be written once. Thus *omitted*, *omtd*; *better*, *btr*; *stammer*, *smr*.

As all rules are best understood by exemplification, we shall now give a specimen of the manner of spelling recommended; using only single letters for those words, for which, when alone, those letters in short-hand usually stand.

The author's exemplification is clear and concise, and leads to the appropriation of propositions and terminations; the short-hand alphabet follows. These lessons being repeatedly practised, till they become fully impressed on the memory, the student is invited to familiarize himself to writing in short-hand characters, which are simplified to his adoption by accompanying plates. This study is succeeded by another, on joining short-hand characters together, which is, progressively, demonstrated by plates. The whole closes with valuable general observations.

We have to recommend this work, which, independently of the usual rules for abbreviating spelling, by leaving out the vowels in the middle of words, together with all silent letters, making the first letter stand for a word, &c. &c. contains several chapters from the Bible so abbreviated; by the help of which, the student may learn to spell in short-hand, as well as to read with accuracy and promptitude whatever he may have written. This latter has always been a complex attainment; whereas, in these chapters, all the words which may be written by means of one short-hand character, are printed in italics;

and, the mode of joining the simple characters, and of forming difficult words, is clearly pointed out. Rules, are likewise given, for the formation of arbitrary marks to express important words of frequent occurrence; and, means are shewn, by which a proficient may carry his abbreviations to any extent consistent with accurate legibility.

ART. 10.—*Infantine Stories*; comprised progressively in words of one, two, and three Syllables. By E. Fenwick; illustrated with Copper-plate Engravings. 18mo. Pp. 176. Longman and Co. 1815.

We take pleasure in every opportunity to recommend children's books. These little stories are very inviting, and convey excellent moral instruction to the infant mind.

ART. 11.—*A Complete System of Short-Hand*; illustrated by nine Engravings, adapted to the Pulpit and Courts of Law, and every purpose of expeditious Writing. By A. W. Stones, Teacher of Mathematics, &c. 24mo. Pp. 90. Gale and Co. 1814.

THIS little treatise is sanctioned by a very respectable list of subscribers, and possesses considerable claims on public patronage. Tediousness and ambiguity always damp the ardours of study; by presenting difficulties many fear to encounter. On this head, Mr. Stone stands very conspicuously a model for imitation.

Byrom's system, price one guinea, takes thirty-three strokes with the pen to write the alphabet. Ewington's the same. Gurney's thirty-two; Hudson's and Mavor's, each, thirty; whereas, the system before us employs only twenty-three. Now, the alphabet, being the pivot on which all literary systems make their evolutions this reduction, from thirty-three to twenty-three strokes of the pen in its comprehension, is a self-evident advantage.

The arrangement and position of the vowels, the propositions, and the terminations; together with the abbreviated characters in this system, not only tend to beautify the writing, and render it more easy to be read, but greatly assist expedition.

The subjects chosen for study are pleasing, instructive, and moral. They are comprised under the following heads: of Ingratitude to God; a Description of the Passions; or, the natural affections of men, with the use and abuse of them; An Introduction to the Arts and Sciences, explaining the phenomena of nature. Geography, or an explanation of the artificial and natural divisions of the terraqueous globe. Astronomy, which includes the solar system, the fixed stars, the eclipses, the obli-

and flouting of the age; General Bailes to Assist the Enquiry after Truth, &c.

We consider the arrangement to be ingenious, concise, and perspicuous.

ART. 12.—*The History of little Henry and his Bearer.* 18mo. Pp. 189. G. and S. Robinson. 1815.

A pleasing amusement for children. The language is plain, and conveys a considerable portion of that species of information, to which the dawning mind is not always sufficiently directed: we mean the true principles of religion, which ought to be the regulated basis of all our actions through life.

NOVELS.

ART. 13.—*Anna, or Edinburgh, a Novel.* By Mrs. Roche. 2 Vols. 12mo. Pp. 215, 172. Cradock and Co. 1815.

Mrs. ROOHEE is a veteran in the novel service, but does not, exactly, by her writings, confirm the proverb—'that practice makes perfect.'

Romantic plot—marvellous incident—platonic love—soaring language—lofty imagery—with all its *sublime* accompaniments! The tale is not, however, uninteresting; particularly, to those who delight to sigh over passionate love-scenes, and sentimental distress.

ART. 14.—*Hawthorn Cottage, or the Two Cupids. A Tale.* 2 Vols. By J. Jones. 12mo. Pp. 293, 330. Asperne. 1815.

THE perusal of these volumes has afforded us some entertainment. The tale is pleasing and related in good language. It combines sound principles with interest of narrative, and is one of those few novels which may be read with safety.

ART. 15.—*The Fugitive, or Family Incidents.* 3 Vols. Pp. 236. Black and Co. 1815.

MANY novelists attempt to amuse the ignorant, with sketches of high life, who never had an opportunity to pass the porter in a great man's hall.

May we presume our author to be equally unfamiliar with the pawbrokers and gin-shops, to which he, courteously, introduces us in company with a beautiful young female, eventually, the Lady Emma Southby?

MISCELLANEOUS.

- ART. 16.—*Observations on a Pamphlet, entitled 'Important Facts,' by Philanthropos.* By a Member of the Norwich Union Life Office. 12mo. Pp. 26. G. and S. Robinson. 1815.

A SHORT pamphlet, written to confute sundry anonymous aspersions against the Norwich Life Office. We cannot enter into the detail; but must declare, that we have found much useful information upon the principles of Life Assurance—a system which, within the last fifty years, has been attended with very beneficial results to society. In proof of this position, the Company shew the increase of business and profits within the last forty years in the Equitable Assurance Office (besides their having reduced the rate of their premiums $67\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. during that time) to amount to an increase of surplus capital scarcely credible. In 1774 it amounted only to 33,875*l.*; whereas it increased to 1,287,000*l.* when they divided profits in 1809.

- ART. 17.—*Appendix to Notes on a Journey through France, from Dieppe, through Paris and Lyons, to the Pyrennees, and back, through Toulouse, in July, August, and September, 1814: describing the Habits of the People, and the Agriculture of the Country.* By Morris Birbeck. 12mo. Pp. 13. Phillips, 1815.

THIS appendix may be very useful to the purchasers of Mr. Birbeck's Journey through France; but, as we have not seen it, the pamphlet before us, which appears to be occupied with reflections on the slave trade, is altogether unintelligible. We notice it, however, to shew an attention to every publication sent to us.

- ART. 18.—*Report of the Committee to the General Meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, November, 1814.* 12mo. Pp. 64.—Longman and Co. 1815.

THIS institution is one, among the very many, which does so much honour to the British people, as public philanthropists. The benevolent of this description will, we presume, find the following simple appeal conclusive.

From the present state and views of this valuable society, we collect, that, by their exertions, a great number of schools have been established in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and, that their system has been introduced into Asia, Africa, and America, by persons trained and qualified at the parent institution. In less than seven years, many thousand children, of both sexes, have been rescued from ignorance, and have been directed into the paths of virtue and piety. The sum now required to confirm this society on a respectable and efficient foundation, is estimated at no more

than ten thousand pounds; which difficulty removed, the blessings of knowledge might be diffused to the population of the whole world.

This pamphlet contains the state of the principal schools throughout the kingdom, and a variety of interesting particulars to invite and cheer benevolence, in aid of so noble an institution.

LIST OF BOOKS.

NOTE.—bd. signifies *bound*—h. bd. *half-bound*—sd. *sewed*. The rest are with few exceptions, *in boards*.—ed. signifies *edition*—n. ed. *new edition*.

Abernethy's, John, F.R.S. Surgical Works, a n. ed. 2vols. 8vo.
Adams's Latin Dictionary, second ed. 8vo.

Albin's; T. Catalogue of Books, for 1814, now selling at Spalding, Lincolnshire, at very low prices, being cheaper than in any other printed catalogue.

Allen's Collectanea Latina, or easy construing Lessons, 12mo.

Alison's, Archibald, L.L.B. Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste, fourth ed. 2 vols. 8vo.

Annals of Philosophy, or Magazine of Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c. by Thomas Thomson, M.D. F.R.S. L. and E. F.L.S. No. 25.
Art of Preserving the Sight, second ed. 12mo.

Barriere's Poems.

Bateman's, T. M.D. F.L.S. Delineations of the Cutaneous Diseases, comprised in the Classification of the late Dr. Willan, Fasciculus I. 4to.

Bath Papers, vol. XIII. Part II. 8vo.

Bernard's, R. B. M.P. Tour through some Parts of France, Switzerland, Savoy, Germany, and Belgium, 8vo.

Blagden's French Interpreter, 18mo.

Blumenbach's Institutions of Physiology, 8vo.

Bohn's, J. Catalogue of Greek and Latin Classics, part 1st.

Booth's, George, Observations on Paper Currency, 8vo.

Brookes's, R. M.D. General Gazetteer, or Compendious Geographical Dictionary, sixteenth ed. 8vo.

Broughton's, Charles, Esq. Memoir, respecting a New Theory of Numbers, 4to.

Brown and Jackson's Calculator, 8vo.

Charlemagne, translated into English Verse, by the Rev. S. Butler, D.D. and Rev. F. Hodgson, A.M. 4to.

Campaign, the, of Paris, from the French of P. F. F. J. Giraud.

Campbell's Travels in South Africa, 8vo.

—— Ditto, royal 8vo.

Collyer's William Bengo, D.D. F.A.S. Sermon. The great Mystery of Godliness.

Cooper's, Rev. E. Sermons, vol. III. 12mo.

Costume of Russia, Austria, China, England, and Turkey, 5 vols. royal 8vo.

Coxe's, William, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. *Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon, from the Accession of Philip V. to the Death of Charles III. 1700 to 1788, second ed. 5 vols. 8vo.*

Crevier's, John Baptist Lewis, *History of the Roman Emperors, from Augustus to Constantine, translated from the French, by John Mill, Esq. 10 vols. 8vo.*

Cunningham's *Velvet Cushion*, fifth ed. 12mo.

Edinburgh Annual Register for 1812, vol. V. 2 vols. 8vo.

Estlin's, John Prior, L.L.D. *General Prayer-Book*, 12mo.

F nwick's, E. *Infantine Stories*, 18mo.

Frere's, J. H. *View of the Prophecies*, 8vo.

Gaol, the, of the City of Bristol, compared by a Citizen, 8vo.

General Report of the Agricultural State, and Political Circumstances of Scotland, under the directions of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. 5 vols. 8vo.

Grace of God, a Sermon.

Guerrilla Chief, the, a Novel, by Emma Parker, 3 vols. 12mo.

Hamilton's East India Gazetter, 8vo.

Hawthorn Cottage, a Tale, by J. Jones, 2 vols. 12mo.

Heroine, the, by E. S. Barrett, Esq. third ed. 3 vols. 12mo.

Hogg's Pilgrims of the Sun.

Hunter's, Henry, D.D. Sacred Biography, seventh ed. 5 vols. 8vo.

Huntingford's, G. I. Discourses, 2 vols. 8vo.

Jacqueline, a Tale, a n. ed.

Ingram's, Henry, Flower of Wye, a Poem, in six cantos, 8vo.

Jones's, William, Key to the Art of Ringing, with considerable additions, a n. ed. 12mo.

Kames's, Lord, Gentleman Farmer, sixth ed. 8vo.

Lackington's Catalogue, 8vo.

Letters written during a Captivity in France, by an Officer, 2 vols. 12mo.

List of the Navy, for February, 1815.

Littlehales, Mr. Richard, on the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, third ed. 12mo.

Longman's Catalogue.

Lothaire, a Romance, in six cantos with Notes, by Robert Gil-mour.

Mathers, Rev. T. R. on Rent,
_____ , on Foreign Corn.

Mant's, Richard M.A. Sermons, vol. III.

Mason's, William Shaw Esq. M.R.I.A. Statistical Account or Parochial Survey of Ireland, vol. I. 8vo.

Miscellaneous Precepts, second ed. 18mo.

Morell's Reasons for Classical Education.

Original Lines and Translations, by the author of the Bioscope.

Paris Chit Chat, in 3 vols, 18mo.

Parmegiano's British Gallery of Pictures, No. XI.

- Pilgrim, the, of the Sun, by James Hogg.
 Quarterly, the, Review, No. XXIII.
 Reece's, Dr. Statement of the Last Illness and Death of Mrs. Southcott, 8vo.
 Roberts' Cambrian Antiquities, coloured plates, 8vo.
 Series, a, of Illustrations for the Lord of the Isles, a poem by W. Scott, Esq. from the design of R. Westall, Esq. Longman and Co.
 Scott's Christian Life Abridged, 8vo.
 Shedley's, Edw. Japhthah.
 Special Report, a, of the General Committee of the London Infirmary, for curing Diseases of the Eye, 8vo.
 Spence's, Wm. Esq. F.L.S. Refutation of the Objections against the Corn Bill, 8vo.
 Spurzheim's, Dr. Physiognomical System, royal 8vo.
 Travels in the Ionian Isles, in Albany, Thessaly, and Greece, in 1812—13, by Henry Holland, M.D. Longman and Co.
 Thorpe's Letter to Wm. Wilberforce, Esq. M.P.
 Vincent's Sermons, 8vo.
 Voyage, a, to Cadiz and Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean to Malta and Sicily, by Lieut.-General Cockburn, 2 vols. 8vo.
 Willibert, Sir, de Woverley, or the Bridal Eve, a Poem, by E. S. Francis,
 Wright's School Orator, 18mo.
 Watson's Tracts, 2 vols. 8vo.

IN THE PRESS, An Inquiry into the Origin and Early History of Engraving, on Copper and in Wood; with an Account of the most ancient Engravers and their Works, from the earliest period to the middle of the Sixteenth Century; comprising Observations on some of the First Works ornamented with Wood-cuts. By Wm. Young Otley, F.A.S. The Work will be illustrated by numerous fac-similes of scarce and interesting specimens of the Art, and will be farther enriched, by impressions taken from some of the original Blocks engraved by Albert Durer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to thank CASTOR for his very friendly letter, and trust he will find our printing improved.

C. W.'s article is left, with compliments, at our publisher's.

Q IN THE CORNER is informed, no essay can be admitted. His anecdotes are scandal in the extreme.

VIATOR shall be attended to.

X. Y. Z. offers a Correspondence that we accept willingly.

* * * *Publishers are solicited to send their Works for Review as early in every month as possible. Several Notices of new books have been received too late for insertion. We desire to give every publicity, in our power, to all objects of literature.*

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

Series the Fifth.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1815.

No. III.

ART. I.—*A Brief Account of the Jesuits, with historical Proofs in Support of it; tending to establish the Danger of the Revival of that Order to the World at large, and to the United Kingdom in particular.* 8vo. Pp. 56. C. and J. Rivington. 1815.

AMONG the various evils, at this moment, threatening the vital interests of our country, few, if any, more imperiously call for the vigilant exertions of our legislature, than the revival of the order of Jesuits, by the reigning Pope, after its solemn abolition by Pope Clement XIV.

It is not a little remarkable, that this religiously political event has been obstinately enforced, under the tremendous denunciations of the Romish church, in direct opposition to the veto of catholic sovereigns, who have wisely considered it to be a revival incompatible with the general interests of civil society.

Viewing this order as a college, we have to admire the stupendous pillars of learning by which it was, heretofore, supported; but, when we peep behind the great curtain, and behold state politicians clad in monastic humility, and sovereigns in the disguise of mendicants; when we see the splendours of science casting a false lustre over the most corrupt principles; we shall find, that the crimes of this order are incorporate with its institution; and, that they are more baneful to humanity, than the scattered evils of Pandora's box.

Let us, for a moment, contemplate the religious modesty of the Pope, in prefacing this assumption of power. By a bull, dated the 7th of August, 1814, his holiness sets forth, that it is his duty to employ all his authority to relieve the spiritual wants of the catholic world. He recites the revival of the order in Russia, in 1801, at the prayer of the Emperor Paul; and, in Sicily, in 1804, at the desire of King Ferdinand; and proceeds to state, that he should deem himself guilty of a great crime towards God, if, amidst the dangers of the christian republic, he should neglect to employ the aids which the special

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providence of the Almighty had yielded to his powers; and, if placed in the bark of St. Peter, and tossed by continual storms, he should refuse to employ the vigorous and experienced rowers who volunteer their services.

By virtue of this specious metaphor, therefore, the holy father, meditating a tyranny of apostolic influence over prostrate bigotry, enacts, *in perpetual validity*, that the concessions made to the Jesuits in Russia and in Sicily, do extend, not only to *all his ecclesiastical states*, but to ALL OTHER STATES! The bull then decrees all necessary powers to the present General of the society, to receive all who may desire admission to the order, whose members are directed to apply themselves to the education of youth—to direct colleges and seminaries—to hear confessions—to preach—and to administer the sacrament. The order is, moreover, taken under the especial guardianship of the Holy See, which reserves the power of directing all that may be necessary to consolidate the society more and more; to render it stronger; and to purge it from abuses—*should they ever creep in!*

This bull is directed to be inviolably observed in *all future time*; that it shall never be submitted to the judgment or revision of any judge, with whatever power he may be clothed—declaring null and void any encroachment thereon, either knowingly or from ignorance; and, finally, the bull of Pope Clement XIV. is contumaciously abrogated.

The publication of this edict was followed by an act, ordaining the restitution of the funds, which were the patrimony of the Jesuits, and making compensations for their confiscated property.

We will now pry a little into the origin, the constitution, and the laws of this society. The order of Jesuits was founded in 1540, by Ignatius Loyola. It was his profession, and has continued the precept of his followers, that he acted under the immediate inspiration of Heaven. Notwithstanding these high sounding pretensions, Pope Paul III. refused, on the representation of a committee of cardinals appointed to the enquiry, to grant his approbation: for the cardinals, who foresaw the dangers, not only incidental to, but irreparable from, such an institution, continued steadfast in their opposition. But Ignatius Loyola eventually removed the Pope's scruples, by proposing, that, in addition to the three vows, common to all religious orders, namely—poverty, chastity, and monastic obedience—the members of his society should make a fourth vow of *unconditional* obedience to the Pope; binding themselves to go whithersoever his holiness might command in the service of

religion; and that, without requiring any support from the church.

This bait was irresistible. The popish system, at that period, was envired by enemies; and the papal authority considerably weakened, by the revolt of many nations from the Romish church. The acquisition, therefore, of a society thus peculiarly devoted to the see of Rome, presented most alluring prospects; and the event fully justified the crafty anticipation. In less than half a century the society obtained establishments in every country attached to the Romish faith: they grew in power, increased in wealth, and shone in learning. They were equally celebrated by the friends, and dreaded by the enemies, of the Holy See; and were, confessedly, the most able, as well as the most enterprising order, in the church.

To their founder is to be attributed that artful infusion of religious ardour, which characterizes the Jesuits. It so intermingled with their every regulation, that it diffused enthusiasm; but, to Lainez and to Acquaviva—the two Generals who succeeded Ignatius Loyola—are to be attributed the profound and hypocritical policy which has since distinguished the order. To Lainez, in particular, they owe the *Secreta Monita*,* or secret instructions, which were unrevealed until about the close of the seventeenth century. An edition of this rare work, in the original Latin, was dedicated to Sir Robert Walpole in 1722. As these secret instructions are difficult to procure, they are little known.

The object of all other monastic societies, is to separate man from the world; that of the Jesuits, on the contrary, is universal worldly activity. The General of the order was invested with despotic authority. His supreme will was, to each member, oracular; and

‘As the constitutions of the order vest in the General such absolute dominion over all its members, they carefully provide for his being perfectly informed with respect to the character and abilities of his subjects. Every novice who offers himself as a candidate for entering into the order, is obliged to manifest his conscience to the superior, or a person appointed by him: and is required, not only to confess his sins and defects, but to discover the inclinations, the passions, and the bent of his soul. This manifestation must be renewed every six months. The society, not satisfied

* The *Secreta Monita* was first discovered by Christian, Duke of Brunswick, when he seized the Jesuits' college at Paderborn, in Westphalia; the whole mystery is developed in an appendix to our pamphlet. It has made our blood run cold to read it.

with penetrating in this manner into the inmost recesses of the heart, directs each member to observe the words and actions of the novices; they are constituted spies upon their conduct, and are bound to disclose every thing of importance concerning them to the superior. In order that this scrutiny into their character may be as complete as possible, a long noviciate must expire, during which they pass through the several gradations of rank in the society; and they must have attained the full age of thirty-three years before they can be admitted to take the final vows, by which they become professed members. By these various methods, the superiors, under whose immediate inspection the novices are placed, acquire a thorough knowledge of their disposition and talents. In order that the General, who is the soul that animates and moves the whole society, may have under his eye every thing necessary to inform or direct him, the provincials and heads of the several houses are obliged to transmit to him regular and frequent reports concerning the members under their inspection. In these, they descend into minute details with respect to the character of each person, his abilities, natural or acquired, his temper, his experience in affairs, and the particular department for which he is best fitted. These reports, when digested and arranged, are entered into registers kept for the purpose, that the General may, at one comprehensive view, survey the state of the society in every corner of the earth; observe the qualifications and talents of its members; and thus select, with perfect information, the instruments which his absolute power can employ in any service for which he thinks fit to destine them.

Thus trained, they were dispersed throughout the world to labour with unwearied zeal, in promoting the salvation of mankind. They became teachers—pulpit orators—confessors; and, as missionaries, they travelled to convert unbelieving nations: so that, at length, the novelty of this institution, as well as the singularity of its objects, procured them many exalted patrons.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the Jesuits, unremitting in their pious labours, had obtained the direction of the education of youth in every catholic country in Europe. They became confessors to monarchs, and were spiritual guides to almost every person of rank or power. Such advantages to an active and enterprising body of men are obvious. Over the minds which they formed in youth, they obtained ascendancy in riper years. They assisted in the direction of state politics; they were busy agents in intrigue and revolution; and, in short, possessed the master-key of the human passions.

In addition to the sources of wealth common to all religious orders, they obtained a special licence from the court of Rome to trade with the nations whom they professed to convert,

With this permission, they opened an extensive commerce with the two Indies; and, eventually, acquired a sovereignty in the southern continent of America, where they reigned over some hundred thousands of subjects.

Thus empowered, and swayed by one ardent, unalterable principle—the *spirit* of attachment to their order—they propagated a **SYSTEM OF RELAXED AND PLIANT MORALITY**—very accommodating, in its tenets, to the frailties of man. This new system justified vice—tolerated human imperfections—and authorised the daring of the crafty politician, under this diabolical maxim, that the *‘END sanctified the MEANS!’*

And this refinement of policy, we believe, is pretty well understood at the present day: ragged rogues are hanged; whereas, embroidered villany experiences a very different order of exaltation. We could find it in our hearts to digress a little here; but the majesty of **LAW** frowns upon our temerity, and we make our silent bow, with overawed humility.

‘As the prosperity of the order was intimately connected with the preservation of the papal authority, the Jesuits influenced by the same principle of attachment to the interests of their society, have been the most zealous patrons of those doctrines which tend to *exalt ecclesiastical power on the ruins of civil government*. They have attributed to the court of Rome a jurisdiction, as extensive and absolute as was claimed by the most presumptuous pontiffs in the dark ages. They have contended for the entire independence of ecclesiastics on the civil magistrates. *They have published such tenets concerning the duty of opposing princes, who were enemies to the catholic faith, as countenanced the most atrocious crimes, and tended to dissolve all the ties which connect subjects with their rulers.*

‘As the order derived both reputation and authority, from the zeal with which it stood forth in defence of the Romish church against the attacks of the Reformers, its members, proud of this distinction, have considered it as their peculiar function to *combat the opinions, and to check the progress of, the protestants*. They have made use of every art, and have employed every weapon, against them: they have set themselves in opposition to every gentle or tolerating measure in their favour: *they have incessantly stirred up against them all the rage of ecclesiastical and civil persecution.*’

If this our sketch of the laws, polity, and genius of this formidable and ambitious order, has awakened curiosity to be more fully instructed in their political constitution, their never-sleeping demon of intrigue, and their arrogated power, we recommend an attentive perusal of the well-wrought narrative before us: and we, more especially, offer to the public consideration, the development of the secret institutions of this

elevated body, the mysterious records of which they produced in court, pending the prosecution carried on against their society in France and Portugal. These are most important; for, previously to that epoch, so impenetrable was their mystery, that although the society were diffused throughout the world, no member had, for nearly two centuries, ever betrayed the secrets of his order; and this concealment, strange as it may appear, was even connived at by the several courts of judicature, before whom they had, occasionally, refused to expose their grand arcana.

At length, the pernicious spirit of their constitution wrought its own destruction. It had long been obnoxious to some of the leading powers of Europe: the Emperor Charles V. found it expedient to check their progress in his dominions. James I. in 1604, expelled them by proclamation from England. In 1606, they were dismissed from Venice. In 1759, from Portugal. In 1764, from France. In 1767, from Spain and Sicily; and, finally, they were abolished by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773.

Shall we not, therefore, proclaim, that it is the bounden duty of our representatives in parliament, to protest against a HOLY ASSOCIATION, composed of fanatical blood-hounds, whose religious maxims it is, to prowl throughout the habitable globe, searching for whom they may devour.

In vain does the pious Pope, clothing his patronage in political sanctity, assure us, that his bull promises more, for the future good of Europe, than any event of the last twenty years: that Clement XIV. was a weak and imbecile prelate, partly flattered, and partly menaced, into an act of self-destruction, in the abolition of his best bulwark—the society of Jesuits: and, finally, that had the Jesuits remained, the French revolution, with all its excesses, would never have occurred.

Men of common understanding, and reflecting qualities, are not to be cheated of their senses by delusion, however pompous in its decoration. We will not enter into any historical detail of remote religious warfare; we will not exhibit the Book of Martyrs, in confirmation of the horrors of a catholic yoke; we will not analyze the Romish faith, or attack the devotion of its zealots—but, we will ask, and peremptorily too, if it be meet, that our representatives should sleep, while the prelude is in active preparation to a future enactment of some bloody national tragedy?

Shall parliament be silent while this bull decrees, in PERPETUAL VALIDITY, TO ALL STATES, an extension of the papal

patronage—under protestant protection? The Jesuits are, even at this hour, establishing themselves in our empire, and have found advocates in our press. Is parliament unread in history? Is it unknown to them, that when the Jesuits flourished, they so flourished in treason, in sedition, and in assassination; never forgetting their fundamental principle, that the ‘END SANCTIFIED THE MEANS!’ Must we tell the Lords and Commons, that this society is an universal monarchy, of which the General is the supreme, so confirmed in 1591 by the Pope? That this General, or, more properly, this despotic sovereign, possesses, independently even of the Pope, unlimited controul over the person, conduct, conscience, of every member: that he elects professors, superintends all colleges, and decides, without chapter or other judicial form, on all controversies; makes contracts without the privity of his society, dissolves all engagements, nullifies all acts at his sole pleasure: that he arrogates supremacy over all other religious orders, and, most especially, directs and aids the horrors of the inquisitorial power?

Our limits do not permit us to recount the miseries which have arisen, in all countries, from the secular spirit, cruel persecution, and restless intrigues, of this detestable society; but we may, briefly, state, that towards the close of the fifteenth century, the ruler of the Jesuits was president of the Council of Sixteen, which gave impule to the league formed in Paris; and, thence, throughout France. Matthieu and Auger, both Jesuits, were confessors to Henri III.; the result of this league was the murder of that monarch, in 1589, by Clement, a Jesuit. During the ‘three months’ siege of Paris, it was estimated, that one hundred thousand souls perished by famine, and by the sword, in opposing * Henri IV..

‘The reign of Queen Elizabeth affords a succession of their plots: Parsons and Campion, the Jesuits, first stirred up sedition and revolt. The latter, with Sherwin and Bryant, were convicted on the clearest evidence, in 1581. Parsons, who escaped to Rome, never ceased for eighteen years to libel the first personages of England, and disturb the public tranquillity: his inter-

* When this prince was proclaimed, he was a protestant; and, according to De Thou, had experienced a narrow escape from the Jesuits and the Inquisition. The rebellion was at their instigation. Barriere, Chastel, and Ravilliac were trained to attempt the assassination of Henri IV.; the latter succeeded. Cou-drette shews, that the Jesuits prepared chambers, partially darkened, into which the appearances of infernal beings were introduced, and other devices contrived, by which the minds of their disciples were wrought up, from the contemplation of scenes of horror, to the commission of acts of horror!

cepted letters prove his activity in the invasion intended for us, and he strove to excite partizans in England to favour the attempt, invariably representing the Queen as an usurper and a heretic. In 1584, Parri was executed, who confessed that he had been instigated, first by Palmio, a Jesuit, at Venice, afterwards by the Jesuits at Lyons, and finally, by those of Paris, to assassinate the Queen, the last of whom took his confession, and gave him the sacrament, on his devoting himself to that act. Crichton, a Jesuit, who had been trying in Scotland, in vain, to engage the king, with the Pope and king of Spain, to dethrone Elizabeth, persuaded Bousse (who was an agent of Spain in distributing money in Scotland) to assassinate her, but without effect. The parliament, in 1585, passed an act forbidding all persons to harbour Jesuits. Elizabeth wrote, with her own hand, to Henri III. of France, after the conspiracy against her life, informing him that the Jesuits had contrived it, 'who,' says she, 'hold it meritorious to kill a sovereign whom the Pope has deposed;' and she then warns him against them, and he would have done well if he had observed her caution.'

In 1592, Patrick Cullen, at the instigation of Holt, a Jesuit (from whom he had, previously, received absolution, and the sacrament) came to England to assassinate Elizabeth. He published a book to prove, that it was 'PERMITTED BY THE LAW, AS WELL AS ACCEPTABLE TO GOD, TO MURDER PRINCES HOSTILE TO THE ROMISH CHURCH!'

The Queen, by her proclamation dated 15th November, 1602, states, that 'the Jesuits had fomented plots against her person, excited her subjects to revolt, provoked foreign princes to compass her death, engaged in all affairs of state, and, by their language and writings, had undertaken to dispose of her crown.'

. A memorial presented to the people during this reign, and preserved by De Thou, states that, 'their political ambition had set a price upon kingdoms, and put up crowns to sale; that they had libelled the magistracy, written seditious letters, and published various volumes, against the legitimate succession of the throne.'

Lucius enumerates five separate conspiracies of the Jesuits against James I. before he had reigned one year; and that monarch, in his proclamation of 22d February, 1604, names the Jesuits who had fomented them.

When Guy Fawkes * was examined before the council, he

* Consult 'Actio in Proditores,' drawn up by our judges; the state trials of that time; the History of De Thou, or, the 'Jesuites Criminels de Leze Majeste.'

replied, 'he was moved only by religion, and for conscience sake; denying the king to be his lawful sovereign, in respect he was a heretic.' A perusal of the state trials of that day will satisfy the most incredulous, that the gunpowder plot was the premeditated act of the Jesuits.

In the time of the civil wars, Pope Urban VIII, in a letter to the vice-provincial of the order of the Jesuits, sets forth, 'there was, then, good hope of the revival of the catholic cause in England, and the extinction of the protestant faith; which,' he adds, 'on the authority of our holy chair, is mere heresy:' and he commands, that all good catholics should be aiding in the war, with their persons and property; and that they should receive various indulgences, such as the power of releasing others from purgatory, &c. and, if any should be killed, they would be placed in the martyrology.

But, shall a people, professing moral opinions, and obeying religious worship, TACTILY adopt this revival of a society, that acknowledged no laws, human or divine?

Had the infidel Emperor of France maintained his iron crown and his bloody sceptre, would the Pope have *dared* to propose the resurrection of the Jesuits to him, who rooted out the Inquisition? No!—and, when history records the black kalendar of Bonaparte's crimes, it will, also, irradiate his memory with this solitary act of justice to enslaved humanity. In speaking of this fallen Colossus, we apply the word infidel to his name, for well has he merited the distinction.

It is related, and believed too, that Napoleon, turning suddenly from a bishop, with whom he was in conversation, and pointing to the Liliputian King of Rome at play, said, '*my lord, do you suppose that little being has a soul?*' Now, if this be not sufficient to warrant our expression, let us revert to that part of the infidel's policy, which, not only enslaved fathers, but placed their children under his immediate disposal. In vain did mothers throng, in frantic assemblies, from the extremities of the empire, to demand the sons which tyranny had torn from their embrace. Napoleon placed those children in schools, where they were taught, by beat of drum, every species of irreligion, debauchery, contempt for the domestic virtues, and a blind obedience to his sovereign will. By means like these, he did more for the corruption of the human race, in the short space of ten years, than all the tyrants of Rome did, collectively, from Nero down to the last persecutor of the christians. The principles on which he founded his government passed from himself into every class of society; for a

wicked administration disseminates vice, as a wise government cherishes virtue, and either will pervade the people.

With irreligion, a taste for every enjoyment or expense above their means, and a contempt of moral ties, the spirit of adventure, of violence, and of oppression, descended from the throne into private families. A little more of such a monstrous reign, and France would have become a den of robbers.

And yet, under Napoleon the Great—the infidel Napoleon—this pious Pope would not, in the name of God! have dared to revive the order of the Jesuits.

Now, that the world is **FREE**, the **FETTERING** policy of his Holiness is equally paramount and self evident. It aims at the certain support and extension of the catholic cause; but, as neither the constitution nor principles of these people are changed in their new organization, their crimes will be the same. It is, therefore, the imperative duty of all nations to protest, in a way that shall be heard, against the reception of such men into the bosoms of civil society; and it is, more especially, the duty of Great Britain to raise her authoritative voice against the re-introduction of a yoke, which had proved too heavy to be borne by our forefathers.

Parliament is not called upon to enact new, but to enforce old laws. The previous step should be prompt and decisive—we mean, that of the public and immediate dismissal of the Jesuits now within the United Kingdom, with strong penalties against their future introduction. Finally—

‘ The present Pope has been unable to resist the temptation which so fair a prospect has presented, and has therefore summoned that order from the obscurity into which the miseries and curses of a world had driven it; and has assigned to it, as its ancient and most powerful auxiliary, the holy inquisition. Let us not be deceived: these are measures of no trifling import to protestant England, whatever may be asserted to that effect by her deluded friends, or her secret enemies.

‘ To the nation at large, I would say, you are free and happy; but you are only one or the other, as you determine to wear no spiritual shackles: for popery and arbitrary power have ever gone, and ever will go, hand in hand. To the parliament in particular, I would say, (in the prophetic language of Pasquier, when addressing the parliament of Paris in 1564, as reported by De Thou) “You, yourselves, who now tolerate the Jesuits, even you, if you continue that course, will reproach yourselves, when it is too late, with your mistaken credulity; when you shall behold the deplorable consequences of your pliancy, in the overthrow of all public order and tranquillity, not only in this country, but throughout the whole christian world.” ’

ART. II.—*Specimens of the Classic Poets, in a Chronological Series, from Homer to Tryphiodorus; with Biographical and Critical Notices.* By CHARLES A. ELTON. 3 vols. 8vo. Pp. 416, 403, 391. Baldwin. 1814.

It would be worthy of philosophical enquiry, why the mind of a nation should have its seasons of literary productiveness and barrenness: why the tract of poetry, in particular, should, at one time, lie fallow, and, at another, pour forth its *lætas segetes* in such profusion as to ‘burst the garners.’ A spirit of emulous imitation does not seem adequate to solve the problem. We should rather explain it by political causes, acting on the mass of intellect, and producing a general excitement and activity. These causes may be of a very different nature in different ages and countries. The free and energetic character of a republic communicated its elasticity and fire to the fancy of a Lucretius and a Catullus. The pleasure of repose from civil discords, and the freshness of interest attendant on a new dynasty, fostered the graces of Horace, and breathed an exquisite delicacy in the effusions of Tibullus. The Reformation, which agitated Europe from the palace to the cottage, effected a crisis in the human mind favourable to the creation of a Shakespeare and his compeers. Similar have been the results of the French Revolution. Poetry has raised her wings for a bolder and more excursive flight; and, however we may be disposed to laugh at occasional affectation and studied eccentricity, we mean not to deny that the number of poets of eminence, whose works awaken the almost hourly interest of the age in which we live, constitute a very remarkable era in the fertility of national genius.

The crop of poets is accompanied by an equal harvest of translators: a class of writers, whom it is invariably the custom to decry; although both Dryden and Pope derive, perhaps, their largest popularity from their translations of Virgil and Homer. In the *Georgics*, Warton has been eclipsed by Sotheby: Moore, in *Anacreon*, has left Fawkes, Broome, and Addison, and all but Cowley, or perhaps Stanley, halting behind him: Dryden has been often rivalled, we do not think often excelled, by Gifford and Hodgson: West and Pye have met with competitors in Girdlestone and Bannister: and our pen is scarcely dry from commenting on Claudian in blank verse, and Lucretius in rhyme, when a still bolder candidate starts forward, who, not content with plucking a single classic apple, has fairly ‘robbed the whole tree.’

Notwithstanding the fastidious prejudice felt by scholars

with regard to translations, we hail the continuance of this spirit among our writers, for three reasons: firstly, the power of poetical translation is one of our national distinctions as a literary people: Perrault qualified himself to form his '*Parallèle des anciens et des modernes*,' by reading Homer and Sophocles in French prose: and it is only in the present age that De Lisle has emancipated his countrymen from the reproach of drudging through a similar horrible parody of the melodious Virgil: secondly, it is in vain to tell a man, who is pinioned half the day behind a desk or a counter, that he must learn Greek and Latin, or do without Anacreon and Horace; and we are by no means disposed to wish that our bankers, and merchants, and shopkeepers, may talk only of debit and credit, of invoices and bills of parcels: and thirdly, we hail it as laying the basis of some sort of counteraction to the *excess* of original poetry, displaying itself in a variety of glaring and fantastic forms, like the figures on an Indian screen, and dazzling and seducing the judgment by the quaintness of their novelty.

In this view of the subject, if in no other, we think the work before us promises to be useful, not merely in recalling the public taste to examples of simple and unconstrained grandeur, of chaste and easy elegance, but in tracing the deviations from a severe and classical taste through parts of warm but unchastised imaginations, through the Ovids and the Lucans, the Darwins and the Southey's, of antiquity.

Mr. Elton has before translated the *Theogony* and the *Shield* of Hesiod in blank verse; and in the preface to the '*Specimens*,' he enters into a defence of that structure of rhythm. Of this metrical controversy we shall keep clear; but we suppose that no reader would desire that the following version should be rhymed:

‘ he said : but then a cloud
Of blackest sorrow on Læertes fell:
With both his hands he snatch'd the burning dust,
And strew'd it on his hoary head, and groan'd
Deep from his heart. Ulysses' soul was moved
Within him, and the sharp and throbbing breath
Thrill'd to his nostrils, as he look'd upon
The father whom he lov'd. Sudden he leap'd
Upon his neck, and kiss'd and clasp'd him round,
And cried, "I—I am he—my very self—
He whom thou seek'st, my father!"—P. 53.

This has all the ardour of Pope, with a nicer fidelity, and far more easiness of style than is attained by Cowper.

Mr. Elton supports the notion, which is also in vogue with the German critics, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are a patch work of heroic songs. He, apparently, even leans to the belief, that they consist of desultory rhapsodies of rival bards; and that the very existence of Homer is problematical. Homer may, indeed, be a fictitious name; yet the poems may still be the productions of a single individual. But this translator admits, that the name of a poet might as naturally have been preserved by oral tradition as the poems themselves. This concession offers a strong presumption in favour of the reality of such a person as Homer. If Mr. Elton mean only to deny that Homer celebrated his poem continuously, and without any pauses of intermission, the manners of the times will bear him out in the conclusion, that it was composed, as it was sung, by fits and snatches, in such portions as the occasion required; but that the *Iliad*, at least, could not well have been the composition of more bards than one, unless they were confederated like our Cumberlands and Sir James Bland Burgesses, seems evident from the consistency respecting Achilles, who is always kept in view, though not immediately in action; and of whom, during his absence from battle or council, we are from time to time artfully reminded.

If it be true, that beauty, more powerfully than their stars, leads poor women astray, Mr. Elton is unquestionably right in his surmise, that Sappho was handsome. Besides, Ovid's epistle testifies

omni que à parte placebam,
Sed tum præcipue cum sit amoris opus.

Phaon, then, however he got loose, had once been caught, and by something more than the trickling of a lute. Her poetry is well characterized as the poetry of impulse, 'simple, vehement, rich in images, sparing in words;' and such is the translation:

That man is like a God to me,
Who sitting face to face with thee,
Shall hear thee sweetly speak and see
Thy laughter's gentle blandishing.
'Tis this astounds my trembling heart:
I see thee, lovely as thou art:
My fluttering words in murmurs start,
My broken tongue is faltering.
My flushing skin the fire betrays,
That through my blood electric strays;
My eyes seem darkening as I gaze,
My ringing ears re-echoing.

Cold from my forehead glides the dew :
 A shuddering tremour thrills me through :
 My cheek a green and yellow hue :
 All gasping, dying, languishing.'

The phrase *χλωροτερη ποιας*, which Philips has omitted, is, we think, most happily paraphrased: this is the love-sick paleness, the *pallor amantiūm*, of Horace, tinged with the *herbā*, instead of the *viold*. We agree with the translator, that 'jealousy' is here out of the question. In the 'Ode to Venus,' is a stanza which we have seldom seen equalled in airy elegance of expression:

' O'er shadowy earth, before my sight,
 Thy dainty sparrows wheel'd their flight :
 Their balanced wings in ether's light,
 Were quivering to and fro.'

In Anacreon, Mr. Elton, as compared with Moore, comes nearer to the original in classic simplicity, while he is not at all inferior in the glow and bloom of diction.

It is plausibly contended that the moderns have blundered most egregiously in looking for fury and enthusiasm among the odes remaining of Pindar, and that the torrent numbers described by Horace were the lost dithyrambics. Mr. Elton's stanza of uncertain rhymes has more of the Pindaric melody, than the rounded regular strophes of West; and, if compared either with West or Gray, his description of the eagle lulled by music will be read with something more than passive approbation.

' The monarch eagle then hangs down
 On either side his flagging wing,
 And on Jove's sceptre rocks with slumbering head :
 Hovering vapours darkling spread
 O'er his arch'd beak and veil his filmy eye :
 Thou pour'st a sweet mist from thy string ;
 And as thy music's thrilling arrows fly,
 He feels soft sleep effuse
 From every pore its balmy stealing dews,
 And heaves his ruffled plumes in slumber's ecstasy.'

The Orphean poems have by some been ascribed to Pythagoras, though both Stobæus and Suidas assign them to the soothsayer Onomacritus. But the Argonautics and the hymns certainly appear to us the productions of a different hand, if not of a different era; and as the existence of certain ancient poems, under the title of Orphic, cannot be disputed, we are

inclined to concur in the opinion, that some of these pieces are genuine fragments, of a date long anterior to the time of Sistratus. The Alexandrines of our old heroic poets suit admirably with the bardic epopœa of the Thracian. The following has all the wildness of an Orphic strain :

‘ Hear me, thou ! for ever whirling round the rolling heavens on high,
Thy far-travelling orb of splendour midst the whirlpools of the sky !
Hear effulgent Jove and Bacchus ! father both of earth and sea ;
Sun, all-various ! golden beaming ! all things teeming out of thee !’

If this fragment be authentic, it throws considerable light on the old Grecian theology. Among the hymns is one of such venerable sublimity, that we are staggered at the mental phenomenon of an unassisted heathen forming such awfully majestic conceptions of the Deity. The access of the ethnic theologists to the Jewish records, jealously guarded as they have ever been, is, we think, completely hypothetical ; and the ‘ presumptive arguments,’ which Mr. Elton imagines may be ‘ drawn from their systems and writings,’ may be found chimerical. Undoubtedly, there are lines which remind us of the Israelitish psalmist :

‘ He stretches his right hand
To th’ uttermost bounds of ocean, and the root
Of mountains trembles at his touch.’

But who would not suspect the interpolation of a lettered Jew, when he reads so amazing a passage as the following ?

‘ So speaks the love
Of ancient wisdom : so the man, who sprang
Forth from the cradling waters speaks ; who took
The double tables of the law from God !’

Some of the translators of Theocritus have stumbled upon blunders for which school boys would be flogged. In the ‘ Amaryllis,’ the old fortune-teller, Agræo, or as Heinsius shrewdly corrects it, *α γραια*, the old woman is spoken of as *α πρην ποιολογευσα παραιβατις*. Our craniological lecturer, Dr. Spurzheim, should examine the skull of the man who could suppose these words to mean, that she had been at work in a harvest field at so much a day ! In the ‘ Syracusan Gossips,’ Praxinœ, while chiding the maid for laziness, tartly observes, *αι γαλειαι μαλακως χρησδοντι καθευδεν* : and this has been turned

into a grave direction to go and drive the cats off the bed ! It is no great compliment to Mr. Elton, to say that he has avoided blunders for which school boys would have been whipped.

' A fortune-telling crone late held my fee,
And shook the sieve, and cull'd the grain for me.'—P. 249.

' You've grown dainty, jade :
Here ; place it, wench : *'cats love to sleep on cushions.'*—P. 253.

This dialogue is the happiest adaptation of loose blank verse which we have met with since the Terence of Colman.

Of Apollonius Rhodius, Mr. Elton remarks, ' If the *sublime* be the characteristic of Homer, the *romantic* is that of Apollonius : and in nature and tenderness he need not shun a comparison even with Homer. No poet has ever excelled the Rhodian in the refined display of female character, in the gay amenities, the modest reserves, the delicate artifices, the conflicting uncertainties, and the poignant sensibilities of female love. Dido is but a feeble copy of the interesting and impassioned Medea.'

This opinion has our unequivocal concurrence. We admire the Phèdre of Racine ; but we should never dream of comparing her with the Monimia of Otway : and such, and in exactly the same degree, is the superiority of Medea to Dido. For the strange neglect of the poet of Rhodes we can only account by that fashion in literature which spread wheresoever the Roman eagles flew, and deserted the muses of Greece for those of Latium.

The returning love of life in the moment of self-devotion to death, is thus beautifully touched :

' She loosed the casket's fastenings ; with ill hap
Gathering the mortal herbs, when suddenly
Came o'er her mind a horror of the grave.
Long time she mus'd in doubt ; life's pleasing cares
In smiling vision flitted on her sight :
She thought upon the pleasures that are found
Among the living : she remember'd her
Of the gay playmates of her virgin hours :
The sun more pleasant in her fancy shone
Than ere his light had been ; and more and more
Her fondness grew for each remember'd thing.'

The artless nature of the following passage is alone equalled by its exquisite grace : both are faithfully retained in the translation :

So said the youth : with admiration high
 Gilding his speech. But she, her eyes cast down,
 Smiled with enchanting sweetness : all her soul
 Melted within her, of his words of praise
 Enamour'd. Then she fix'd, full opposite,
 Her eyes upon him, at a loss what word
 She first should speak, yet wishing in a breath
 To utter all her fond impetuous thoughts :
 And with spontaneous act she took the drug
 From forth her fragrant girdle's folds, and he
 Received it at her hands, elate with joy :
 And she had drawn the spirit from her breast
 Had he but asked it, sighing out her soul
 Into his bosom. So from Jason's head,
 Waving with yellow locks, love lighten'd forth
 A lambent flame, and snatch'd the darted rays
 That trembled from his eyes. Her inmost soul
 Floating in bliss, she all dissolved away ;
 As dew on roses in the morning's beams
 Evaporating melts. So stood they both,
 And bent in bashfulness their eyes on earth,
 Then glanced them on each other : while their brows
 Smiled joyous in serenity of love.'

Yet we cannot give up Virgil entirely to the stern anathema of Mr. Elton, nor allow him to be degraded from the epic rank down to the descriptive poets. Even in his pastorals, the splendour of epic sentiment is, we think, continually struggling to break forth : nor can we forget the frantic inspiration of the sibyl of Cuma, nor the lofty daringness of Camilla.

As Mr. Elton seems to please himself in the *pastoral* strains of Virgil, we shall select a passage from the first Bucolic, which strikes us as extremely elegant, notwithstanding something of a Darwinian cast.

'Blessed old man ! here, midst familiar streams,
 You'll breathe the cool, where twilight foliage gleams ;
 There from the hedge-row of the neighbouring ground
 The bees, like swarms of Hybla, hovering round,
 As o'er the willow's flowery cones they creep,
 Shall with soft whisperings soothe thee into sleep.
 On air-hung rock the vine-dresser shall sing,
 And hoarse thy brood of woodland pigeons ring ;
 And from th' aerial elm the turtle still
 Shall sob the murmur of her moaning bill.'

We cannot pause on the amatory poets nor on the satirists : though both have ample justice done them by the equally de-

licate and nervous pen of the present translator. The most valuable part of the work consists in copious selections from authors of the latter ages, with whom the generality of readers are but imperfectly acquainted, and who, therefore, appear with all the gloss and vividness of novelty.

It is to the glory of Greece that ancient poetry rose and set in the lustre of her incomparable language. The genius of Rome in her decline shows 'like the glimmering of a waxen flame,' contrasted with the radiance of the Greek poets in the fourth and sixth centuries.

Oppian is the epic poet of hunters and fishers. His paintings have often the grandeur and spirit of a *Snyders*. His rapid and vehement manner of narration is well imitated in the chase of the bear.

' Now, all disposed with seemly care and art,
A clanging trumpet makes the forest start.
Leaps from her den the bear with yelling cry,
And growling glares, with fierceness in her eye.
Close round the savage press the hunter rout,
With phalanx rush, with tumult, tramp, and shout.
She, starting from the throng, in giddy flight
Makes for the lawn, that opening gleams in sight :
They, with shrill halloo, wave the shaggy twine,
And agitate the many-coloured line.
She sad, perplex'd, and stupified with fear,
Bounds to and fro, and reels with deafen'd ear :
The crowd, the tramp, the shout, the horn assail,
The panic-waving cord, the whistling gale :
The feathery tufts, high-brandish'd to and fro,
And wings shrill-rustling as the breezes blow.'

An incident of contrast is artfully introduced, during the harpooning of the whale, which could only have occurred to a genuine poet.

' Their hoarse-resounding clamour fills the gale :
Some shepherd feeding in the distant vale
His woolly flock, or goatherd starts to hear,
Or hunter of the forest holds his spear ;
Or woodman, as his axe the pine-tree fells,
Astonish'd listens in the mountain dells.'

Quintius of Smyrna, surnamed Calaber, from the MS. having been found in a monastery of Calabria, is interesting as the continuator of Homer's tale of Troy. He sings the chivalrous exploits of Memnon and his *Æthiopians* ; of Penthi-

Alca and her Amazons. There is much of spirited grace in the Amazonian queen's crossing Achilles and Ajax: and her challenge to them has an air of *female* bravado, which heightens the truth of the character.

' Them when the war-skill'd Amazon descried,
Hot rushing through the fearful press of war
Like beasts of prey, she sprang before them both
Like to a panther of the woods.
Come now; approach me nearer; so be taught
What vigour swells the breast of Amazons.'

Her death is beautifully related; and the brutal scoffs of Achilles over her dead body are no less characteristic, than the *selfish* compunction awakened by a sight of her handsome features, when he has drawn off her helmet, is a natural trait in the hero of a semi-barbarous age.

' Achilles' self
Was cut with anguish to the very heart
That he had slain her: nor the heavenly maid
Led as a bride to his own Thessaly.

The episode of Paris and Oenone; the husband begging his life of the woman he had deserted, and the wife implacably revengeful, and too late repentant, is highly dramatic and affecting.

The 'Dionysiaca' of Nonnus, the Egyptian, form a web of mythological adventures, tissue with gorgeous and romantic poetry. Nicœa, the huntress, might have appeared in the train of the 'Fairy Queen.'

' In a cave,
Arch'd in the natural rock, her mansion was
Midst desert hill-crag inaccessible:
And oft, o'erwearied by the running chase,
She sate beside the panthers; or, beneath
The hollow rock, in mid-noon, lay at length,
Where the recumbent lioness had teem'd
With her young lion: but the gentle beast
Smooth'd its rough brows in blandishment, and lick'd
The maiden's limbs, and sheath'd its bending claws
That mangled not her flesh: the dreadful mouth
E'en of the littering lioness, those jaws
Devouring, like a dog's, in querulous joy
Skim'd, fondly moaning with forbearing lips,
And touch'd her without harm.'

Orpheus and Musæus seem to be the *Rowleys* of antiquity. The author of the 'Hero and Leander,' be he who he may, deserves a niche in Chaucer's 'House of Fame,' beside 'Venus' Clerke Ovide.' What can be more prettily feminine than the attitude of the enamoured Hero?

'Speechless the virgin stood, with downcast eye,
And veil'd her cheek, that glowed with modesty:
With tip-toe step she lightly paced the ground,
And bashful clipp'd her folded mantle round.'

We cannot resist the temptation of another extract, of which it may be said, 'accipies meros amores.'

His beauteous limbs disrobing, while he said,
He roll'd his folded vestments round his head,
Sprang from the shore at one adventurous leap;
And cast his body midst the rolling deep.
Strait towards the gleaming torch he clave the sea,
The ship, the rower, and the helmsman he.
Th' enlightening damsel on the turret high
While, with dread gust the winds of night swept by,
Screen'd with her robe the flame; till now, nigh spent,
Leander climb'd the harbouring shore's ascent.
She on the threshold met, and silent round
Her panting spouse, her arms embracing wound.
Foam drizzling from his locks, within the tower
She led him to her secret virgin bower
Deck'd for a bride; with smoothing hand she skins
The clinging brine-drops from his trickling limbs;
With rosy fragrant oils his body laves,
And drowns in sweets the briny-breathing waves;
On high-heap'd couch, then, breathless as he lies,
Entwines around him, and enamoured cries, &c.

It was said by old Mr. Haies of Eton, 'the ever memorable,' while in company with Suckling, Davenant, and Ben Jonson, that if they would produce any single topic finely treated by any one of the ancients, he would undertake to show something upon the same subject, at least as well written by Shakespeare. Let any remarkable passage of a classic be selected from the bulky tomes of 'the British Translators,' and we may venture to promise, that it shall be found at least as well translated by Mr. Elton. The benefit of the work to literature will, we think, extend beyond the mere English reader. The Augustan scholar, who like a professor of Laputa, keeps one eye

elevated to originals, and the other deprecate in scorn on translators, must permit us to act the part of flappers on this occasion; and to remind him, that even in the brazen and iron ages of classic poetry, he may find, here and there, a vein of silver, and sometimes of gold.

ART. III.—*A New Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary; comprising an Explanation of the Terms and Principles of pure and mixed Mathematics, and such Branches of Natural Philosophy as are susceptible of Mathematical Investigation. With Historical Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and present State of the several Departments of these Sciences, and an Account of the Discoveries and Writings of the most celebrated Authors, both ancient and modern. By PETER BARLOW, of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, Author of an Elementary Investigation of the Theory of Numbers, &c. &c. &c. Large octavo. G: and S. Robinson. 1814.*

THIS elegant and very valuable work is arranged with taste, digested by science, and compiled with judgment. New principles and new subjects of investigation, as properly observed by Mr. Barlow, will not be expected in a work, professing to detail the discoveries and improvements of preceding writers; but, different methods of illustration, present themselves to different minds, and peculiar opinions give peculiar arrangement and classifications to the same studies. A deviation, therefore, from any esteemed model of science, is not to be construed into an obtrusive attempt to display novelty at the expense of simplicity and truth, but, to a noble emulation, in offering new lights upon the most intricate and abstruse subjects.

It appears, that Mr. Barlow has been much indebted, in his composition, to Montulcu's *Histoire des Mathematiques*; the *Encyclopedie Methodique*; Dr. Hutton's *Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary*; the *Abridgment of the Philosophical Transactions* by Drs. Hutton, Shaw, and Pearson: from which learned treatises he has collected much valuable information.

The great merit, then, of this dictionary is, that it illustrates science with perspicuity, throughout a classification admirable for conciseness, and convenient as to expense. To accomplish this purpose, without prejudice to its grand design, Mr. Barlow has, very generally, omitted tedious or unnecessary explanations usual to works of this description: we mean such as relate to the exploded science of astrology, and those which are merely technical in architecture, fortifi-

cation, music, and military tactics ; but all objects comprehending either practical or theoretical mathematics have been carefully retained, with clear demonstration of their relations and dependencies.

And this exclusion of irrelevant terms has another merit : it has permitted Mr. Barlow to dwell, at length, on subjects of higher intricacy and importance ; and, it has given him space for the introduction of articles omitted by former writers. This latter amendment is greatly to be prized ; for science is of such expansive quality, that modern times are rich with discoveries unknown to the learned authors of a more remote era.

We turn to the word science, which is thus defined. Science, in philosophy, denotes any doctrines deduced from self-evident principles. Sciences may be properly divided as follows :—

1st. The knowledge of things, their constitutions, properties, and operations ; this, in a little more enlarged sense of the word, may be called natural philosophy, the end of which is speculative truth.

2dly. The skill of rightly applying these powers. The most considerable, under this head, is ethics, which is the seeking out those rules and measures of human actions that lead to happiness, and the means to practise them ; and, the next is mechanics, or the application of the powers of natural agents to the uses of life.

3dly. The doctrine of signs, the most usual of which being words, it is aptly enough termed logic.

This—says Mr. Locke—seems to be the most general, as well as natural, division of the objects of our understanding. For a man can employ his thoughts about nothing, but either the contemplation of things themselves for the discovery of truth, or about the things in his own power, which are his actions, for the attainment of his own ends ; or, the signs the mind may make use of both in the one and the other, and the right ordering of them, for its clearer information. All which three, viz.—things, as they are in themselves, knowable ; actions, as they depend on us in order to happiness ; and, the right use of signs in order to knowledge. These being *toto cœlo* different, they seem to be the three great provinces of the intellectual world, wholly separate and distinct one from another—

Mathematical positions, varied as complex, are demonstrated, in this work, by problems accurately drawn ; and our author's rules, principles, and results, on this abstruse study, are eminently calculated to instruct the pupil, and to aid the proficient ; for, the varieties of mathematics are incompatible

with the retention of memory; so that, tables of reference are at all events convenient, perhaps absolutely necessary.

The culture of the mathematics has been always highly cherished: it has, progressively, flourished* through a long succession of ages; and it continues the emulative study of all polished nations. A variety of technical relations and peculiar phrases, however, inseparable from its investigation, are unknown in the language of common dictionaries, and have been hitherto peculiar to works, such as Stone's Mathematical Dictionary (in a small octavo volume), and Dr. Hutton's Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary (in two volumes quarto). The first is decidedly too confined; the latter, although excellent and comprehensive, is not only beyond the convenient expense of a numerous class of readers, but it is unembellished with many recent improvements, which are fully defined in the volume before us, as well as exemplified by plates.

Historical sketches are also given of learned men respectively attached to the several branches of the sciences; together with an alphabetical arrangement of the names of the most eminent authors, from the earliest period of authentic history to the present time; with an account of their several discoveries and improvements; the dates and titles of their respective publications; the several editions through which they have passed, &c. &c.

We close our summary review with cordial commendation of this gentleman's profound and meritorious labours.

ART. IV.—*Researches concerning the Institutions and Monuments of the ancient Inhabitants of America; with Descriptions and Views of some of the most striking Scenes in the Cordilleras. Written, in French, by ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT, and translated into English by HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 411, 324. Longman & Co. London. 1814.*

CONFIRMED despisers as we are of war, however gorgeous may be its trappings, however glittering the halo of false glory surrounding its head; viewing it as we ever have, and ever shall do,

* EUCLID, the celebrated mathematician, flourished in Alexandria, B. C. 300. He immortalized his name by his books on geometry, in which he digested all the propositions of the eminent geometers who had preceded him---as Thales, Pythagoras, and others. King Ptolemy became one of his pupils, and his school became so famous, that Alexandria continued for ages the great university for mathematicians. The latest edition of his works, is that of Gregory, Oxford, folio, 1703. There have been published many editions of his

as the Great Plague of mankind, we are, nevertheless, prepared to admit, that martial enterprises have produced partial, but accidental benefits to the world at large. It must be understood, too, at the same time, that it is our settled belief, that not only are the unmeditated and casual advantages of war overbalanced an hundredfold by its vast and widely-sweeping evils, but that those very benefits might be secured through pacific *media*, in a degree incomparably more ample and luminous. Among the very foremost of the useful results of military enterprise, that which is the favourite topic with the least stupid of its advocates, is the commerce of arts, manners, opinions, &c. 'engendered,' say they, 'by that princely spirit which has animated the breasts of all monarchs since the Flood, and induced them to lead their ablest-bodied subjects (who would, otherwise, have been idly employed in tilling the fields, and other silly occupations of the like description) to regions separated from their own by the globe's diameter, whence they returned with intelligence concerning the nations who have enjoyed the blessings of their visits, incalculably important to the interests of their own states; and surely the destruction of some two or three hundreds of thousands of human beings, the desolation of a proportionate tract of country, and the usual little *et ceteras* of misery, are not, reasonably, to be put in the balance against the stores of useful knowledge thus acquired, (such as, that *this* rock is of a schistose substance, and not, as heretofore supposed, of quartz—or that *that* is composed entirely of granite, instead of basalt—that *this* nation subsists principally on vegetables—and *that* usually banquets on fish—that grass grows in India, as well as in England—or that Man in Peru is furnished with the same apparatus of arms, and legs, and eyes, as in Spain—that a Mamlouc is a beast, and a Russian little better than a Caffre—that if the Inquisition is reviving in Europe, Philosophy has taken up arms in Arabia—that fools abound in one country, just as much as in another—and that wisdom, as it is the most precious, is likewise the scarcest of communities). Surely, when all these glorious lights are seen to issue from the magnanimous darings of royal heroes, how dull must be the sight that is not instantly dazzled by their splendour; and

'ELEMENTS' in the course of the last two or three centuries; as, by Billingsley, Commandine, Dechales, Barrow, Tacquet, Ozanam, Whiston, Martin, R. Simon, Playfair, and Ingram. The last four are generally esteemed the best; although Barrow's is particularly valuable, as it contains the whole fifteen books; and Sir H. Billingsley's, in 1570, is not merely valuable on the same account, but is curious for its great age, and for the elaborate preface of John Dee, dated from 'his *poore house at Mortlake*.'

how inconsiderate the mind that can for a moment place against such mighty gains the trivial, *very* trivial, inconveniences endured by the 'swinish' multitude. 'Do not, we request you, gentlemen,' proceed these eloquent philanthropists, 'do not contest the point farther; we assure you, with all possible humility, that our own sense of the advantages of war is founded upon the most accurate and sublime views of the subject, and that any reply is perfectly needless, for this simple reason, that, independently of the general good effects of this charming practice, its consequences to us, *individually*, are too exquisite to permit our giving ear to any arguments against the eligibility of so delightful and productive a science.'

Undaunted by these cogent logicians, the force of whose reasons, especially the one last advanced, we duly appreciate, and in mere despite of their prohibition against the utterance of our sentiments, we venture to remark, *that* the intercourse of nation with nation would be established on a more secure, serene, and beneficial footing by the spirit of peace, and that inherent disposition to friendship dwelling in the human breast, which to eradicate, requires all the inflaming knavery of governments, than by the damnable agency of war—*that* relations commenced in hostility will ever be carried on (if continued) with mutual jealousy and ill-concealed detestation—*that* communications, even of this ominous kind, are generally maintained by a thousand insolent and impious measures—*that* the massacres occasioned by the Indian expedition of Alexander, or the disgusting frenzies of the crusaders, can never be contemplated as atoned for by the Periplus of Nearchus, and the transplantation of a few Asiatic improvements—*that* the only military project which has substantially ministered to the interests of science, was the invasion and occupation of EGYPT by the EMPEROR NAPOLEON;* and *that* almost all the knowledge now afloat respecting distant and interesting regions, has been collected by private and peaceable individuals, utterly unassisted by the persons governing the countries whose wealth they exhaust, whose felicity they deracinate, by ruinous and insane wars. Who patronised the illustrious VOLNEY? What prince encouraged the daring spirit of

* *Vide* General Berthier's (now Prince Alexander) perspicuous and not inelegant account of that wonderful expedition. His I. Majesty, (he was *then* Bonaparte) never lost sight of the important scientific objects for which the Institute of Cairo was formed; he pointed their talents; he presided, whenever the concerns of the campaign permitted, at their sittings; and his *personal* discovery of the canal of Suez, which he traced for leagues, solved a problem which had perplexed the world for ages.

BRUCE and BROWNE? Is it to monarchs, or self-formed societies and individual energy, that we owe the discoveries of PARK, and LE VAILLANT, and HORNEMAN? Is it to regal, or republican and imperial France, that we stand indebted for that flood of intelligence concerning every nation she came in contact with, that new influence of philosophy which shines forth in the works of continental travellers, and that profundity of scientific research which gives them such a marked superiority over the comparatively lax and superficial *viatores* of this country? And of the great work (a portion only of which now lies before us) of the celebrated modern observer of nature and man, to whom does the glory belong? Is there a sovereign existing who can step forward and confound us by saying,—‘To MY liberality and substantial patronage is this splendid production to be ascribed,—to MY powerful protection the author owes his safety when journeying through wild and barbarous climes,—MY recommendation procured him access to every source of information,—the expenses of his undertaking were defrayed from MY purse,—I furnished the numerous and costly instruments required by the nature of his observations and researches,—when, after years of unintermitted and successful labours, chequered by a thousand anxieties, by hopes that, born with the morning’s ray, had died with the night’s approach, he returned to Europe fraught with precious intelligence, MY smiles shed light upon his heart,—sensible to his strong and sterling claims, I rewarded, in as much as it was possible, his unwearied diligence, his illustrious merits,—rank and riches I placed at his beck, and I gave him (what his grateful heart prized beyond wealth and title), I gave him my equal friendship,—mid a crowded circle of envious, smiling courtiers I broke the barriers of royalty; I grasped his hand: ‘Humboldt,’ I said, ‘make me happy by making me your friend; nobility is growing into disrepute, for virtue and talent have forsworn its society—yet is its institution useful; give it lustre by giving it yourself; kings, alas! are not always philosophers, but philosophers are, naturally, kings.* PRINCE,’ I concluded, ‘reside in my court, dwell in my palace, and rest assured that the possession of my esteem can never be wanting to one whose achievements I have had the happiness of assisting.’ MY munificence superintended the publication of his manuscripts

* Μονοι γαρ α παντων ανθρωπων ονομασιότατοι βασιλευς και φιλοσοφος, were the words of an absolute monarch. Which of the despots, or limited rulers of modern Europe, would applaud and repeat the assertion of VATACES?

with magnificence worthy himself and me,—and half the lustre of Humboldt's fame beams round the temples of a sovereign.' Is there, we repeat, a monarch existing, one of the *deliverers* for example, who can come forward, and by the credible manifestation of the above assertions, or assertions like the above, convict us of malicious mendacity, and prove to the world that wisdom and liberality are not universally and for ever excluded from the catalogue of royal qualities? On the contrary, is not the notion, that the chiefs of nations rarely, if ever, concern themselves with the interests of science so established—that a most ingenious and respectable writer, in a criticism on a former portion of Humboldt's splendid and multisciential work, speaks of the mere permission to *visit** the countries which were the theatres of his research, as an extraordinary instance of regal condescension and munificence? And how should it be otherwise? People who are employed in restoring the Inquisition, and weaving, and embroidering, and spangling robes for the Queen of Angels, will, of course, regard every moment of their time, every atom of their treasure, as worse than lost, if diverted from the objects of their divine recreations.

It is well known that those divisions of M. Humboldt's work that have been presented to the public, previously to the appearance of the volumes now before us, were his '*Essai Politique sur le Royaume de la Nouvelle Espagne*,' and his '*Tableau Physique des Regions Equatoriales*, &c.' The first of these contains an immense store of new information, with respect to the transatlantic dominions of Spain, on all the great and prime questions, the resolution of which determines the station of colonies in the chart of politics, and what progress they have made towards the rank of independent states; while the *Tableau Physique* abounds with scientific intelligence, laboriously collected, thoroughly digested, and luminously arranged, on the various appearances and multitudinous productions of nature, (mineral, vegetable, and animal) in climates where the exalting approximation of the sun informs her births with a premature vigour, a luxuriant ripeness—a grace, amplitude, and majesty, to which more temperate regions are strangers. The present volumes are of a description totally differ-

* It should be remarked, that at the period M. HUMBOLDT received this permission, Spain was a sort of fief to the French Republic; and when it is recollected that his friend and coadjutor, BONPLAND, was on the very best footing of friendship with all the leading men of France, and that the DIRECTORY really encouraged all scientific enterprizes, it is not very absurd to suppose this mighty boon to have been granted at their command.

ent from, yet connected with, the former; replete with ingenious speculations built upon a mass of recorded and traditional knowledge relating to the antiquities of Aztlan (or Mexico) and Peru, collected with indefatigable diligence for the illustration of the history of those monarchies, which appear to have made steady and surprising advances in civilization, when the accursed and cowardly ambition, or rather avarice, of Spain laid the axe to the tree of their prosperity, and involved the New World, as her inquisition had the old, in all the unspeakable horrors and permanent miseries of her—friendship and alliance.

M. Humboldt entitles these volumes a 'Picturesque Atlas' of his travels; an appellation, we must really say, which is neither very appropriate, nor wholly free from affectation; a vice, by the way, from which this eminent explorer of the New World is in general remarkably free: it is, indeed, his characteristic simplicity that gives to this aberration so marked an air of offensive originality, and compels us to remember, what we wish to forget, that the author is a German, or, what is nearly the same thing, a Prussian. An atlas is a collection of maps, exhibiting in succession either the great divisions of the earth, or the topographical arrangements of its several regions, and thus we have General Atlases and Specific Atlases. To denominate a series of detached landscapes, and representations of architectural antiquities, sculptures, hieroglyphics, &c. an *Atlas*, as our distinguished traveller has done, can only tend to destroy the signification of appropriate terms, and engender an indistinctness and confusion of languages, which we feel assured that authors, like M. Humboldt, would be the first to impugn.

In an introduction, written with considerable force, clearness, and modesty, the author explains and expatiates upon the particular nature of this portion of his great work on the ancient and modern state of America. He is careful to account for the confusion so immediately observable in the arrangement of his materials.* We cannot profess ourselves convinced by his reasons. The disconnected and disorderly manner in which these valuable essays are presented to the public is, in truth, so glaring, that M. Humboldt has deemed it necessary to 'endeavour to remedy the inconvenience by a table, in which the plates,' the subjects of which constitute a kind of text for the appended dissertations, 'are classed agreeably to the nature of

* *Vide* p. 6 of the Introduction.

the objects they represent.' The *Atlas*, as it is termed, was published, not in detached portions, but in one integral volume, and therefore the 'difficulty of collecting and terminating at the same time a great number of plates engraved in Italy, Germany, and France,' cannot in fairness be construed into a justification of the disposition adopted by the philosophic author. 'The want of order' is, certainly, not 'compensated in' any 'degree, by the advantage of variety;' since the *materials* remaining the same, their proper arrangement could not possibly clash with the zest and relief resulting from variegation. The assertion that all this is very allowable in a '*Picturesque Atlas*,' naturally recalls to our mind the primary cause of the censure we have passed on the very few obliquities to be noticed in M. Humboldt's valuable works. It is denied that the present volumes constitute a treatise, and the decidedly bad arrangement of the separate essays certainly renders such a title impossible. But this, far from being a merit, we regard as a deterioration. The books contain all the materials necessary for the composition of a very ample treatise, and a treatise they should have formed. As they stand at present, they possess, no doubt, great merits as detached disquisitions, but want that homogeneous aspect which would have been produced by the complete digestion and harmonious incorporation of treasures at once so precious and ill-assorted.

These defects noticed, it is just to add, that in the Introduction, which, however, the form of a TREATISE would have abrogated, M. Humboldt has in a considerable measure retrieved the disadvantages incident to the want of connexion and relationship inseparable from the plan of isolated essays, and presented us in a very pleasing and animated manner with the general conclusions to which the facts given in the several dissertations, and the reasoning on those facts, simultaneously advance, and blend with, in systematic coalition. It is an hypothesis peculiar, we believe, to this eminent person, that the population of the Americas originated in the plains of Upper Asia, and that the aborigines of the New World are of the same family and organic type as the Tartars, and other pastoral nations of the Oriental continents. In support of this theory, many striking coincidences, much ingenious argumentation, and colourable deduction, are brought up by M. Humboldt, and embodied into a phalanx of considerable strength, arising from those very aids afforded by that form of composition which, abided by in the Introduction, is so singularly departed from in the main body of the work, where the individual excellencies of the constituent parts do not produce half their

effect from the want of aggregation, and the reflected lights of approximating affinities. To an author of M. Humboldt's talents, knowledge, and philosophical observation, we feel disposed to pay every respect consistent with our engagements with the public, and duty to ourselves: if, therefore, we occasionally dispute his coincidences, oppose his argumentation, or object to his inferences, we need scarcely remark, that our motives in such instances will not partake of any unworthy impulse, any more than our objections will be made in the spirit of captiousness, or the language of vituperation.

Nothing, perhaps, is more conspicuous in the writings of this distinguished traveller, than his modesty when speaking of himself. After noticing in his Introduction the mistakes in splendid hypotheses of several eminent authors on the subjects of his own investigations, he adds, 'May I have been happy enough to avoid the errors which I have now pointed out!' He proceeds to assert the marked resemblances subsisting between the Aztecks, or Mexicans, and the Etruscans, Egyptians, and inhabitants of Tibet, in their structures, religion, division of time, cycles of regeneration, and mystic notions. To explain these analogies, he acknowledges to be the absolute but difficult duty he has to discharge. In generalizing ideas, he very justly inculcates the propriety of not advancing beyond the limits at which precise data are discoverable; and in conformity with his own maxims, he next states the consequences which his opinions involve respecting the origin, &c. of the ancient Americans. These results we have already hinted; but we will not so absolutely place the car before the courser, as to give the whole of M. Humboldt's conclusions on the above interesting and important topics before we have sketched out the premises from which he has deduced his ingenious theory. We shall now, therefore, quit his Introduction, again to take it up, when the analysis of the individual disquisitions shall have unfolded the web upon which are painted the lively and perspicacious combinations of an imagination rarely withdrawing itself from the controul of judgment.

The first plate represents the anterior and posterior view of the bust of an Azteck priestess; the original of which is sculptured in basalt, and preserved in a private cabinet at Mexico. As a relic of a nation now no more, it is as unquestionably valuable, as it is impossible to imagine a ruder example of the state of sculpture among the Mexicans. At the first sight of the engravings, the mind is possessed with the striking *general* similarity between this statue or bust (we hesitate which to call it, it is neither, yet it is both) and the remnants of Egyptian carving.

The head-dress being somewhat of the same fashion as the *calantica*, or veil, of Isis, and the resemblance is interrupted by the comparative amplitude and perpendicular foldings of the terminations below the ears, such parts of the Egyptian *coiffure* being scanty and sculptured in diagonal plaits. A farther resemblance is suggested by the fluted pads which extend, in the Mexican bust, towards the shoulders, and are supposed to be masses of hair, like the tresses of an Isis in the *Villa Ludovisi* at ROME; and this is rendered more striking, on observing on the reverse of the statue an enormous bag tied by a mediate knot, which bag is imagined to represent a covering for the hair; exactly similar, as M. Humboldt was assured by the ocular certainty of the late celebrated ZOEGLER, to a bag of an Osiris in the Museum of *Cardinal Borgia* at VELETRE. A fillet on the forehead of the Mexican priestess, ornamented with what M. Humboldt arbitrarily denominates 'a string of pearls,' prohibits the extension of the characteristic analogies between the Egyptian and Mexican sculptures; no such embellishments as *pearls* having been noticed in any discovered remains of Egyptian carving; and as the conclusions from assumed arbitrary bases must stand or fall with the succumbation or fixity of those bases, the author's assertion that the communication between the city of Tenochtitlan (or ancient Mexico) and California, is established as a fact by the circumstance of the *pearls*, (the coasts of the latter country yielding that concretion in considerable quantities) must remain a questionable point until it be determined whether the globular appendages of the fillet be the representation of pearls, or simply ornaments of stone. This, as we shall subsequently demonstrate, is a matter of some importance in the examination of the philosophic author's theory on the origin of the Mexicans. The statue is in height 0.38, in breadth 0.19 parts of a metre—having neither arms, legs, or hand, but exhibiting in front and at about half a decimetre from its basis, the digital portions of the feet. It is conjectured to be in sitting posture. Its eyes are without the balls. The head-dress, and particularly the *pearls*, are pronounced to be highly finished, though the tools which the artist must have employed were only composed of mixed copper and tin. The basalt of which it is formed is black, remarkably indurate, and with a few grains of peridot. After what we feel compelled to suppose considerable reflection in the mind of M. Humboldt, he has denominated this sculpture the image of an 'Aztec priestess,' in the most conspicuous and decided manner he could possibly adopt. It is a singular, and, in our opinion, very strong evidence against the formation

of any sound theory upon imputed analogies, that so enlightened and ingenious a speculatist as the author before us, possessed, besides, of nearly every atom of intelligence that the most laborious research could accumulate, should nevertheless, at the conclusion of his remarks on this subject, express very considerable doubt as to the propriety of the appellation he has fixed upon as the appropriate one. His own mind is evidently *not* made up upon the question. It *may* be a Mexican divinity. It *may* only be the figure of an Azteck female. The former idea is affirmed to be sanctioned by the same *head-dress*, with the *pearls*, being observed on a *supposed* idol discovered by M. Humboldt in the ruins of Tezcuco, and deposited by him in the royal cabinet at Berlin. The latter notion is said to be corroborated by the 'ornament of the neck, and the natural form of the head.' But then what becomes of the deduction intended to be drawn from the alledged similarity of the head-dress of the Mexican statue with that of the Egyptian sculptures? If, by such a similarity, the population of Aztlan is inferred to have a relation with that of Egypt, such an idea is destroyed by this subsequent hesitation of the inferor, and the resemblance, as it is casual and unaccountable, is necessarily nugatory. With respect to the affinity between the Mexican statue and the *supposed* idol of Tezcuco, we shall simply observe, that since the first is imagined to represent a divinity, because the second is likewise imagined to represent a divinity, there is no fixed point to reason from: it is as perfectly defensible to deduce the last from the first, as the first from the last, and the decision of the question is just as distant as ever. One supposition cannot be supported by another supposition, neither are two uncertainties stronger than one. If 'the statue represents simply an *Azteck woman*,' we do not exactly see why 'the fluted pads cannot be tresses,' notwithstanding we are informed by the author that 'the virgins who devoted themselves to the temple, were shorn by the high priest, or tepanteohuatzin;' because, till it be proved whether or not the statue represent one of these religious young ladies, no such inference, as it has pleased M. Humboldt to draw, can be admitted upon any just principle of reasoning; and the sole deduction to be made is, that whomsoever the sculpture does represent, it does *not* represent a 'virgin devoted to the temple.'

The third plate, 'a view of the Great Square of Mexico,' though interesting, does not demand from us any lengthened observation; and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with offering a few remarks on the present aspect of the city. What

Rome was to the ancient, Mexico is to the New World. Its present population is stated at 140,000 inhabitants; the site of the modern capital is that of Montezuma's; the streets are ranged in the same lines, but the intersecting canals were gradually filled up. The Great Square occupies the site of the ancient temple of Mexitli, a pyramidal structure, 'resembling,' says M. Humboldt, 'the Babylonian monument dedicated to Jupiter Belus.' To the right stands the vice-regal palace, built by the wretch Cortez. In the middle is the cathedral. The palace, in which Montezuma lodged the Spaniards, stood behind the cathedral, and that of the emperor on its right, opposite the Viceroy's mansion. The Plaza Mayor, or Great Square, is adorned by a fine bronze equestrian statue of the royal fowler, Charles the Fourth, by Don Manuel Tolsa, a Mexican artist, formerly spoken of by M. Humboldt in terms of high panegyric. Great praise appears to be due, not merely to the skill, but to the perseverance of the artist, who had to 'create every thing,' and to contend with innumerable difficulties. Pity such a noble example of talent and fortitude should be so disgraced by its subject! A statue of LAS CASAS would, indeed, have been an ornament to the first city of a world, between whose natives and their tyrants his beneficence undauntedly interposed. The form of the square is irregular, and includes a second square. To correct this, in some measure, the statue has been elevated on an enclosed platform, fifteen decimetres above the level of the surrounding streets. The oval, whose axis is an hundred metres, is decorated by four fountains, connected together, and closed by an equal number of gates, to the great discontent of the natives. The bars of these gates are ornament in bronze.

Plate the Fourth represents the natural bridges and torrent of Icononzo, unquestionably one of the most extraordinary scenes in Southern America. From the physical construction and peculiarities of the country, the valleys of the Cordilleras exhibit to the traveller an aspect singularly contrasted with that of European valleys. The plains of Peru have a general elevation above the level of the sea, much surpassing that of the old world, and the gigantic forms of Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and Antisana, lose, when beheld from the lofty lands of Riobamba and Quito (nearly three thousand metres above the ocean), something of that sublimity with which the mind invests them when we read of mountains twenty thousand feet and upwards in height. The spaces between the ridges are rather crevices than valleys. The vegetation at the bottom and sides is vigorous, and the depth occasionally so great, that

the nocturnal birds, peculiar to the New World, make their residence in them, and are frequently observed flying in flocks of thousands over the surface of the streams and torrents, that at once fertilize and refrigerate these Cimmerian recesses. Yet, though of such great actual depth, the lowest surface of these valleys is usually so comparatively lofty, as to equal three-fourths of the elevation of the passages of St. Gothard and Mount Cenis. The rocks, forming the sides of the valley of Icononzo, are remarkable for the regularity of their appearance. Rising from a surface nearly level with some of the loftiest mountains of Europe, the ridges joined together by the natural bridges of Icononzo reach to the height of nearly nine hundred metres. The name of Icononzo appears to be indigenous, since it is the appellation of an ancient hamlet of the Muysco Indians, 'at the southern extremity of the valley,' now in ruins. M. Humboldt describes his journey to Icononzo as fatiguing and perilous, and mentions with considerable emphasis 'the dangerous descent of the desert of San Fortunato, and the mountains of Fusagasuga, leading towards the natural bridges of Icononzo.' The torrent, rushing along the bottom of the valley, is denominated the Summa Paz. Part of its course is directed through a cavernous aperture, or crevice, which may be observed immediately under the second bridge (sixty feet below the first) through a chasm about eight metres square. Entering this crevice on the west of Doa, the stream forms two beautiful cascades: it rises in the eastern chain of the Andes, in the kingdom of New Grenada. The valley and the torrent are, in all probability, the effect of vulcanic eruption.

Plates Fifth and Sixth represent the Passage of Quindiu, in the Cordillera of the Andes, and the Fall of the Tequendama. Upon these we shall not dilate. We shall only observe, that in all the principal features they resemble the phenomena of the valley of Icononzo.

Plate the Seventh carries us to Cholula (in the neighbourhood of Mexico), memorable as one of the earliest scenes of that infernal compound of knavery and wickedness, which formed the character of the homicide Cortez. The plate represents the Teocalli of Cholula, or Cholollan, a building of an antiquity beyond the period at which the Aztecks, or Mexicans, settled in the countries to which they gave their name; and M. Humboldt starts the idea, that the pyramidal temples of Cholula, Teotihuacan, and Papantla, having been constructed previous to the year 648, by the Toltecks, an ancient and powerful race, who invaded the region of Anahuac from the north subsequently to that era. Our illustrious traveller begins to inform us,

that the Toltecks, the Cicimecks, the Acolhuans, the Tlascaltecks; and the Aztecks, successively contributed with other settlers, to the population of the empire of Mexico; and the idea, that all these nations were of the same primitive stock, is corroborated by the uniformity of their language, worship, and sacred edifices. These structures were called *Teocallis*, or *houses of the gods*. The form, though not the dimensions, of all these buildings was the same. 'They were pyramids, with several terraces, and the sides of which stood exactly in the direction of the meridian, and the parallel of the place.' The walled inclosure, in which the *Teocalli* was raised, comprehended, says M. Humboldt, 'gardens, fountains, the dwellings of the priests, and sometimes arsenals; since,' he continues, 'each house of a Mexican divinity, like the ancient temple of Baal Berith, burnt by Abimeleck, was a strong place.' A staircase formed a communication from the bottom to the top of the pyramid, which, being truncated, exhibited superiorly a platform of a dimension sufficient to contain, at a moderate distance, two or more chapels, containing the colossal statues of the tutelary deity. The interior contained spaces for the deposition of the bodies of the kings. M. Humboldt concludes, from the above circumstances, that between the Azteck *Teocalli* and the temple of Jupiter Belus exists a most conspicuous similarity; while we think that the pyramids of Egypt present much stronger and more demonstrable features of comparison, especially the fact of each serving as a royal sepulchre. It is to be observed, that the Toltecks were venerated by the Mexicans as a nation far surpassing themselves in power, in wealth, and civilization—a people who used hieroglyphical characters, and computed the year more precisely, and had a more exact chronology than the nations of even the old continent. When our author speaks of the *old continent*, he usually means Asia. The Aztecks knew of no nation inhabiting Mexico before the Toltecks; and to say that the *teocallis* of Teotihuacan, Cholula, and Papantla, were erected by that comparatively polished people, was saying that they were the most ancient structures with which they (the Aztecks) were acquainted. Yet we can scarcely imagine the Toltecks to have been more civilized than the Hindûs, the natives of India extra Gangem, or the Chinese. The use of hieroglyphics, where not used for sacerdotal purposes only, argues certainly a less degree of improvement than the employment of literal characters; and, though when viewed as the efforts of a rude and barbarous people, the temples of Mexico or Anahuac may excite astonishment, yet they appear to us to deserve any name

but that of regular structures, though evidently raised upon a model similar to that of the Hindu pagodas, or more nearly still, the sacred buildings of Pegu and Siam. The temple of *Shoemadoo*, as represented in Major Syme's embassy to Umme-tapura, is the highly enriched and elegant prototype of the Cholulan pyramid. The plate representing a detached mass of this Tolteck temple, we cannot afford space to expatiate upon; nor is it necessary, the observations we have already made upon the principal ruins applying to this separated portion with equal force.

- Plate the Ninth.—Monument of Xochicalco. To the south-east of the city of Cuernubaca, (anciently Quauhahuac), on the western declivity of the Anahuacan Cordillera, and in the climate of perpetual spring, (the *tierra templada*,) rises an isolated hill, called XOCHICALCO. This hill is formed of a mass of rocks, shaped by human art, into a species of cone, divided into five stories, or terraces, paved with masonry. These terraces measure nearly twenty metres in height, but decrease as they approach the top, on which an altar, it is supposed, once stood. A deep and broad ditch environs the hill, nearly four thousand metres in circuit. Works of this kind are found in the plains of Canada, and all American remains of this species are attributed by our author to what he denominates the close connection of the first inhabitants of America with the Mongals; not, we think, with sufficient reason. He says, that entrenchments, &c. like those above, 'are daily discovered in the eastern part of Asia.' So are they in Siberia, the northern parts of European Russia, &c. and we shrewdly suspect, that as the arts of civilized nations have a general similarity, so do barbarous tribes approximate very closely in their attempts in the same pursuits; and that it would not be more hazardous to aver, that England borrowed her excellence in the refined occupations of life from France, than that the Mexicans owe to Tartarian ancestry the advances made by their own perseverance and ingenuity in useful knowledge and practical design.

The platform of Xochicalco is of an oblong shape, seventy-two metres from north to south; from east to west, ninety-six. It was encircled by a wall of hewn stone, to defend combatants. In the centre are found the ruins of a pyramid, resembling the *teocallis*. Of this monument, out of five stories only one remains; the upper four having been destroyed by the proprietor of a sugar-house, for the purpose of erecting ovens with the stones. Such are the effects of a commercial spirit. Nothing escapes its mean, sharp-eyed swarms, from the domes of

Cesar, to the rude relics of Mexican antiquity. The neighbouring Indians say, they still existed in 1750, and M. Humboldt conjectures the whole edifice to have been twenty metres high, judging from the height of the existing ruin. Its faces front the cardinal points, and the base is 20·7 metres in length, by 17·4 in breadth. It is certainly very 'remarkable' that this structure should have no staircase; a circumstance which goes far to prove, either that it was not erected by the same people who built the pyramid of Cholula, or that it was not a temple. The regular form of the stones composing this pyramid (they are all parallelopipeds), and the polish they have received, contrasted with the clumsy design and awkward execution of the various figures which ornament the surfaces of the building, betoken that state of civilization in which nations, unimpressed with a due idea of the really beautiful, lavish all their care and ingenuity on *minutiae*.

The ditch, the covering of the terraces, the subterranean cells in the northern side of the rock, the wall defending the approach to the platform,—induce M. Humboldt to pronounce Xochicalco a military monument—a fortified temple. But as he has previously told us that all the American temples had staircases, we conceive that a part of this assertion must be abandoned; and that if it be conceded to our Atlantic Coryphæus, that Xochicalco be a *military* edifice, it cannot be denied, even by himself, that it has nothing to do with the *sacerdotal* architecture of Anahuac.

Plate the Tenth.—Vulcano of Cotopaxi. This tremendous mountain is situate to the south-east of Quito, twelve leagues distant from the Peruvian capital. Of those vulcanos whose eruptions are recent, Cotopaxi is the loftiest, and its ragings have a terrific grandeur and solemn fierceness far surpassing not merely European vulcanos, but those of the New World. Its explosions occur more frequently, and are more dreadful than those of the other fiery mountains. The immense heaps of ashes and masses of rock, which it has already ejected from its entrails, and which are spread over the neighbouring regions, would form, according to M. Humboldt, a mountain of gigantic magnitude and stature. In 1738, the fires of Cotopaxi ascended nine hundred metres above the rim of the crater. In a subsequent eruption, the thunders of the vulcano were audible at the distance of two hundred leagues, on the banks of the Magdalena. In 1768 the vomited ashes were in such quantities, and so unremittingly thrown forth, that at Hambato and Tacunga 'day broke only at three in the afternoon, and the inhabitants were obliged to use lanthorns in walking

the streets.' The explosion of January, 1803, was distinguished from the preceding eruptions by a singular and alarming phenomenon, 'the sudden melting of the snows that covered the mountain.' Twenty years had elapsed previously to this devastating eruption; neither smoke nor vapour had been observed to issue from the crater. The heat of the vulcano, in a single night, became so intense, that at sun-rise the exterior surface of the cone appeared naked, and of the dark colour peculiar to vitrified scorise. At Guayaquil, fifty-two leagues distant, day and night the roarings of the mountain, resembling the discharges of artillery, were heard; and on the Pacific Ocean, south-west of the Island of Puna, were these tremendous sounds audible.*

Cotopaxi is remarkable for the beauty and regularity of its form. In these particulars it surpasses all the other giants of the Andes. A complete cone, enveloped in a mantle of snow, at sun-rise, at sun-set, its aspect is wonderfully grand. The snow concealing every inequality of the soil, no rocky prominence, no jutting eminence, disturbs the placid emotions arising from the contemplation of its splendid regularity. The pinnacle of the vulcano is similar to the Peak of Teyde, but the elevation of its cone exceeds six times that of Teneriffe.

Plate the Eleventh.—Mexican monument found at Oaxaca. The original of this plate was discovered a few years back, near the town from which it derives its name. M. Humboldt does not appear to have seen it; but a drawing of the monument was sent to M. Cervantes, an eminent naturalist, from which drawing our illustrious traveller made his own representation; M. Cervantes was assured by the draughtsmen, that the copy was made with the most scrupulous attention to accuracy, and that the monument was above a metre in height, and 'sculptured on a blackish and very hard rock.' It would seem, that between the monument of Oaxaca, and all other remaining exam-

* In perusing M. Humboldt's description of Cotopaxi, the animated manner in which he has drawn the dreadful explosions of Cotopaxi, irresistibly called to our recollection the vigorous passage in Dr. Busby's *Lucretius*, in which *Etna* is portrayed:

'----- his destructive lava Etna pours,
In thunder threatens to regorge his fire,
With mightier blast, and with a fiercer ire,
Again to belch it forth---flames quicker rise,
And redder columns climb the blazing skies.'

The necessity we have been under of noticing new publications, has prevented us from resuming, this month, our analysis of Dr. Busby's exquisite translation. It will be continued in our next.

ples of Tolteck and Azteck sculpture, a considerable and striking difference exists in favour of the former. 'Instead of those dwarfish men, who are scarcely five heads high, and who remind us of the most ancient Etruscan style, we distinguish in the relief represented in the eleventh plate a group of three figures, of slender form, and drawn too correctly for the infancy of the art.' M. Humboldt supposes it probable the Spanish painter improved the incorrectness of various parts of the figures; but we know not how to reconcile such an idea with the strong reliance previously expressed respecting the exactness of the copy. The most striking peculiarities in these figures are the enormous size of the noses, and pointed form of the head. On these topics M. Humboldt is luminously interesting, and, in our opinion, accounts very rationally for such singular deviations from taste and nature.

'These noses are the essential characteristics of the monuments of Mexican sculpture. In the hieroglyphical pictures preserved at Vienna, Rome, and Veletri, or in the palace of the Viceroy at Mexico, the divinities, heroes, and even priests, are all drawn with large aquiline noses, often pierced towards the point, and ornamented with the amphibæna, or mysterious double-headed serpent. It is possible, that this extraordinary physiognomy might indicate a race of men very different from that which now inhabit these countries, whose noses are broad, flat, and of a moderate size; but it is also possible, that the Mexican people might have thought with the prince of philosophers,* that there was something majestic and royal (*βασιλικόν*) in a large nose, and might have considered it, in their reliefs and paintings, as the symbol of power and moral worth.

'The pointed form of the heads is not less striking in the Mexican drawings, than the size of the noses. If we examine osteologically the skulls of the natives of America, we see, as I have elsewhere remarked, that there is no race on the globe in which the frontal bone is more flattened, or which have (*has*) less forehead.† This extraordinary flattening exists among people of the copper-coloured race, who have (*has*) never been acquainted with the custom of producing artificial deformities, as is proved by the skulls of Mexican, Peruvian, and Azteck Indians, which M. Bonpland and myself brought to Europe, and several of which are deposited in the Museum of Natural History at Paris. The negroes prefer the thickest and most prominent lips; the Calmucks perceive the line of beauty in turned-up noses. M. Cuvier observes, that the Grecian artists in the statues of heroes, raised the facial

* 'Plato, de Republica, lib. 5.'

† 'Blumenbach, Decas Quinta Craniorum, 1808, p. 14, tab. 46.'

line from 85 to 100 degrees, or beyond the natural form. I am led to think that the barbarous custom, among certain savage tribes in America, of squeezing the heads of children between two planks, arises from the idea that beauty consists in this extraordinary compression of the frontal bone, by which nature has distinguished the American race. It is no doubt from following this standard of beauty, that even the Azteck people, who never disfigured the heads of their children, have represented their heroes and principal divinities with heads much flatter than any of the Caribs I saw on the Lower Orinoco.

The habiliments of the warrior in the relief of Oaxaca, and the ornaments of his person, are composed of a variety of costumes. The embellishments of his head-dress, resembling a helmet; those of the standard, held in his left hand, which is surmounted by a bird, as on that of Ocotelolco, are common in all Azteck paintings. The garment resembles the robe, named by the Mexicans *ichcahuepilli*; while the net, thrown over the shoulders, is no longer found among the Indians. The spotted skin of a jaguar, with its tail, envelopes the body below the girdle. Two skulls are appended to the belt, and the feet are covered with a sort of buskin, 'which reminds us,' says our author, of the *σκαλαί*, or caligæ, of the Romans.'

'The slaves, represented sitting cross-legged at the feet of the conqueror, are very remarkable, both for their attitudes and their nudity. That on the left is like the figure of those saints, which we frequently see in Hindoo paintings, and which the navigator Roblet found on the north-west coast of America, among the hieroglyphical paintings of the natives of Cox's channel.* It would be easy to trace, in this relief, the Phrygian cap and the apron (*περίζωμα*) of the Egyptian statues, were we to follow the steps of a learned writer,† who, led away by the warmth of his imagination, thought he had discovered on the new continent Carthaginian inscriptions and Phœnician monuments.†

In our next Number we shall continue our analysis of this learned and highly-interesting work. We shall now only observe, on the last quotation, that the feeling of extreme diffidence and modesty so evident in M. Humboldt, and his sense of the doubts hanging over the subjects of his disquisitions, makes him ascribe the origin of the Americans to almost every nation, in its turn, of the Old World.

* 'Marchand's Voyage, vol. i. p. 312.'

† 'Count de Gibelin.'

‡ 'See *Archæologia*, or *Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Antiquity*; published by the Antiquaries of London, vol. viii. p. 390.'

ART. V.—*A new Edition (being the Second) of an Introduction to Harmony.* By WILLIAM SHIELD, *Musician in Ordinary to his Majesty.* J. Robinson. Pp. 125. London.

MUSIC, notwithstanding its present general cultivation, is still regarded rather as a practical amusement, than as an art combining theory with practice, and depending on scientific principles for many of its most fascinating results. The amateur-student, seeking repose and recreation simply in the performance of admired compositions, seems little aware of the delicate construction, ingenious contrivance, and systematic arrangement, so eminently conspicuous in the works of great musicians, and altogether unconscious of the artificial sources, whence spring the manifold varieties, the diversified beauties, produced by an able union of sounds.

There can be no doubt, we think, that, were the laws of harmony and of harmonical progression made the subject of even superficial attention, not only would the general taste for music become greatly meliorated, but the judgment of every unprofessional practitioner be better formed and better directed; his susceptibilities would, necessarily, experience additional refinement, his knowledge extend to the latent as well as visible excellencies of the objects of his admiration, and his appreciation of them be considerably heightened and enlarged.

From a desire of offering these remarks, and recommending the study of the elementary rules of musical science to those who delight in the active enjoyment of the 'concord of sweet sounds,' we select the present work for criticism.

The 'Introduction to Harmony' is divided into three parts. The first part commences with an explanation of the *Diatonic* scale, and the several positions of the *common-chord* with the major and minor third. This is proper. The common-chord, or combination of any given note with the third and fifth above, (calculated inclusively) is not only the most natural compound, but constitutes the very foundation of every other harmony. The rules by which the succession of chords of this description is governed are next laid down, and the errors to be avoided pointed out. Illustrations of forbidden progressions—imperfect and perfect concords—exposition of the discord of the *seventh*, with its various inversions—and the construction and use of the *prepared ninth*, form the remainder of this portion of the work.

Though we have no disposition to deny the general correctness of the author's observations, we cannot refrain from animadverting on two, one of which appears to us unfounded, and

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the other unsatisfactory. In page 16, containing strictures on a glee previously inserted, it is said, that 'the falling, with the extreme parts, from an imperfect chord to a perfect, is sometimes a venial fault, but it is rendered objectionable by the descent of the second treble and bass at the same instant from an octave to a fifth.' Really, we think this totally inadmissible. Innumerable examples of the transition here censured present themselves in the compositions of the most esteemed masters, from Corelli to Mozart; and our own experience informs us, that it is quite allowable to follow one position of a common-chord with another of the same harmony, provided consecutive octaves be avoided. In page 17, we meet the following words: 'Having copied others by asserting that the minor mode is more the production of art than nature, it will appear strange and contradictory to my readers when they find the national melodies, which are cited in this work, are more frequently in the plaintive minor than the animating major.' We perfectly agree with the author, that the inconsistency is 'strange and contradictory;' but we are left wholly in the dark as to his reasons for introducing a difficulty, which is calculated to create in the mind of the novice, embarrassment and confusion. Is it fit in a person, undertaking to explain the doctrines of science, to acknowledge that an opinion he has adopted may be contravened by numerous authorities, without stating the motives inductive of that opinion? So far are we from thinking the minor mode 'more the production of art than nature,' that our sentiment is diametrically the reverse. All music proceeding from the impulse of nature, will bear a character correspondent to the particular feeling which gives it birth. A mind wrapt in ardent and enthusiastic contemplations, will develop its thoughts in bold and energetic melody; and naturally, in a *major* mode, as more consonant to impassioned feelings. When depression and grief are the agitating causes, the melody will assume a pathetic cast, and a *minor* mode be unpremeditatedly employed.

The *second* part consists of an explanation of the *Chromatic* scale and *Enharmonic* semi-tones,—the discord of the *fourth* and *fifth* as used in cadences,—accompaniment of the scale in the minor mode,—the derivatives and relatives of the several concords and discords,—together with a large fund of collateral information. The *third* part presents us with an elucidation of the nature and style of *recitative*,—*cantabile*,—theme or *motivo*,—rules of modulation,—principles of counterpoint,—and remarks on the characteristics of capricios, preludes, &c. &c.

Throughout the whole of the work are interspersed examples, in musical notation, of the various rules and maxims of *thorough-bass*,—judicious selections made from the compositions of celebrated authors,—and the precepts of harmony illustrated by an appeal to the most unquestionable authorities. Notwithstanding the observations which our critical duty compelled us to offer above, we feel no scruple in pronouncing this publication a very able performance, highly creditable to the abilities and acquirements of Mr. Shield, and extremely useful to the aspiring musical student. The amateur will derive no inconsiderable assistance from its perusal; he will find the rules laid down with precision and conciseness,—the progress from simple to complex combinations, gradual and easy,—and the whole scheme of harmonic science unfolded with perspicuity and skill.

ART. VI.—*A Circumstantial Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, embellished with Plans of the Battles of the Moskwa and Malo-Jaroslavitz; containing a faithful Description of the affecting and interesting Scenes, of which the Author was an Eye-witness.* By EUGENE LABAUME, Captain of the Royal Geographical Engineers, Ex-Officer of the Ordnance of Prince Eugene, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and of the Iron Crown, Author of an abridged History of the Republic of Venice. Translated from the French. Second Edition, considerably improved. 8vo. Pp. 416. S. Leigh. 1815.

TRANSLATIONS on popular subjects are usually such feeble representatives of their originals, that we peruse them with disgust; but this translation of the Campaigns in Russia displays a tasteful and correct knowledge of the French language, highly creditable to the parties concerned in giving it publicity. The rank and honours enjoyed by M. Labaume under the ex-Emperor inspire us with confidence; and his official narrative commands our warmest approbation. He relates what he has actually seen; he describes what he has really felt, while partaking the heaviest disasters that ever befel a great nation. His is not a specious romance, artfully arranged, and heightened by false colouring; but a sad and memorable tale, retracing inconceivable existent horrors.

Struggling, amid his companions in misery, with every privation; pierced by the cold; tormented by hunger; a prey to accumulated distress; uncertain at the rising of the sun whether it would be his fate to witness the splendour of its setting rays; and doubtful, when the clouds of night came on, whe-

ther he should behold their dispersion on the glorious rising of the morrow—yet, he desired to live, that he might perpetuate the all-harrowing record; and he obeyed the impulse of this commanding feeling, to retrace each night his sketches of the past eventful day.

How? By the side of a wretched fire, exposed to the temperature of ten or twelve degrees; amid the groans of the dying; encompassed by the dead. The knife, with which he carved his scanty morsel of horse flesh, trimmed his raven's quill; and a mixture of gunpowder and snow, melted in the hollow of his hand, served as rude implements of his melancholy pursuit!

We have greatly to admire the language in which M. Labaume speaks of the ex-Emperor. Creatures, who, during Napoleon's exaltation, would have knelt to kiss the dust from his feet, have become renegadoes to their plighted allegiance, and infamously arrogate the coarsest expressions in execration of his *once sacred* character. But M. Labaume, with honest candour, assures us, that he has composed his work without personal ill will, and without prejudice; confessing, freely, that during his recital of the most horrible enterprise which the demon of ambition had ever dared to conceive, he felt moments of difficulty to restrain his indignation against the author of such multiplied misery. The respect, however, inseparable from his duty—the memory of the glorious victories Napoleon had achieved—the honours he had shared—urged him to speak of his former master with moderation and reserve, even at the moment that he describes the burning of Moscow, lighted to his labours by the flames of that devoted city!

This moderation and reserve of character is extolled by the translator in very appropriate terms: he calls it an interesting struggle between the honest indignation of the MAN, and that reverence for his general, which ought to be a first duty with the SOLDIER. To us it appears the dignified struggle, that associates the memory of former conquest, with that of personal obligation—a union of sentiment most honourable to M. Labaume.

But uninfluenced persons will, in the volume before us, trace the bloodiest career ever noted by history; and prompted solely by the wildest lust of power, in monstrous subversion of every principle of humanity.

Hurried on—says the intelligent translator, in his excellent preface—by the vain and puerile ambition of planting his eagles on the walls of the ancient capital of the Czars, Napoleon neglected every military precaution: he calculated not on the

forces that hovered on his rear: he remembered not the rigours of a northern winter; but led to certain destruction the proudest army which France, in her happiest days, could ever boast.

And when this man was compelled to retrace his steps with sad discomfiture, our blood curdles at the recital of the wanton destruction which marked his retreat. Impelled, by mad remorseless fury, to wreak his revenge on the enemy, he forgot that his own soldiers would be the principal victims of the desolation he had caused. He ordered his first division to plunder and to destroy without mercy, that his eyes might be gratified with the sight of human misery. He thought not, he cared not, that the following divisions were, by these means, exposed to the horrors of a Russian winter, without food, without shelter, without hope.

Thus perished five hundred thousand men, the immediate victims of inordinate ambition and savage barbarity! If there be reflections in the solitudes of Elba, what, thou fallen despot! must be thy mental sufferings?

Our volume opens with a retrospective view of the treaty of Tilsit, a period described to be the most gloriously powerful of any in the French annals. It pursues the subject in a political point of view, from which we select the writer's reflections on his Emperor, after the ratification of the treaty of Vienna. In perusing them, we find that this extraordinary man, less culpable, perhaps, for the crimes which he has committed, than for the good he might have done, was, at the same moment, a tyrant over his people, and a slave to his own ungovernable passions: that he carried his ambitious views to the extremities of the globe, and aspired to the empire of the world. The very idea, that there existed a nation sufficiently magnanimous to despise his proposals, and to resist his fatal influence, lacerated his bosom, and poisoned the happiest moments of his life. In this senseless dream, however, he overstepped the natural boundaries of France. He allotted to himself a chimerical destiny, and Providence has dispersed the baseless illusion. We must, however, merely refer to the military detail of operations comprehended under the respective chapters, marked Wilna, Witepsk, Smolensko, the Moskwa, Moscow, &c. &c. touching lightly on the horrors of war, when, at the close of an eventful day, the troops on either side sustain a dreadful carnage; when villages to the right spread their horrific glare upon the furious combatants; when shouts of victory to the left silence the terrific groans of the dying; when flame upon flame, vomiting destruction from a thousand brazen mouths, spread through

the well-ranked order of battle, where heroes coolly close up their mutilated ranks, as fast as the cannon balls have laid their comrades low.

To such as love these scenes, however, M. Labaume has provided ample entertainment. We prefer to exhibit extracts of a milder, yet not less impressive aspect.

After the battle of Moskwa, the triumphant eagles of France marched in proud columns towards the capital of the Russian empire. As they approached, the army beheld all the villages on the road abandoned: the country presented one uniform scene of desolation. The refugees had burned their houses, their chateaux, their grain, and their forage. All these ravages formed an exemplary display of that magnanimity of national character, which we will further illustrate by an anecdote related at Zwenighorod.

The abbey situated above this little town commands the course of the Moskwa. Its embattled walls, more than twenty feet in height, and between five and six feet thick, are flanked by four great towers, with embrasures. This edifice, constructed in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, reminds us of the times, when the Muscovites, filled with veneration for their priests, suffered the sacerdotal authority to take precedence of that of the nobles; and when the Czar marched, on days of ceremony, before the patriarch of Moscow, holding the bridle of his horse. But these monks, so powerful and so formidable before the time of Peter I. were brought back again to the simplicity of the apostles, when this great monarch, on founding his empire, confiscated their property and diminished their number.

To conceive a proper idea of the changes produced by this reform, it was sufficient to enter the abbey of Zwenighorod. At the sight of these lofty towers and enormous walls, we supposed that the interior contained an agreeable and commodious residence, and that we should find among these monks the wonted abundance of all richly-endowed abbeys. A large iron gate, strongly barricadoed, confirmed us in the persuasion that this convent was well supplied with every thing that our soldiers needed. We were about to force the entry, when an old man, whose flowing beard was whiter than his robe, came to admit us. He was desired to conduct us to the abbot. On entering the court, we were much surprised at finding that this vast edifice did not correspond with the high opinion we had conceived of it; and that our guide, instead of introducing us into the apartments of the superior, conducted us to a small chapel, where we saw four monks prostrate at the foot of an altar, constructed in the Grecian style. These venerable old men, when they perceived us, threw themselves at our feet, and, embracing our knees, entreated, in the name of the God whom they adored, that we would respect their church, and

the graves of some bishops of which they were the faithful guardians. 'You may judge by our miserable appearance'—they addressed us by means of an interpreter—that we can have no hidden treasures; and our food is so coarse, that many of your soldiers would scorn to eat it. We have no other possessions than our relics and our altars. Deign to respect them from a reverence for a religion so similar to your own.' This we promised, and our assurance was confirmed on the arrival of the Viceroy, who established his head-quarters in this abbey, and thereby preserved the church and the convent from the pillage with which they were threatened.

While this asylum, formerly so peaceful, was a prey to the tumult unavoidable on such occasions, I perceived one of these pious monks, who, to conceal himself, took refuge in a cell, almost under ground, the simplicity of which presented nothing to excite our avarice. This friar, sensible of my attentions to him, rewarded them by acknowledging that he spoke French, and that he wished to have the pleasure of conversing with me. Charmed with his candour, I profited by it, to inform myself of every thing relating to the sentiments and character of a nation, from whom we had conquered more than two hundred and fifty leagues of territory, without becoming acquainted with them. When I mentioned Moscow, he told me that it was the place of his nativity, and I perceived that deep sighs interrupted his speech. I judged by his silent grief that he mourned over the misfortunes to which this great capital would soon be exposed. I sympathized with him; but, anxious to know the state of affairs in that city which we were on the point of entering, I ventured at length to ask him concerning it.

'The French have entered the territory of Russia with immense force,' said this venerable monk; 'they come to ravage our beloved country, and they advance even to the sacred city—the centre of our empire, and the source of our prosperity. Unacquainted with our manners and our character, they think that we shall bend under their yoke, and that, compelled to choose between our homes and our independence, we shall, like too many others, submit to their dominion, and renounce that national pride in which consists the true power of a people. No, Napoleon is mistaken. We are too wise not to abhor his tyranny; and we are not sufficiently corrupted to prefer slavery to liberty. In vain he hopes to force us, by his numberless armies, to sue for peace. He does not remember that the population of Russia is at the absolute controul of the nobility. Our seigneurs, able at their pleasure to cause whole districts to emigrate, will order their peasants to fly into the deserts at the approach of the invader, or, if necessary, will destroy every town and village, rather than give them up to a true barbarian, whose tyranny is more dreadful to us than death itself.'

'We are aware, too,' added he, 'that Napoleon relies much on

the dissensions which used formerly to exist between the monarch and the nobles; but the love of our country has stifled every ancient feud. He flatters himself, likewise, that he will be able to arm the people against the great. Vain efforts! the people are, from religion, obedient to their masters; nor will they confide in the deceitful promises of him, who burns their cottages, murders their children, devastates their country, and subverts their temples. Besides, has not the whole of Europe witnessed the most striking instances of his perfidy? Is he not the scourge of Germany, of whom he professed to be the protector? Spain, too, having trusted to the sincerity of his alliance, is become one vast burying place! The pontiff, who crowned him, and raised him from a private station to the first throne in the world, what reward has he received for that diadem? An ignominious captivity! And even your own country, which, for the sake of a foreigner, seems to have forgotten the race of St. Louis, what advantage does she derive from her submission? Incessant new taxes to maintain a crowd of worthless courtiers, or to gratify the luxury of a family insatiable in their pleasures. In addition to this, you have proscriptions and secret executions without number. Your very thoughts are fettered, and whole generations are destroyed. In truth, your mothers have often been reduced to the sad necessity of deploring their fecundity. This,' said the venerable old man to me, 'this, is the situation in which your tyrant has placed you: a tyrant, who is the more vain and odious, because he sprung from an obscure family; and who, formerly, having scarcely one domestic to serve him, is now desirous that the whole universe should crouch at his feet, and that even kings should be compelled to wait in his anti-room. If I did not fear to disgrace the majesty of that monarch, who loves us as we love him, I would draw a comparison between your monarch and ours—but such a comparison would only produce a shocking contrast, as it would place vice in constant opposition to virtue.'

'Struck by the energy of this priest, whose strength of mind had suffered nothing from age, I remained silent; and was at the same time charmed with his candour. Affected by the confidence with which he had honoured me, I thought I might cast off all reserve, and derive much useful information from his conversation. 'As you have just mentioned the Emperor Alexander,' said I to him, 'pray tell me what is become of him? Since we passed the Wilia we have never heard any thing of him; and at Witepsk, in a public audience, Napoleon announced with much satisfaction, that this monarch had shared the fate of his father, having fallen a victim, at Wiliki-luki, to the treachery of his courtiers.'

'He cannot have much greatness of soul,' answered the old man, smiling, 'who triumphs at the death of an enemy. But, to prove to you the falsity of that report, and to shew you how much harmony exists among all classes at this critical moment, and

how beloved our sovereign is, I will read you a letter, which was sent to me from Moscow, a few days after Alexander had arrived there from the army.' At these words he took out the letter, translating it to me as he went on:

“ *Moscow, July 27.*

“ This day will add new lustre to our annals, and the remembrance of it will descend to the remotest posterity, as an eternal testimony of Russian patriotism and loyalty. It will record the ardent attachment, which our illustrious nobility, and every class of citizens, feel for our beloved sovereign. After a notification published in the evening, the nobility and the merchants assembled at eight o'clock on the following morning, at the palace Slobode, to wait the arrival of our most gracious emperor. Notwithstanding the object of this meeting had not been communicated, every one attended, full of those loyal feelings which the appeal of the father of his country to his children, in the capital of his empire, would naturally inspire. The silence which reigned in this vast assembly clearly proved their union, and their disposition to submit to any sacrifice. When the manifesto of his imperial majesty was read in the presence of the governor of Moscow, appealing to the nation at large, and calling on every one to defend his country against an enemy, ‘ who, with craft in his heart, and seduction on his lips, was bringing fetters and indissoluble chains for Russia,’ the illustrious posterity of the Pojarskies, animated by the most ardent zeal, immediately testified their readiness to sacrifice the whole of their property, and even their lives. They immediately resolved that levies should be made in the government of Moscow, to form an army of the interior, consisting of ten men out of every hundred, who should be armed to the utmost of their ability, and provided with clothing and pay. The manifesto being afterwards read in the assembly of the merchants, this body, animated by the general zeal, resolved that a sum of money should be levied on each of them, proportionate to their respective capitals, to defray the expense of the army of the interior. Not satisfied with this, the greater part of them were desirous of making further sacrifices. They demanded permission to open a voluntary subscription for that purpose, and in less than an hour, the sum subscribed amounted to more than one million and a half of roubles.

“ Such was the disposition of these two bodies, when his majesty, who had attended divine service at the church of the palace, appeared among the nobles. After assuring them, in a short speech, that he considered the zeal of the nobility as the firmest support of his throne; and acknowledging that they had at all times, and under all circumstances, shewn themselves the guardians and faithful defenders of the integrity and glory of their beloved country, he condescended to give them a brief sketch of the state of military affairs, which then required extraordinary measures

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of defence. When he was informed of the unanimous decision of the two bodies, who had resolved to furnish, to clothe, and to arm, at their own expense, eighty thousand men for the defence of Moscow, he received this new proof of attachment to his person, and of love to the country, with the feelings of a father who loves his children, and who is proud of their courage. Yielding to the emotions which overpowered him, he exclaimed, 'I did not expect less, you have fully confirmed my opinion of you.'

'Afterwards his imperial majesty condescended to proceed to the saloon, where the merchants were assembled, and being informed of the zeal they had shewn both in the resolution of levying a sum on the whole body, and making an extraordinary voluntary subscription of a million and a half of roubles, he expressed his gracious satisfaction, in terms dictated by wisdom itself. His speech was followed by the general exclamation of 'we are ready to sacrifice for our father, not only our fortunes, but our lives.' These were the words of the descendants of the immortal Minin. The scene of that morning requires the pen of a new Tacitus; while the pencil of a second Apelles alone would do justice to the picture, which represented the monarch and the father beaming kindness and benevolence, receiving from his children, who thronged around him, the sacrifices which they were offering on the altar of their country.

'May our enemy be informed of this! May that proud man, who sports with the fate of his subjects, learn it and tremble! We shall all march against him. We are guided by religion and by loyalty for our sovereign and country. We will conquer, or perish together.'

This sublime scene closes thus: the patriarch Platon, archbishop of Moscow, notwithstanding his advanced and decrepid age, watched still in the spirit and in prayer, for the welfare of his sovereign and the empire. He sent to his imperial master the precious image of Saint Serge. The monarch accepted the sacred relic, and presented it to the army of Moscow; it had formerly shielded the victorious Dmitri Douskoi, in his combat against the cruel Mamai.

We would not, for worlds, attempt a comment on this pathetic tale: the French troops entered the Russian capital about noon; and towards five in the evening the whole city was in flames!

We hurry from the dreadful contemplation. In their retreat, the French army had to experience miseries seldom paralleled. Encamped on the bare snow in the midst of the severest winter, closely pursued by the enemy, without any de-

fence from cavalry or from * artillery—this devoted soldiery, without shoes, and almost without clothes, suffered—all the unavailing agonies of despair. They were enfeebled by fatigue, and were groaning with famine. They reclined upon their knapsacks; and happy was the wretch who could borrow an hour's forgetfulness from slumber. Arising, benumbed, nay almost frozen, their only solace was a slice of horse-flesh, forced down their throats with draughts of melted ice. Often they were without fuel: on these occasions, they would burn the adjacent huts, which lodged their generals, and often, the little village which flanked their encampment at the setting sun, had wholly disappeared before the morning.

'The hour of departure being arrived, we set fire to Dukhovchtchina, whose houses had been so useful to us. Although sufficiently accustomed to all the effects of a conflagration, we could not restrain our astonishment at the horrible, yet superb spectacle, which it now presented, amid the shades of a forest covered with snow, and strangely illumined by torrents of flames. The trees, covered with a sheet of ice, dazzled the sight, and produced, as with a prism, the most vivid and variegated colours. The branches of the birch, drooping to the ground like the weeping willow, appeared like beautiful chandeliers, while the icicles, melted by the heat, seemed to scatter around us a shower of brilliant and sparkling diamonds.

'In the midst of a scene full of splendid horror, our troops reunited, and proceeded from the town on the road to Smolensko. Although the night was unusually dark, the flames that ascended from the neighbouring villages, which had been also destroyed, formed so many auroræ-boreales, and, till the dawn of day, shed a frightful glare upon our march. Beyond Toporovo, the road of Pologhi, which we had followed when we came from Smolensko to Doroghobouï, was on our left. The snow, that covered all the country, had nearly buried the villages, which formed from afar only a black spot on one boundless surface of white. The difficulty of approaching them saved many from the general desolation. When I compared these peaceful asylums with the torments to which we were a prey, I could not refrain from exclaiming, 'Happy people! exempt from ambition, you live tranquil and undisturbed, while we are fast sinking under the most frightful calamities. The winter preserves your existence, but it

* The artillery-men abandoned their pieces; and, on the report that the enemy rapidly approached, immediately spiked them: for, they despaired to convey them across a river, every part of which was choked with waggons sticking fast in the clay, as well as with innumerable dead bodies of men and horses, overwhelmed by the stream.

devotes us to death. When the sweet spring shall have accomplished your deliverance, you will see our carcasses bleaching on the plain, and you will be doubly happy in having suffered so little from our tyranny, and in having added nothing to the weight of our misfortunes.'

Approaching Smolensko, hope began to revive in this miserable army. Abundance would, they believed, succeed to want, repose to fatigue. Many French females, to shun the apprehended vengeance of the Russians, had followed the army. They were on foot, clad in robes of silk or fine muslin, with light shoes, woefully calculated to defend them from the frozen snow. In their despair, they tore the tattered garments from the dead bodies of the soldiery, as they fell on their march, presenting to the view a variety of wretchedness agonizing to humanity.*

'Of all the victims of the horrors of war, no one inspired warmer pity than the young and interesting Fanny. Beautiful, affectionate, amiable, and sprightly, speaking many different languages, and possessing every quality calculated to seduce the most insensible heart, she now begged for the most menial employment; and the morsel of bread which she obtained, drew from her rapturous expressions of gratitude. Imploring succour from us all, she was compelled to submit to the vilest abuse; and though her soul loathed the prostitution, she every night belonged to him who would charge himself with her support. I saw her when we quitted Smolensko. She was no longer able to walk. She was clinging to the tail of a horse, and was thus dragged along. At length her powers were quite exhausted. She fell on the snow, and there remained unburied, without exciting one emotion of compassion, or obtaining one look of pity; so debased were our souls now become, and our sensibility quite extinguished. But what need of more testimonies of the calamities which befell us—we were all fellow-sufferers.'

To heighten the horrors of suffering, this dreadful march was followed by immense shaggy dogs, dying with hunger, and howling with despair. They often disputed, with the soldiery, the carcasses of the horses that had dropped in their route; and flights of crows, attracted by the scent of dead bodies, hovered over them, like an immense cloud, and by their mournful cries, struck terror into the stoutest hearts.

At Smolensko, however, the illusion of hope deserted them

* Sterne, in his beautiful tale of 'THE CAPTIVE,' turns from the slaughter of thousands, to arrest the feelings, more powerfully, by a description of individual suffering.

they found the city, where they had anticipated plenty, the abode of famine. The garrison, on their approach, rushed upon the horses which fell at every step, and devoured the carrion with avidity.

Smolensko is built on the side of a mountain, and the ascent was, at this time, so slippery, that the army were obliged to crawl on their knees, and to hold by the rocks which projected above the snow, in order to attain the summit; but the declivity was so rapid, and withal so smooth, that numbers of these unhappy beings, unable to support themselves, rolled down the dreadful abyss, and instantly perished. Those who reached there destination, found themselves amid a desert of conflagration.

‘ We can scarcely imagine a picture more deplorable than the bivouac of the staff. Twenty-one officers, confounded with as many servants, had crept together round a little fire, under an execrable cart-house scarcely covered. Behind them were the horses ranged in a circle, that they might be some defence against the violence of the wind, which blew with fury. The smoke was so thick that we could scarcely see the figures of those who were close to the fire, and who were employed in blowing the coals on which they cooked their food. The rest, wrapped in their pelisses or their cloaks, lay upon one another, as some protection from the cold; nor did they stir, except to abuse those who trod upon them as they passed, or to rail at the horses, which kicked whenever a spark fell on their coats.’

Pursuing his tale of horror, at the fatal passage of the Beresina, where this once powerful army were struggling under accumulated evils, M. Labaume observes—at that moment, Napoleon passed by in a close chariot filled with furs. He wore a pelisse and bonnet of sable skin, which wholly protected him from the severity of the weather.

The departure of the Emperor was followed by the example of his generals, who shamefully abandoned the remnants of their divisions. The universal cry now was, ‘ Is it thus we are abandoned by him who has so often called himself our father? Where is that Genius, who, in the height of prosperity, exhorted us to bear our sufferings patiently? Is he, who has lavished our blood, afraid to die with us? Ah! he flies us, as he deserted his faithful followers in Egypt!’

We have already exceeded our limits, and must conclude with affirming, that M. Labaume’s animated descriptions reach to every heart. His style is simple and unaffected; but it is distinguished by a genuine pathos, that powerfully interests all the finer feelings.

ART. VII.—*Researches into the Physical History of Man.* By JAMES COWLES PRICHARD, M.D. F.L.S. Octavo. Pp. 558. 1814.

[Concluded from p. 106.]

WE have thought it expedient to resume our remarks on *Researches into the Physical History of Man*, and we beg leave to refer our readers to the last number of this Review for an extract on the physiological reasoning (principally of Xavier Bichat), relative to the skin and hair of the human body, whose theory has been adopted by the author of this volume.

The novelty of the doctrine renders it curious and interesting, and certainly merits the examination of future pathologists and philosophers. The treatment of morbid appearances of the skin and hair, seem hitherto to be indebted less to science than many other parts of the body, which may have been owing to the insufficient knowledge of their interior structure; and therefore if the opinions of Bichat should turn out to be well-founded, diseases of the integuments may receive illustration, and the proximate cause of cutaneous appearances being better ascertained, they would be treated with more decision and skill than they are at present.

We cannot help noticing that the term *chorion* is used for the true skin, without any apparent cause for the innovation. Technical terms should not be capriciously adopted, particularly when liable to misconceptions; the membrane, which envelops the foetus in utero, has already received the denomination of *chorion*, and we presume to aver, that the old and generally received term of *cutis vera* is more appropriate.

It has been always considered that the integuments of the body have been composed of three parts—the *cutis vera*, or true skin, the *epidermis*, or scarf skin, and an interposed substance termed *corpus mucosum*; but our author maintains that there is no interposed mucus, and that the complexion of the human species is owing to a secretion of various coloured fluids, not extravasated, but circulating in a net-work of extreme arteries; and further, that a peculiar set of vessels within each bulb of hair is destined to convey the same kind of fluid, which accounts for the similitude in the colours of the hair and skin. But before this new doctrine is embraced, we surely ought to pause; for it must strike the reader very forcibly, there should arise a cause of contention upon a subject which appears to admit of ocular testimony; and when we consider the industrious application of Malpighi, the first discoverer of the *corpus mucosum* of the celebrated Albinus,

Ruysh—the Monros, the Hunters, Lewenhoeck, and the admirable Swammerdam, who have so honourably and assiduously spent their lives in this vineyard of science; when we reflect on the labours of these eminent anatomists, who professed an unanimous opinion, that the corpus mucosum is a separate body between the cutis vera and epidermis, it should be shewn very satisfactorily by the advocates of Bichat; that no coloured mucus existed between these two skins, similar to the pigmentum nigrum of the eye; but that the complexion of the human species is entirely owing to a circulation of coloured matter *intra vascula*. It is not the proper time here to enter into this discussion, which presents much curious argument in limine, and therefore would occupy more pages than we have allotted to this Review: and without disparaging the ingenuity of Xavier Bichat, until the subject has been more fastidiously examined, we shall conclude what we have to remark upon this article, with a few examples of the infinite divisibility of matter, which, by the assistance of microscopes, have afforded an opportunity to Lewenhoeck, Baker, Adams, and others, at once to delight and astonish mankind.

Since Dr. Prichard has expressed himself with so little ambiguity upon the structure of the skin, which differs so essentially from the doctrine of all former anatomical professors, we think he ought to have been more precise in his description of the epidermis as a constituent part of the integuments; but he is silent upon the subject of the cuticle, which, when viewed by glasses of great power, with a strong light, discovers a beautiful organization.

The scales of the cuticle grow upon the human body as they do upon the external skin of a fish, and are placed, like them, three deep; each scale being partially covered by two others, one third part only of the two lower ones appearing, and lying over one another, which may be the principal cause why the body appears white; for on the lips and other parts where they do not fold over, the blood appears through, and such parts are red. The perspirable matter issues between those scales, through innumerable pores, each scale representing an irregular pentagon, or five-sided figure. Mr. Lewenhoeck tells us that two hundred of them may be covered with a grain of sand; and that each scale covers one hundred pores, so that if a grain of sand can cover two hundred of such scales, it will also cover twenty thousand places through which perspiration may issue. If one grain of gold is diffused through five pounds of silver, and a grain of the compound is submitted to the action of nitrous acid, the twenty-eight thousandth part of a

grain of gold will be discovered. A grain of salt dissolved in one hundred thousand parts of water, may be detected in each drop of the solution. The milt of a fish contains animals so minute as to be only a millionth part the size of a grain of sand, and more numerous in the milt of a single cod, than the human population of the whole globe. Each of such animals must be possessed of muscles, nerves, and vessels conveying blood, or they could neither have life, motion, or feeling; and yet what is this inconceivable minuteness of blood globules in competition with atoms composing light? It has been found that a particle of their blood must be as much smaller than a globe of the tenth part of an inch in diameter, as that globe is smaller than the whole earth; and yet, if these particles are compared to the atoms of light, they will be found to exceed them as much, in bulk, as mountains do single grains of sand; for the force of any body striking against an obstacle, is directly, in proportion to its quantity of matter, multiplied into its velocity; and since the velocity of the particles of light is demonstrated to be at least a million times greater than the velocity of a cannon ball, it is manifest, that if a million of these particles were as big as a single grain of sand, we durst no more open our eyes to the light, than we durst expose them to sand shot point blank from a cannon.

These examples of extreme minuteness of matter may appear digressive, yet it will be found that the point at issue, whether the corpus mucosum exist or not, must ultimately depend upon the ulterior perfection of microscopic lenses; if the colours of the skin and hair are affected by a liquid tint, separated in the mode of all other glandular secretions, then the dingy reticle must be furnished with its appropriate fluid through the communication of the cutaneous arteries which convey red blood, and every such artery must be accompanied by a corresponding vein, nerves, and lymphatics; and a similar apparatus for this mysterious separation must be likewise constituted in the bulb of every hair; for it is apparent there must be absorbents, as we know not any means, except by the power of this system, which are sufficient to produce the sudden alterations of colour in the hair; and there is no fact more curious, or better confirmed in physiology, than the vicissitudes which occur in this ornamental appendage of the female figure. The writer of this article has seen two surprising confirmations of dark hair being changed, by sensations of terror and silent grief. The first effected the change within the space of thirty-six hours, on a female, eighteen years of age, and was occasioned by fright at a furious bull; she preserved herself, by extraordinary

exertion, from corporal injury, but fainted away, and was insensible six hours; a partial discolouration took place in about three hours, and the hair of the head assumed a light grey on the third day, but never became white, although she lived four years thereafter. This young woman was always very nervously affected with palpitations and other morbid symptoms whilst she lived. The other was a lady of twenty-seven, who, from singular family disasters, found her hair was changed, in two years, to a very grey colour. Neither was the change in the hair of Marie Antoinette, the late Queen of France, less remarkable during her confinement. We were informed by Mr. Wilson, surgeon of cavalry, that at the battle of Emsdorff, an unhorsed dragoon, who had been rode over by different squadrons during the engagement, without any corporal injury, was not known by his comrades the next morning, his hair having been totally changed from black to white.

We have exhibited a few examples of the extreme division of particles, all of which are firmly established by the experiments of illustrious philosophers, in order to shew how possible it is that spectators should decide very oppositely in viewing the same diminutive object under compound lenses.

The solar microscope will magnify a single drop of the brightest water into a standing pool of many yards in diameter, wherein may be distinctly seen numerous tribes of animals, amusing themselves as larger animals are known to do in the ocean; some pursuing their prey with animated velocity, whilst others, having subdued it by superior force, are seen voraciously employed consuming the spoil. Thus is a wonderful microcosm displayed within the space of a fluid drop! Yet, notwithstanding this powerful assistance to the naked eye, the appearances in many cases are liable to considerable deception; this deception has often caused much controversy, and all we shall now presume to offer upon the point of difference, is, to recommend circumspection in delivering decisive opinions on small objects requiring the highest magnifying powers; and we shall therefore dismiss this part of the subject, and conclude with a quotation of the celebrated Dr. Monro, whose sentiments will possibly contribute to satisfy the reader's doubts upon the point in dispute.

‘CORPUS MUCOSUM.

‘Under the cuticle we meet with a substance of a greyish colour, which has been thought to represent a net-work; hence it has got the name of corpus reticulare, or mucosum. It is of

a soft, mucilaginous, and viscid nature, and fills up the interstices of the fibres running between the cutis vera and cuticula. After raising the cuticle in a negro, where it is thickest and most distinct, this substance appears of a black colour, and is composed of two layers: it is this that gives the colour to the skin; for it is black in the African, white, brown, or yellowish in the European.

'The origin of this mucous substance has not hitherto been explained, nor has it been fully determined what purposes it serves in the human body. Haller thinks it probable that it is composed of a humour transuding from the surface of the cutis vera; the reason why it is black in the negro has been supposed to be for serving as a defence against the external heat, by preventing the rays of the sun from penetrating the body; but the matter still lies hid in obscurity.'

Our author seems to think that civilization has more extensive powers in producing varieties of complexion than the effect of climate, and offers many feasible reasons for this opinion, which we cannot enter into; but we shall notice what has been observed on the changes of dark to a lighter colour.

'If there be any truth in my remarks, it must be concluded that the process of nature in the human species, is the transmutation of the characters of the Negro into those of the European, or the evolution of white varieties in the black races of men. We have seen that there are causes existing, which are capable of producing such an alteration; but we have no facts which induce us to suppose that the reverse of this change could in any circumstances be effected. This leads us to the inference, that the primitive stock of men were negroes, which has every appearance of truth: since, however, it is a conclusion which may be questioned, it will be proper to state more at length the arguments which offer themselves in its support.

1st. The analogy of other species leads to this conclusion. It has been remarked by the celebrated physiologist, John Hunter, that the changes of colour in all kinds of animals, is from darker to the lighter tints, whence it is inferred, that in all animals subject to such variations, the darkest of the species should be reckoned nearest to the original; now though there may be some doubt of the universality of this law, there can be none of its general prevalence: the lighter and more beautiful colours with which our domestic animals are variegated, are the effect of cultivation, and are not seen in the wild races from which they have been bred.

'If there were no facts applying to the particular instance of the human species, it would appear probable, from this general analogy, that the original stock was blacks; but—

' 2dly. We have examples in the human species of the light varieties appearing in dark races. On the other hand, we have no example of the characters of the negro, or of any considerable approach to them ever appearing in a race of light complexion. If these observations are established on a cautious induction, as I think they appear to be, they may be considered as affording a proof that the original stock of men were black; and some confirmation is afforded by considering—

' 3dly. That the dark races are best adapted by their organization to the condition of rude and uncivilized nations, which we must conceive to have been the primitive state of mankind, and that the structure of the European is best fitted for the habits of improved life. All the laws of nature have a beneficial tendency, and amongst others this law of deviation in the species of animals. It is a principle of amelioration and adaptation we find, that the conformation and the disposition or instinct of animals varies in domestication in such a way as to render these more fitted for their new condition.

' The negro is particularly adapted to the wild or natural state of life; his dense and firm fibre renders him much more able to endure fatigue and the inclemencies of the seasons, than the European with his lax fibre and delicate constitution.

' The easy parturition of the female negro is a facility which could not be dispensed with in uncultivated life. The senses are more perfect in negroes than in Europeans, especially those which are of most importance to the savage, and less necessary to the civilized man, viz. the smell, taste, and hearing; and a particular provision is made in the anatomical structure of the head for the perfect evolution of them. This perfection of the ruder faculties of sense is not required in a civilized state; and it therefore gives way to a more capacious form of the skull, affording space for a more ample conformation of the brain, on which an increase of intellectual power is probably dependant.

' 4thly. The question, whether the primeval stock were similar to the negro or to the European race, seems little different from this: Whether the first of our species, the children of nature,

Qui rupto robora nati

Composuere luto, nullos habuere parentes,

were such beings as we find savage men to be, or were created at once adorned with all the improvements of civilization? For we find that all nations who have never emerged from the savage state are negroes, or very similar to negroes.

' Such are all the savages scattered through the distant islands of the southern hemisphere. Wherever we find the people naked, destitute barbarians running wild in the woods, there we observe them to be black, and to partake considerably of the negro form and character.

' Wherever we see any progress towards cultivation, there we

also find deviation towards a lighter colour and a different form, nearly in the same proportion. The American race are much less rude and destitute than the New Hollanders, and though they retain a considerable share of the savage, yet they differ much from the latter people.

There is no example of a race of savages with the European constitutions and characters.

The Esquimaux, or Greenland tribes, are the nearest approach to such an instance; but these people are very different from our race. They are not white in complexion, nor do they resemble us in form; they have a depressed forehead, and other characters of opposite description. Besides, these tribes are not savages; they have arts, though not civilized, without which they could not subsist in their present dreary abodes; they came to Greenland from the west, and are found as far in the same direction as the islands on the coast of Asia. They migrated in all probability for the Asiatic continent, and there are not wanting reasons which induce us to suppose that the Kamschatkans, and other tribes in that extremity of Asia, who bear a general resemblance to the Esquimaux, and to each other, are descended from a wandering tribe of Mongoles. Hence it is probable, that this curious race of people, who have been driven by various accidents into such a remote and scarcely habitable recess, are a tribe one half civilized, and reduced again to a state of barbarism. On the whole, there are many reasons which lead us to adopt the conclusion, that the primitive stock of men were probably negroes; and I know of no argument to be set on the other side.

It may be enquired, whether there are any facts to be found in history which tend to confirm this opinion, and to make it probable that the fairest races of white people in Europe are descended from, or have any affinity with, negroes.

The uncertainty of the history of remote ages, and the scanty information we can glean concerning the physical characters of ancient tribes, do not admit of any close reasoning on this subject. But we shall hereafter see, that there are reasons for concluding this opinion to be probable. We shall endeavour in the sequel to trace in the field of history the vestiges of the nations who first attained civilization, and who in their origin possessed the characters in question, though these have long since disappeared. From these nations it may, perhaps, be made to appear, that the European tribes derived their first rudiments of civil society, and that they are in all probability descended from them.

How far the arguments of our author, favouring an opinion that the primeval stock of mankind were negroes, will generally prevail, is difficult to determine; but we are persuaded, that many of our readers will have been impressed with very opposite sentiments of our primitive parents. Many of the most beautiful poetical images will lose the force of their allu-

sion, if the lovely charms of the first born, Eve, should prove to be a negress.

It is most probable, that this terrestrial globe moved on the same principles previous to the deluge, and received the rays of the sun in the same manner as at the present era. But, whether the face of the earth at that awful period suffered a change unfavourable to the health or longevity of the human species, is a question which has been much agitated, and will probably remain undetermined. But if no physical effects were produced on the human character by the Deluge, is it too presumptuous to imagine that the solar heat had greater influence on the antediluvian natives with the same degrees of latitude of the equator than at the present period? The celebrated garden of Eden, we believe, was situated approximating the thirty-eight degree, north latitude. Now, although the tints of the human skin are not in exact correspondence on every part of the earth with the degrees of latitude; yet it cannot be denied, that the sun's heat is the principal agent of discolouration to the skin. This being granted, we cannot consider that our illustrious ancestor was a more bronzed complexion than the present natives of Spain or Constantinople; and if it might be permitted, on this occasion, to cite an epistolary anecdote of an elegant writer, we should feel gratified in making an appeal to the memory of our readers who have perused L. W. Montague's Letter, wherein she celebrates the enchanting beauties of the fair and lovely Fatima, and then to recollect that this transporting assemblage of exquisite qualities is no faint portraiture of the fascinating pictures which represent the unutterable charms of the first-born, Eve,—‘Oh fairest of creation! last and best of all God's works! Creature in whom excelled whatever can to sight or thought be formed—Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!—How art thou lost!’

We shall not enlarge more upon the improbability that Adam was a negro—much less that the beauties of his lovely partner were of the same sable hue; neither can we give our implied faith to the assertion, that the most beautiful complexions are farthest removed from nature's original design. We should rather think with the noblest English poet,

‘Adam, the goodliest man of men, since born
His sons: the fairest of her daughters, Eve.’

We shall now draw to a conclusion our remarks upon the *Researches into the Physical History of Man*; and, although it will be seen that we differ in sentiment with many of the author's inferences, we are constrained to observe, that it is not

in our power to do justice to so much philosophic argument, well worthy of further investigation, and which must be perused with interest by all readers who have a desire for information in this branch of science.

There will be found many curious reflections in the sixth chapter respecting the South Sea and Indian islanders. But we cannot pass over a quotation in the 213 page, which will prove a little at variance from the author's former reflections, and which we formerly combated: it is this—

' All these facts tend to prove, that notwithstanding the variety of climates and elevations inhabited by the different races of men—nature never deviates from the model of which she made selections thousands of years ago.'

In the seventh chapter there are many proofs of the common origin of the ancient Indians and Egyptians, deduced from a very deep and learned research; of their political histories, the general principles of the Indian and Egyptian mythologies, the theogonies of Hindus and the Egyptians, with a relation to the physical characters of the ancient Indians.

These subjects are further continued in the eighth chapter, with a scrupulous examination of all ancient tribes connected with the subject, and a most profound and inquisitive disquisition on historical conjectures, and likewise the antiquities of the Egyptian, Indian, and Assyrian empire—those of Upper Asia, of the Philistines, of the Canaanites, or Phœnicians, Syrians, Assyrians, and Persians.

The ninth chapter treats of all other principal races of men, and their connexion with the foregoing tribes; and this diligent search is pursued with a luminous investigation, which is highly creditable to the talents, erudition, and perseverance of the author.

The enquiry has, certainly, been executed with great skill and labour, as it presents to the reader a chain of interesting observations, on the Scythian and Sarmatic tribes, of the Gothic and German races, the Cimmerij, the Geta, the Goths; and a connexion of the great family of German nations with the ancient Asiatics, their physical character—the Pelasgian race, the Celtic race, the Mongoles, and other races resembling them in form, and the American race.

After the remarks we have already offered on the contents of this volume, it is unnecessary to expatiate upon the particulars of its merit. The work meets our unqualified approbation; and, although we do not in every point consent to the induction of Dr. Prichard's arguments, it ought not, in any degree,

to disparage the general value of the publication, which, in our estimation, may be recommended as one of the best essays of natural philosophy extant.

ART. VIII.—*An Historical Survey of the Character of Napoleon Bonaparte, founded on his own Words and Actions, forming an Introduction to the 'SECRET MEMOIRS.' By One who never quitted him for Fifteen Years. Translated from the Sixth Paris Edition. 12mo. Pp. 92. H. Colburn. 1815.*

THIS writer, whoever he may be, asserts that the character of Bonaparte is altogether inscrutable.—Agreed. A monstrous assemblage of incongruities; a compound of apparent sublimity, and of real meanness; a horrible enigma beyond the depth of human penetration—soluble, alone, by Omnipotence.

In what language, then, shall we attempt reflections on the appalling resurrection of this dark, immeasurable, and fathomless nondescript? How venture to speak of this precious hypocrite—this imp of subtlety—this demon of ambition—who has, once more, reared his pestilential banners in France?

Impenetrable, yet highly-gifted monster, how shall we address thee? how speak of the little-minded assassin, and the liberal protector of the fine arts? of the oppressor of the people, and the benefactor of the nation? of Bonaparte, in short, who was unprincipled in power, and great in majesty?

Alas! it will little avail us to exclaim—Mistaken policy! What had generosity of sentiment and nobility of action to do with the fate of a man, who neither acknowledged the laws of God, or of nature, nor respected the claims of gratitude!

Would the genius of Bonaparte have bound him to venerate a contract, when his policy no longer yielded to its necessity? No!—The existence that stood between him, and the fulfilment of his ambition, must have perished as unceremoniously as the ill-fated Duc d'Enghein. For Bonaparte would intuitively have known, that a man of active mind, of boundless grasp, of lofty spirit, could never have sunk tamely, and suddenly too, into a retired philosopher. He would have known, that a character, so aspiring by nature, would deceive the calculations of a half-witted sentinel: that *serenity*, in a degraded conqueror, so far from being emblematic of the mild boundaries of political good order, was an infallible token of a hypocritical mind, deeply meditating plans of revolutionary disorder—the only element of an Usurper!

We have long been aware of the secret intercourse between

Bonaparte and Murat, and we have, fearfully, anticipated the result. Murat, of all the personages exalted by state policy during the tyranny of Napoleon's imperial sway, was the most to be guarded against, inasmuch as he has preserved his attachment to his benefactor, and heroically resolved to defend his acquired throne with his life.

This intercourse has been maintained through the Satanic influence of the Princess Paulina, who bore her credentials of petticoat plenipotentiary, from the midnight pillow of a brother, to the midnight pillow of a brother-in-law!

Let not our English readers shudder at this disclosure. Italian gallantry overleaps all bounds. It is unblushingly pre-eminent in infamy! Now, however, the allied Sovereigns will discover that he, who ordered the executions of the patriotic Muscovites, should, in his turn, have ascended the scaffold: that Robespierre, who, in comparison with Bonaparte, is but as an infant kitten to a full-grown tiger, was carted, and paid the ignominious price of his crimes to the nation: that the 'GOD OF THUNDER,' as he has been impiously called, was accustomed to boast, that the continental Sovereigns existed in his forbearance; and, that the Being, whom their ill-judged humanity permitted to breathe, had been the ruthless ravager of their imperial dominions—the mechanical butcher of their loyal subjects. These noble-minded monarchs will, at length, be taught, that Bonaparte was not of a humour to forgive the authors of his humiliation: that, at Elba, he has silently brooded over his defeats, scanned the exposure of his perfidies, and plotted dreadfully malignant retribution. He, once more, aims at power by his overwhelming talents; and, if he succeed, he will again maintain it by his immeasurable crimes.

But, be it remembered, that Bonaparte does not revisit France clad in the delinquency of a traitor, as he is called by a puerile proclamation against his life. Bonaparte is not a native of France. If he were once naturalized, was he not, at the time of his abdication and exile, denaturalized?—Certainly. He, therefore, haughtily invades France, in the *character of EMPEROR OF ELBA*. He marches, like a proud chieftain, in pursuit of warlike conquest; and, would we might add—without a plea.

The magnanimity that signed and sealed a treaty with the fallen despot having, we will presume, the claims of humanity, unsullied by personal revenge, for its pure basis, was strictly political; inasmuch, as it prevented a deluge of blood, by harmonizing contending opinions. Quiet restored, royal policy might have found royal precedent, for taking

off the tyrant's head, as the ONLY means of ensuring the future repose of Europe. But, when Bonaparte *was* permitted to live; when it was considered a point of honour that he should do so; vested with imperial titles and imperial revenues, surely honour claimed obedience to those stipulated covenants.

Bolingbroke dethroned Richard II. on the plea, that his King had confiscated his estates, and had deprived him of his birth-right; and Bonaparte's spirit is too turbulent to await the dull, creeping, process of the law, or the uncertain issue of a prolonged appeal to congregated Sovereigns. On all occasions, his prompt and vigorous mind has been accustomed to take the shortest road to attainment. He pursued achievement, like hair-brained boys, who dare to 'hunt the steeple;' he followed the rapid course of the winged creation; he ever soared above all obstacles; and, the Lord have mercy on those who stood between him and his goal. Humanity has never interposed her claims; and, while other ambitious men would have paused, between possession and the dreadful means of fulfilment, he coolly urged his steady course, through paths of slaughter, and through wilds of desolation.

As to the issue, that must be revealed by Time. If Bonaparte's invasion of France be the result of a digested plan, and friendly invitation from his partizans—of whom the number is undoubtedly considerable—then, much is to be feared; but, if it be the mere frenzy of uncontrollable self-impulse, we think his crimes will hasten to their merited finale. Whatever the attachment of the mareschals of France to their benefactor, personal ambition will keep them quiet. The usurper raised them to princely honours, and bestowed upon them princely fortunes; but, when most exalted, they were but the decorated puppets of his caprice: now, they are substantially confirmed, in all their worldly splendors, by restored monarchy; they surround the throne of Louis XVIII.; they occupy the most distinguished posts in the government; they are no longer a bastard nobility, rioting in surreptitious wealth, but the legitimate ornaments of an hereditary court.

The people of France, relieved from the distraction of five and twenty years successive convulsions, would, we might reasonably imagine, appreciate the calm of repose with which Providence had blessed them. All Europe must desire it, for all Europe has been involved in their disasters.

With respect to ourselves, we may be deemed prophetic, from having asserted in our last—'Such was Napoleon!—Now we view him as a consummate actor, who played a Nero, a Caligula, a Dionysius, an Alexander, or a Charlemagne; and

now, like Garrick, who was either Lear or Abel Drugger, he enacts the retired philosopher. He affects apathy and indifference, passes judgment on himself, and speaks of his fall as of an accident that had happened to a neighbour. He reasons on the hopes and fears of the Bourbons—he is happy in seclusion: happy?—what happiness! '*

Meanwhile, what have been the results of the council at Vienna. The heir of Bonaparte's fortunes has been created an arch-duke in the imperial family of Austria: this child is the only son of the eldest daughter of that illustrious house: his mother, the wife of the invader of France, is Queen of Italy—

Dare we ask, who is to be the KING of Italy?

The Congress appear to have dealt the cards for Bonaparte: it only remains for him to play the game. We shall soon know to whose hand all the honours have been shuffled. Let us add, that peace and harmony reign only in a State, where each is content to hold his lawfully appointed station; whereas, that unhappy country, in which the most daring, brutally, usurp supremacy, must be a constant scene of civil discord, teeming with all the complicated horrors of universal anarchy.

VIVENT LES BOURBONS!

ART. IX.—*Klopstock and his Friends. A Series of Familiar Letters, written between the Years 1750 and 1803. Translated from the German, with a Biographical Introduction, by Miss BENDER.* Octavo. Pp. 309. Colburn. 1814.

[Concluded from p. 197.]

WE resume this review, abruptly shortened by the making up of our last Number, with a continuation of the pleasing extract, that introduces the reader to an intimate acquaintance with the bosom friends of Klopstock.

‘He soon became conscious of his talents for poetry, and composed songs and odes in imitation of Anacreon and Horace. Destitute, however, of patrimony, he had to seek his fortune, and in 1740, accepted the post of secretary to Prince William of Sweden. The only benefit he reaped from this situation, was his introduction to the poet Kleist, with whom he formed a lasting friendship. In 1749, he received an invitation from the Chapter

* *I*de ‘The Campaigns of Paris, in 1814,’ in our last Number. These reflections are sent to press on the 15th; we do not peep further into futurity.

of Halberstadt, to assume the functions of their secretary, and was thus fixed for life in his native province. The salary annexed to his office was adequate to his moderate wishes, and although it imposed many irksome duties, he still found leisure for the Muses. He was never married, and his affections seemed to centre in a few chosen friends. As he advanced in life, he was apt to impute indifference or anticipate neglect; but at the first overture of kindness, was ready to present the calumet of peace, and renew the covenant of fidelity and affection. Of his intimate friend Kleist, there is such frequent mention, that, like an absent personage of the drama, we are always expecting him to enter on the scene.

Ewald Christian Kleist was born in 1718, near Coslin, in Pomerania, and received his elementary education under the superintendence of his father, who was descended from an ancient family, and lived in retirement at the seat of his ancestors. When the young Kleist quitted the paternal roof, he was placed in a public school at Dantzick; and having completed his academical course, was at length admitted as a student of jurisprudence in the university of Königsberg. He pursued, alternately, the mathematics, medicine, and philosophy, without losing his relish for polite literature; but, too active, or too ambitious, to be satisfied with scholastic seclusion, he visited Copenhagen, where he had near relations, and was, by their persuasion, induced to accept a commission in the Danish service: shortly after, he returned on military duty to Pomerania, and there became attached to the lady he has celebrated under the name of Doris. Circumstances opposed their union, and the great Frederick having invited him to the Prussian service, he consoled himself for his unsuccessful passion with the love of glory, and acquired considerable reputation during the campaigns of 1744 and 1745. On the suspension of hostilities, he repaired to Potsdam, and amused his vacant hours by writing *The Spring*, that celebrated poem, from the perusal of which, Klopstock conceived for him such enthusiastic affection. The success of this little work was brilliant beyond example; it was translated into Italian, and went through several editions in the same year. It is worthy of remark, that Kleist wrote no other poem in the same measure, and that, in general, his compositions were of a totally different cast. He was distinguished from the poets of the English school, by a vein of satire, and occasional allusions to men and manners. In the region of a court, he retained his own austere principles and simple habits, and perhaps caught a tincture of misanthropy, by being forced into a world with which he could not assimilate, and from which his heart recoiled with disgust. He remained unmarried; and this circumstance, with his imputed constancy to Doris, excited in Klopstock a peculiar interest in his destiny. Kleist appears to have corresponded with Gleim, to whom he was sincerely attached, and who, on his part, repaid the affection with a fervor

of enthusiasm which bordered on idolatry. This excellent man, who lost his life in 1759, at the battle of Cunersdorf, is, forty years after his death, mentioned by Gleim, with mingled tenderness and veneration.

‘Sulzer and Schuldness are not regular correspondents, and are besides sufficiently known, by the part they take in the *Swiss Journal*.’

We have deemed these passages to be essential in characterizing the interest of this work, announced under a title, perhaps, too little attractive in itself, to proclaim its real importance.

The genius of Klopstock will be best understood by a perusal of these letters, but we will, notwithstanding, offer some remarks. In his attachments, he was a perfect enthusiast: from sympathy he derived the sweetest pleasures of his existence; and, when his intellectual labours raised him to fame, his dearest consolation was, that his friends would share his triumphs. In addressing his mother, his language is that of overflowing tenderness: he fondly communicates to her maternal bosom every little incident calculated to awaken her joy; reserving, alone, from her confidence, the sources of his cares. With his father, his language assumes a loftier style; he addresses him with reverence, adapting his subjects to the serious character of his venerable parent. He does not tell him of the honours he has received, but dwells on the arduous duties he has to fulfil; and, when he announces his intention to compose a series of devotional hymns, we discern his filial solicitude to arise from an obvious conviction that this work will be an acceptable offering to his father's piety.

‘In the character of Klopstock, it is impossible not to detect those temperamental sensibilities which have been supposed to include the seed of future misery, and his passage through life was marked by circumstances which, in another country, might perhaps have doomed him to wretchedness and desolation. At the commencement of his career he had to struggle with indigence; nor did the subsequent friendship of Count Bernstorff, or the favour of his master, secure to him the blessings of ease and competence; since, in the letter on his father's death, he laments his inability to defray the expenses of his sister's education. On his return to Hamburg, he depended on casual or precarious resources for subsistence, and late in life scrupled accepting presents from Angelica Kauffman, because he could make no return but thanks; yet was Klopstock not unhappy, for he lived where wealth was not necessary to procure respect, or to purchase the luxuries of intellectual association. He lived with companions

congenial to his mind and heart, by whom noble sentiments were not as enthusiasm deprecated, or as eccentricity disclaimed; generosity was not derided as romance, nor disinterested conduct stigmatized as insanity! In the ardour and independence of his character, he had also another source of permanent delight. It was his privilege, not only to have co-operated in the creation of a national literature, but to have animated others by the example of his patriotism and emulation. He lived to realize the visions of impassioned youth, to see himself the patriarch of German poetry, to behold the shoot he had grafted bud forth in rich luxuriance on the parent stem, with the promise of immortal bloom and beauty. He could recall the time, when the language in which he thought and wrote had been abandoned to homely obscurity; he might trace its progress from captivity to conquest; he had been among the first to assert its rights, and it was his pride to see them acknowledged by the most cultivated nations of Europe. 'Should the next century produce as many detractors as the present,' says Klammer Schmidt, 'still will they be unable to deprive the poet of one imperishable laurel, still must envy and detraction allow him the merit of having tuned to harmony our national lyre; which was before rude and dissonant.'

'In a literary view, indeed, Klopstock appears to have been singularly favoured by fortune: having been raised by a youthful effort, when the powers of his mind were but partially unfolded, to the absolute possession of fame. Eminently happy in the subject he had chosen, we find him hailed, not only as a poet, but almost as an apostle. One admirer speaks of his sacred vocation, and another confesses herself indebted to his Messiah, for her first exalted conceptions of the Deity. The uncultivated were touched with the scriptural descriptions, and at once charmed and awed by those sacred images which had first been traced on their remembrance. The literary were charmed with the novelty of hexameters in German verse, and by being published in single books, the objections to which the poem was most liable, from a defective plan, escaped the critical reader. The splendour of its success attracted a crowd of imitators; and the year 1750 was so prolific in attempts at the Epopea, that Schmidt quotes on the occasion a remark of Ramler, *that it would soon be difficult to determine whether it were the greater stigma not to write, or to have written, an epic poem.* These ephemera have long since perished, whilst the Messiah still remains in lofty pre-eminence. That much of its former popularity is lost, must be inferred from Klammer Schmidt's allusion to critics and detractors. But the invention, and even the majesty of the numbers, is, as he justly observes, a merit, to which even envy and detraction cannot refuse praise.

'The Messiah has been happily compared to a Gothic church,*

* 'Lorsqu'on commence ce poeme, on croit entrer dans une grande eglise, au milieu de laquelle un orgue se fait entendre, et l'attendrissement et le re-

and surely ought not to be judged by the rules of Grecian composition. The defects in the plan, the confusion produced by the fatiguing number of characters, who are rather names than personages, must be obvious to the most superficial glance, whilst the grandeur in the conceptions, the elevation and dignity of the sentiments, can, perhaps, be fully tasted only by a few poetical ruminators.

‘Something like this is admitted by Gleim, when he says, that Klopstock, like Milton, requires an Addison to point out his beauties to his countrymen. In one of his transports of enthusiasm, the same friend exclaims, ‘Klopstock, thou art neither Homer nor Pindar, but *Eloa*.’* The real power of Klopstock resides in the enthusiasm with which he yields to his own impressions, forgetting all but an ideal world. He was no master of the passions; he understood not their language. He had only studied man in the abstract, and was unacquainted with the artificial idioms acquired in society. He had no eloquence but for those domestic affections which form the primitive voice of nature; his imagination was conversant with beings of a higher order, yet, in his wildest flights, he reminds the reader, by some native touches of pathos, that he is a man, and a brother.

‘Whatever he wrote is so perfectly in harmony with his own character, that his true source of inspiration should seem to have been the heart. In all his writings he is animated either by friendship, or by filial piety; by patriotism, or devotion. Though decidedly of the English school, it cannot be said he proposed to himself any model of imitation. In exploring the same region as Milton, he deviates into an original track, and in adopting the same subjects as Young, he imparts to them his own amiable and almost feminine tenderness. His images of death have nothing to revolt the mind; he finds a sacred joy in grief; he delights in cherishing the images of departed friends, and anticipating their re-union in the realms of immortality.’

But notwithstanding Klopstock appears, by his writings, to have possessed an abstract mind, forgetting all but an ideal world, he was not insensible to the passion of love. In early life he became attached to a young lady of Blankenburg, who was not unconscious of his worth; but the union being op-

cueillement que les temples du Seigneur inspirent, s'emparent de l'ame en lisant la *Messiaë*.’---*De l'Allemagne*.

It should be remembered, that the Messiah was cotemporary with many works of a solemn cast in England; such as Young's *Night Thoughts*, the *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, Hervey's *Meditations*, which had in its day a flow of popularity. *Clarissa* had been translated into German, and something like an imitation of Richardson's epistolary style may be traced in Schmidt.

* *Eloa* is one of the Angels in the *Messiaë*, who appears to be the minstrel of heaven.

posed by parental authority, the courtship was abruptly broken off. For a time this sublime poet became indifferent to the idea of forming any other matrimonial connection; but, after a lapse of twenty years, he married Johanna Von Wendhem, an accomplished young lady, whose mind had been enriched by his paternal instruction. From the purest principles of grateful affection, she became the companion and the solace of her amiable tutor's declining years. During this period of earthly enjoyment, Klopstock completed his *Messiah*.

Madame de Stael, speaking, in one of her works, of Klopstock, exclaims—'Ah! how noble a gift is genius when it has never been profaned; when it has been employed only in revealing to mankind, under the attractive form of the fine arts, those generous sentiments and religious hopes, which had, previously, lain dormant in the human heart.'

At his funeral, all the inhabitants of Hamburgh paid, to the 'patriarch in literature,' the most distinguished honours; and the manes of the poet received that reward which the purity of a long life, passed in virtue, had nobly merited from his survivors.

The soul of Klopstock was congenial with the sublimity of poetry; for the sensibilities of an uncorrupted heart, the energies of a virtuously expanded mind, are the emblems of moral beauty, which claim alliance with the spirit of sacred poetry.

At page 251, in a letter from Klopstock to Gleim, he speaks rapturously of Angelica Kauffman, and is proud of the friendship of his 'black-eyed girl.' He adds, that a Hamburgher lately saw at Verona, the history of Samna beautifully represented in a series of paintings. The subject, thus chosen by the artist, is drawn from Klopstock's *Messiah*:

'Samna, thus was the demoniac called, lay in a swoon by the sepulchre of his youngest and best beloved son; near him stood his other son weeping, with his swelled eyes lifted up to heaven. The fond mother, moved by the intreaties of this wretched parent, had once besought the deceased child they thus lamented, when, agitated by the malice of Satan, Samna roved as now, among the dead. Ah! father! then cried little Benoni, the darling of his heart, breaking from his mother's hold, whilst she, filled with terror, hastened after him. Ah! my poor father, will you not kiss me? Then, clinging about his knees, he pressed his hand to his heart: the father embraced him, trembling. The little innocent returned his endearments, and looked up to him, with an engaging smile, endeavouring to attract his notice by the little pleasing blandish-

ments of infant fondness—when the father, suddenly starting, seized the child, and, filled with all the fury of hell, dashed him against the wall. His blood discoloured the stone; and with a gentle sigh his spotless soul left its shattered habitation. The madness of the wretched parent then subsided; he threw himself on the ground; then rising, snatching up the stiffening corpse, which he folded in his fainting arms, he pressed it to his bosom; and, while the mother rent the air with her shrieks and lamentations, he moaned inconsolable, crying, *My son Benoni, O Benoni, my dear son!*

We have read these letters with a great deal of pleasure, and compliment Miss Benger on the spirit of her translation.

ART. X.—*The Descent of Liberty. A Mask.* By LEIGH HUNT. 18mo. Pp. 82. Gale and Co. 1815.

—‘I CAN’T get out’—said the starling; ‘I can’t get out: No! I can’t get out.’ At these words, uttered in a plaintive voice, the ‘Sentimental Traveller’ exclaimed, ‘God help thee!—but I will let thee out, cost what it will.’ The affections were tenderly awakened by this spontaneous emotion of philanthropy, and the heart, thus, addressed the Genius of Liberty—

‘Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious Goddess, whom all in public, or in private, worship: whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee, to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.’*

Such are the floating visions with which Providence hath enriched the mind of man. It is a merciful arrangement, by the aid of which the most disastrous suffering, occasionally, smiles under the bright illusions of hope. It is a saving clause in the kalendar of human misery, that permits the vic-

* *Slavery* is not confined to a base traffic with the African shores; it exists in every clime, and under every government, where public opinion is set at nought. To enslave the mind is infinitely more criminal than to enslave the carcass. What would the English philanthropist think, were he told, that a foreign peasant could not find it in his heart to teach his children to say, ‘*Give us this day our daily bread,*’ when his hard earnings were unequal to the purchase of that necessary of life, made *politically dear* by a confederation of noble-minded representatives, who had pledged themselves solemnly, before God and their country, to protect the rights of the people!!!

tim of power to cheat despotism of its perpetual tortures, as he reposes upon his straw, forgetful of his dungeon's gloom, and sweetly dreams of all the charms of liberty.

This beautiful poem was written by Mr. Leigh Hunt in Surrey Jail. Too fond of politics to be the exclusive votary of the muses, he has mingled acquired opinions with the enthusiasm of native genius, and constructed a politically poetical work, highly descriptive of his superior talents. While weaving his seductive web, he has, he tells us, 'endeavoured to render the fancy and imagery so prominent, with touches of the human affections here and there, that even those who might wish to meet with no politics at all, may not be unwilling to encounter him for the sake of his poetry.' In the whole of the more regular part, the allusion renders the subject little different from a mere tale of enchantment. The commencement of the second scene, where the shepherds describe the mist that suddenly crossed them, may be construed, or not, into an allusion to Napoleon's arts in binding his subjects; and the family meeting in the third scene, after the fairy preparations, is entirely of a domestic nature.

The volume opens with a classic dissertation on the origin and nature of masks—a species of allegorical composition little known in the present day, except when represented in the Tempest, Spenser's Fairie Queene, or Comus. But, as epic poetry is indebted to supernatural agency for the beauty and sublimity of its abounding imagery; so a mask, although neither a great drama, nor an epic poem, permits the author, in taking leave of the regular paths of nature, to wander into the tasteful regions of fancy, and to enchant while he instructs. It is, therefore, legitimate composition.

' Let the reader just look at a passage, almost a random one, from the Tempest. It is where Prospero tells Ariel to bring in some of the inferior spirits for the Mask :

Ariel. Presently ?

Prospero. Ay,—with a twink.

Ariel. Before you can say Come and Go,

And breathe twice, and cry So, so,

Each one tripping on his toe,

Will be here with mop and mowe.

Do you love me, Master ? No.

Prospero. Dearly, my delicate Ariel.

' Here are freaks of the fancy ; but do they hinder the properest and most natural language, or even an appeal to the affections ? The half-arch, half-pathetic line in italics, comes across

our nature with a startling smilingness, and finds us at home when we most seem to have gone out of ourselves.'

In the '*Allegro*' of Milton, mask and antique pageantry are represented as rational incentives to cheerfulness:

'Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream.'

And happy was it for our captive author, that he possessed a glow of imagination to enable him, mentally, to ponder on the sight of ideal pageantries, when the gloomy interstices of his prison windows forbade him to *realize* any sight at all.

We will now speak of the work. The *Descent of Liberty* is a splendid allegory, representing the fall of Bonaparte, and the return of smiling PEACE—we had almost, *mechanically*, added PLENTY. The idea of this mask appears to have originated in an Ode written by the author, and published in his Examiner on the 14th of April last. This Ode far surpasses all the pompous efforts and inflated periods of '*CARMEN TRIUMPHALE*,' and the crowd of ephemeral effusions that groaned through the press on that memorable occasion. It is an ode, breathing the genuine pathos of poetic spirit, inspired by feeling, and founded in good sense.

Mr. L. Hunt's Mask forms a drama emanating from his ode; and the performance every where evinces the hand of a master. Its superiority, perhaps, is best displayed in the blank verse. The following scene is beautifully descriptive of the author's powers in portraying the ennobled feelings of a heart, associating benevolence with all the domestic virtues:

'*Philaret*.—Did she do so? Did you do thus, my best
And tenderest heart,—my wife?—May Heaven for this,
If only this, bring out that cheek again
Into its dimpled outline,—Heaven for this
Cool the dear hand I grasp with health and peace,
Bless thee in body and in mind, in home and husband,—
And when old age, reverencing thy looks
In all it can, comes with his gentle withering,
Some thin and ruddy streaks still lingering on thee,
May it, unto the last keep thee thy children,
Full-numbered round about thee, to supply
With eyes, feet, voice, and arms, and happy shoulders
Thy thoughts, and wishes, books, and leaning-stocks,
And make the very yielding of thy frame
Delightful for their propping it.—Come, come,
We will have no more tears.—My old companions,

Generous, I see, as ever, pray forgive me;
I had not overlooked you, but for these;
And now for these, as well as for old times,
My hand must grapple with you. Ah, Damætas,
You've not forgotten your old shake, I find;
The cordial crush that used to lay one's hand up.'

Independently of these more rounded beauties, the short rhymes of seven syllables possess claims to approbation rarely equalled. We substantiate our assertion, by a specimen.*

' Genius of a glorious land,
Whom the vex'd Enchanter's hand
Never yet could venture near,
Spell-bound with a marble fear,
(For he felt a strange impression
From your eyes' free self-possession,
And the ring of watery light
Rippling round your forehead white,)
Long have you my laurels worn;
And though some under leaves be torn
Here and there, yet what remains,
Still it's pointed green retains,
And still an easy shade supplies
To your calm-kept, watchful eyes.
Only would you keep it bright'ning,
And it's power to shake the light'ning
Harmless down it's glossy ears,
Suffer not so many years
To try what they can bend and spoil,
But oftener in its native soil,
Let the returning slip renew
It's upward sap and equal hue;
And wear it then, with glory shaded,
Till the spent earth itself be faded,
Seat you now in your old state,
While the pomps we celebrate.'

All who peruse the foregoing lines, addressed to the Genius of Britain, must, we think, admire the richness and delicacy of a brilliant fancy, liberally pouring forth the effusions of patriotic zeal, unalloyed by any licentious tincture of party spirit.

* ' Trumpets as before. Britons, strike home. Enter a similar Genius, but with a laurel already on his head, and a halo of light also about it. He is in a car sculptured with emblems of all the arts, a golden lion standing on the front-edge. Liberty smilingly spreads forth her hand at his approach, and addresses him.'

Shall we, however, be candid with Mr. Hunt?—YEs!—Our acquaintance with this gentleman is wholly confined to his writings, and the work before us greatly confirms our previous opinion, that even his political lucubrations are dictated by motives *consciously* laudable: but if he would abstain from politics, and devote his energies to works of taste and literature, he might weave a wreath of laurel for his brows; and posterity would class him with the distinguished among our native authors.

Some writers resort to pedantic phraseology, and to laboured periods, as the test of erudition; but they have to learn, that the language which steals upon the heart, must flow with natural ease, and abound in captivating delicacy of expression. These are attributes by no means separable from the perfection of classic correctness; and they are the attributes of Mr. L. Hunt, who records the genuine feelings of a philanthropic mind, in the impressive language of truth, ornamented solely by nature. His, or his brother's, essays on the 'Fine Arts,' and 'Theatrical Criticisms,' rank their Examiner far above our other Journals.

ART. XI.—*Waverly; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since.* 3 Vols. Pp. 358, 370, 371. 2d Edition. Longman and Co. 1814.

THIS romance, lavishly extolled by the Scotch reviewers, is attributed to the pen of Walter Scott. Why a poet of established fame, should dwindle into a scribbler of novels, we cannot tell. At all events, we are not among his flatterers, and candidly affirm, we neither like the work nor the subject; but the name of Walter Scott claims attention.

To the tale—*Waverly* (the traitor) is supposed to have been born of a wealthy and most respectable family in England. The country being threatened with a second rebellion among its Scottish subjects, a troop of horse is procured for our hero, chiefly composed of the younger tenantry of his family; and at their head he wheeled off to repel the invaders.

Arrived in Scotland, (the latent embers of rebellion not yet having kindled) he immediately solicited and obtained of his commanding officer a short leave of absence, in order that he might deliver a letter of introduction to an old Scotch laird, the baron of Bradwardin, whose castle was called Tulley-Veolan, to which a village was attached; and he had been, in early life, the intimate friend of the elder *Waverlys*. Thus,

the hero left his troop, his friends and neighbours, never (for so the tale is managed) to return to them. In this expedition (and a sad one it proved) we shall accompany him in our author's words :

‘ It was about noon when Captain Waverly entered the straggling village, or rather hamlet, of Tulley-Veolan, close to which was situated the mansion of the proprietor. The houses seemed miserable in the extreme, especially to an eye accustomed to the smiling neatness of English cottages. They stood, without any respect for regularity, on each side of a straggling kind of unpaved street, where children, almost in a primitive state of nakedness, lay sprawling, as if to be crushed by the hoofs of the first passing horse. Occasionally, indeed, when such a consummation seemed inevitable, a watchful old grandame, with her close cap, distaff, and spindle, rushed like a sybil in frenzy out of one of these miserable cells, dashed into the middle of the path, and snatching up her own charge from among the sun-burnt loiterers, saluted him with a sound cuff, and transported him back to his dungeon, the little white-headed varlet screaming all the while from the very top of his lungs a shrilly treble, to the growling remonstrances of the enraged matron. Another part in this concert was sustained by the incessant yelping of a score of idle useless curs, which followed snarling, barking, howling, and snapping at the horses' heels ; a nuisance at that time so common in Scotland, that a French tourist, who, like other travellers, longed to find a good and rational reason for every thing he saw, has recorded, as of the memorabilia of Caledonia, that the state maintained in each village a relay of curs, called collies, whose duty it was to chase the chevaux de poste (too starved and exhausted to move without such a stimulus) from one hamlet to another, till their annoying convoy drove them to the end of the stage. The evil and remedy, such as it is, still exists ; but this is remote from our present purpose, and is only thrown out for consideration of the collectors under Mr. Dent's dog-bill.

‘ As Waverly moved on, here and there an old man, bent as much by toil as of years, his eyes bleared with age and smoke, tottered to the door of his hut, to gaze upon the dress of the stranger, and the form and the motions of the horses, and then assembled with his neighbours, in a little group at the smithy, to discuss the probabilities of whence the stranger came, and whence he might be going. Three or four village girls, returning from the well or brook with pitchers and pails upon their heads, formed more pleasing objects ; and, with their short gowns and single petticoats, bare arms, legs, and feet, uncovered heads and braided hair, somewhat resembled Italian forms of landscape. Nor could a lover of picturesque have challenged either the ele-

gance of the costume, or the symmetry of their shape, although to say the truth, a mere Englishman, in search of the *comfortable*, a word peculiar to his native tongue, might have wished the clothes less scanty, the feet and legs somewhat protected from the weather, the head and complexion shrouded from the sun, or perhaps might even have thought the whole person and dress considerably improved by a plentiful application of spring water, with a *quantum sufficit* of soap. The whole scene was depressing; for it argued, at the first glance, at least a stagnation of industry, and perhaps of intellect. Even curiosity, the busiest passion of the idle, seemed of a listless cast in the village of Tulley-Veolan; the curs aforesaid alone shewed any part of its activity; with the villagers it was passive. They stood and gazed at the handsome young officer and his attendant, but without any of those quick motions and eager looks that indicate the earnestness with which those who live in monotonous ease at home look out for amusement abroad. Yet the physiognomy of the people, when more closely examined, was far from exhibiting the indifference of stupidity; their features were rough, but remarkably intelligent; grave, but the very reverse of stupid; and from among the young women, an artist might have chosen more than one model, whose features and form resembled those of Minerva. The children also, whose skins were burned black, and whose hair was bleached black by the influence of the sun, had a look and manner of life and interest. It seemed, upon the whole, as if poverty, and indolence, its too frequent companion, were combining to depress the natural genius and acquired information of a hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peasantry. Some such thoughts crossed Waverly's mind as he paced his horse slowly through the rugged and flinty streets of Tulley-Veolan; interrupted in his meditations by his occasional caprioles, which his charger exhibited at the reiterated assaults of those canine cossacks, the *collies* before-mentioned.

Doctor Johnson gave offence to the North Britons in his journey to the Hebrides. They charged him with exaggeration, and particularly in his account of their villages. Now let us look at our author (and whether he be Mr. Scott or not, the learned men of Edinburgh claim him for their *braw cheeld*) in a description of his *aine hame*.

'The village (Tulley-Veolan) was more than half a mile long, the cottages being irregularly divided from each other by gardens, or yards, as the inhabitants called them, of different sizes, where (for it is sixty years since) the now universal potatoe was unknown, but which were stored with gigantic plants of *kale*, or *colewort*, encircled with groves of nettles, and here and there a huge hemlock, or the national thistle, overshadowing a quarter

of the pretty enclosure. The broken ground on which the village was built had never been levelled, so that these inclosures presented declivities of every degree—here, rising like terraces—there, sinking like tan-pits. The dry stone walls which fenced, or seemed to fence, (for they were sorely breached) these hanging gardens of Tulley-Veolan, intersected a lane leading into the common field, where the joint labours of the villagers cultivated alternate ridges and patches of rye, oats, barley, and pease; each of such minute extent, that at a little distance the unprofitable variety of a surface resembled a tailor's book of patterns. In a few favoured instances, there appeared behind the cottages certain miserable wig-wams, compiled of earth, loose stones, and turf, where the wealthy might perhaps shelter a strayed cow, or a sorely galled horse. But almost every hut was fenced in front with a huge black stack of turf on one side of the door, while on the other, the family dung-hill ascended in noble emulation.'

The old laird is described to have grown grey in rebellion, and narrowly escaped the axe in the year 1715. During the intervals between his artful lessons on treasons he sought divers ways of entertaining our hero. Once they had a carousal, to which some neighbouring disaffected thirsty souls were invited. They drank their Scotch pints, until host and visitors, all save our cautious hero, became gloriously intoxicated: they drank treasonable toasts, offended Waverly, who was not yet fully moulded to their purpose, quarrelled, drew their weapons offensively and defensively, and parted eventually to meet in single combat on the morrow.

Another time the old laird treated his visitor with a specimen of the chace, lamenting, however, that the season precluded them from a general hunt; but as the roe was considered game, throughout the year, he would uncouple his grey-hounds. Here our author indulges us with a poetic effusion, which our readers may compare with the former admirable works of the Scottish bard, whom we consider to be the author of *Waverly*.

'The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie Gelatly's voice, singing to two large deer greyhounds—

'Hie away, hie away,
Over the banks and over the brae,
Where the copse-wood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it;

Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
 Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
 Over bank and over brae,
 Hie away, hie away.'

Davie was chief huntsman to the laird ; and like our English whippers-in of the chace, was a keen sportsman. Changing his strain, we find him thus continuing :—

' My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer ;
 A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.'

Tulley-Veolan, it seems, was a *border town* to the Highlands.

Our hero soon enters these Highlands on a visit to a powerful disaffected chief, named Fergus Mac Ivor, of Glenaquoith, who uses every possible artifice to seduce him from his loyalty. In this, he calls to his aid the witchery of his beautiful and highly accomplished sister, whose hand is to be the reward of Waverly treason.

The method taken by the confederate highland chiefs, to call together their vassals unsuspected by the English, was a proclamation for a general chace of game. They assembled, under this pretence, in numerous bodies, each chief from distant parts leading on his clan, encompassing a vast track of country, and by gradually compressing the large circle, penned the deer and other wild quadrupeds into a small space. Thus the chiefs were enabled to hold, privately, a council of war ; then preparing for a general charge upon the ensnared animals, they were, like the sentenced soldier about to receive corporal punishment for a breach of the articles of war, entirely surrounded. The large red deer, the most courageous of the forest, drew up, like a phalanx, and forced a passage through their opponents.

In order to avoid this desperate charge, the last bold manœuvre of these devoted victims, the hunters, all on foot, throw themselves, after firing a volley, flat upon the ground ; and the deer who remain unwounded, bound over them, and thus effect their escape. Opposition at this time is attended with imminent danger, as our hero, to his cost, sadly experienced. Not having (unaccountable omission of his friend Glenaquoith) been apprized of this indispensable manœuvre, to avoid this fatal charge of the enemy, he remained upright in

resistance. The consequence was, that he was so severely gored as to be carried off the field of battle in a dangerous state, from which it was long ere he recovered.

The consummation so devoutly wished for by the Highland chief, was at length brought about. This, however, would not have been effected, so much did our hero abhor treachery, had it not been for machinations planned against him in his official capacity. Having long exceeded the limits of his renewed leave of absence, there arose a jealousy which amounted to acts of mutiny in his troop; and these combined circumstances caused him to be superseded in his command. This powerfully aided the delusions of the chief; and learning that his friend the Baron of Bradwardine, at the head of his clan, was in arms, he determined to join the ranks of Glenaquoith.

The battle of Preston (where we soon find our hero), one of the most disgraceful retreats which a well-appointed English army ever sustained, was an affair of great exultation to the rebels; and had they followed up the advantage, they might have struck terror to the government. Sir John Cope, the English commander, had a great superiority in cavalry; they, however, became 'panic struck,' and fled from the Highland broad sword.

Our author seizes this opportunity of displaying the gasconade of a Highland chief.

'The Baron of Bradwardine, with a careful and yet important expression of countenance, descended from his reeking charger, the care of which he recommended to one of his grooms, exclaiming,—'Weel, my young friends, a glorious and decisive victory; but these loons of troopers fled over soon: I should have liked to have shewn them the true points of the *præmium equestre*, or equestrian combat, which their cowardice has postponed, and which I hold to be the pride and terror of warfare.'

It must here be observed that the mounted horsemen of the rebel army were few in number, and so wretchedly appointed, that they could not have withstood the slightest charge of the English dragoons.

In this skirmish, (a battle it could not be strictly called) among other English prisoners who fell into the hands of the Scotch, was Col. Talbot, who had joined his country more from a desire to reclaim our hero, than in the rebel ranks, than in the immediate line of his duty. It fell to the lot of Waverly to rescue his friend Talbot; but he was unconscious, at the time, of the value of his prisoner. The former procured the Pretender's parole for the Colonel; and, as they went towards Leith, in

order to embark him on board the Fox frigate, the Highland chief, Glенаquoith,* who had seduced Waverly from his loyalty, passing them, the Colonel exclaims,

'I see your Highland friend, Glen——What do you call his barbarous name? See how he walks, as if the world was his own, with the bonnet on one side of his head, and his plaid puffed out across his breast! I should like to meet that youth, were my hands not held: I would tame his pride, or he should tame mine.'

'I assure you,' replied Waverly, 'that you judge too harshly of the Highlanders.'

'Not a whit, not a whit; I cannot spare them a jot; I cannot bate them an ace. Let them stay in their own barren mountains, and puff and swell, and hang their bonnets on the horns of the moon if they have a mind: but what business have they to come where people wear breeches, and speak a language comparatively intelligible? I could pity the Pre——I mean the chevalier himself, for having so many desperadoes about him. And they learn their trade so early. There is a kind of subaltern imp, for example, a sort of sucking devil, whom your friend Glen——Glenamuck there, has sometimes in his train. To look at him, he is about fifteen years; but he is a century old in mischief and villany. He was playing at quoits the other day in the court: a gentleman, a decent-looking person enough, came past, and as a quoit hit his shin, he lifted his cane. But my young bravo whips out his pistol, like Beau Clincher in the Trip to the Jubilee; and, had not a scream of *gardez l'eau*, from an upper window, set all parties scampering for fear of the inevitable consequences, the poor gentleman would have lost his life by the hands of that little cockatrice.'

'A fine character you'll give of Scotland upon your return, Colonel Talbot?'

'O, Justice Shallow shall save me the trouble——'Barren, barren, beggars all. Marry, good air,'—and that only when you are out of Edinburgh, and not yet come to Leith, as is our case at present.'

The answer of the Highlander, against whose claim to a watch found among the plunder after the battle of Preston the chieftain of Glенаquoith had given judgment, being worn threadbare, Mr. Scott dresses it in a new garb. In place of one sawney cheating the other, in the way of *bargain and sale*, of a run down time-piece, as told 'sixty years ago,' our author makes the mortified party say, 'She (i. e. the watch, which he took for a living animal) died the very night Vich Jan Vohr gave her to Murdock;' the machine having, in fact,

* This chief our author describes to have been a powerful abettor of the cause of the Pretender, and that he was beheaded at Carlisle.

stopped for want of winding it up. We, however, think the old way of telling this anecdote of highland ignorance in mechanics sounds as well, which runs thus: 'During the flight of the rebels at Culloden, a Scotch soldier perchance found a watch lying on the ground. He took up the 'boney cheeld,' for he certainly thought it possessed life as well as sound, and was highly delighted with his plunder; but, when it would no longer speak, he no longer valued the bauble: he, therefore, offered it for sale to his companion, who, having been in the Lowlands, had some kind of estimation of the cost of a watch, and therefore offered about a fourth of its value, which the possessor thought tenfold too much. He, however, knew enough not to refuse a good offer; and on receiving the price, no longer able to restrain the effects of unexpected and sudden good fortune, he exultingly exclaimed 'The cheeld died in the night!'

Our tale (and where is there a Scottish tale without them) has its superstitions, its witcheries, and its second sight. Like Macbeth of old, our Chief of Glenaquoith has his 'evil genius, foretelling his disgrace and death. In the flight of the Pretender's army from Derby, this chief, valiant as Cæsar, is appalled by a phantom. Finding his cause lost, he advises Waverly to fly, which he refuses, observing,

'While you recommend flight to me, a counsel which I would rather die than embrace, what are your own views?'

'O, my fate is settled. Dead or captive, I must be to-morrow,' replied the chief.

'What do you mean by that? The enemy is still a day's march in our rear; and if he comes up, we are still strong enough to keep him in check. Upon what authority can you found so melancholy a prediction?'

'Let us sit down,' replied the chief, 'on this knoll. You must know, then, that when my ancestor, Jan nan Chaistel, wasted Northumberland, there was associated with him in the expedition a sort of Southland chief, or captain of a band of Lowlanders, called Halbert Hall. In their return through the Cheviots, they quarrelled about the division of the great booty they had acquired, and came from words to blows. The Lowlanders were cut off to a man, and their chief fell the last, covered with wounds by the sword of my ancestor. Since that time, his spirit has crossed the Vich Jan Vohr of the day, when any great disaster was impending, but especially before approaching death. My father saw him twice; once before he was made prisoner at Sheriff Muir; another time on the morning on which he died. Since this unhappy retreat commenced, I have scarce been able to sleep for thinking of my clan, and of this poor prince, whom they are

leading back like a dog in a string, whether he will or no, and of the downfall of my family. Last night I felt so feverish, that I left my quarters, and walked out, in hopes the keen frost air would brace my nerves. I cannot tell how much I dislike going on, for I know you will hardly believe me. However, I crossed a small foot bridge, and kept walking backwards and forwards, when I observed with surprise, by the clear moonlight, a tall figure, in a grey plaid, such as shepherds wear in the south of Scotland, which, move at what pace I would, kept regularly about four yards before me.'

'You saw a Cumberland peasant in his ordinary dress, probably.'

'No: I thought so at first, and was astonished at the man's audacity in daring to dog me. I called to him, but received no answer. I felt an anxious throbbing at my heart; and, to ascertain what I dreaded, I stood still, and turned myself successively to the four points of the compass. By Heaven, Edward, turn where I would, the figure was instantly before my eyes, at precisely the same distance! I was then convinced it was the Bodach Glass, (the grey spectre). My hair bristled, and my knees shook. I manned myself, however, and determined to return to my quarters. My ghastly visitant glided before me, (for I cannot say he walked) until he reached the foot bridge: there he stopped, and turned full round. I must either wade through the river, or pass him as close as I am to you. A desperate courage, founded on the belief that my death was near, made me resolve to make my way in despite of him. I made the sign of the cross, drew my sword, and muttered, 'In the name of God! evil spirit, give place!' 'Vich Jan Vohr,' it said in a low voice, that made my blood curdle, 'beware of to-morrow!' It seemed, at that moment, not half a yard from my sword's point; but the words were no sooner spoken than it was gone, and nothing appeared further to obstruct my passage. I got home, and threw myself on my bed, where I spent a few hours heavily enough; and this morning, as no enemy was reported to be near us, I took my horse, and rode forward to make up matters with you. I would not willingly fall, until I am in charity with a wronged friend.'

The next night, the English horse came up with the rear of the rebel army, where Glenaquoith and Waverly commanded; the former, fighting like the enraged lion, was taken prisoner, and executed at Carlisle; while, under covert of a cloud obscuring the light of the moon, the latter escaped.

There are flights and fragments of poetry plentifully sprinkled throughout the work; and, such as can be understood by the English reader, will be found to possess considerable merit. The following, put into the mouth of an inoffensive maniac, will please the melancholy mind:

‘ But, follow, follow me,
While glow worms light the lea,
I'll shew you where the dead should be—
Each in his shroud,
While winds pipe loud,
And the red moon peeps through the clond.
Follow, follow me;
Brave shall he be,
That treads by the night the dead man's lea.’

Again,

‘ They came upon us in the night,
And brake my bower, and slew my knight;
My servants a' for life did flee,
And left us in extremitie.

They slew my knight, to me so dear;
They slew my knight, and drove his geer;
The moon may set, the sun may rise,
But a deadly sleep has closed his eyes.’

We are well inclined to accord to Waverly the praise which criticism, divested of prejudice, and uninfluenced by public or private bias, can warrant. Had the work been less national, (we are speaking of novel or romance) and divested of its endless Scotch idioms, Gaelic allusions, scraps of Latin, and a ridiculous French character expunged, we think it would have proved as acceptable to English novel readers, as it must doubtless be to those on the other side of the Tweed. Every part, intelligible to us, is certainly written with much ability, and the characters are well discriminated: yet, as we have already intimated, the main incidents are merely the rebellion of 1745, treated ‘novel wise.’

ART. XII.—*A Review, and complete Abstract, of the Reports of the Board of Agriculture, from the Midland Department of England; comprising Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, Warwickshire, Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and a principal Part of Cambridgeshire. By Mr. MARSHALL, Author of various Works on Agriculture, and other Branches of Natural, Political, and Rural Economy, &c. &c. 8vo. Pp. 652. Longman & Co. 1815.*

THIS book comprehends a description of the Midland Department, systematically arranged, under the heads of NATURAL

ECONOMY—POLITICAL ECONOMY—RURAL ECONOMY—WOODLANDS—AGRICULTURE.

The *first* treats of the extent of the several counties, of the elevation, turn of surface, climature, waters, geology, soils and subsoils, fossils and minerals, substructure, &c.

The *second* relates to appropriation, provisions, fuel, manufactures, inland traffic, local taxes, tythes, public works, inland navigation, railways, roads and bridges, markets, societies of agriculture, school of industry, &c.

The *third* describes tenanted estates, with their tenure; purchase of estates, draining estates, sodburning rough grounds, watering grass lands, watering stock, drinking pools, executive management of estates, managers, manor courts, choice of tenants, tenancy, rent, receiving rents, &c.

The *fourth* enumerates woods and coppices.

The *last* is very copious in commenting upon the various details of agriculture, and profits of husbandry, separately as well as generally.

Mr. Marshall's object in this most useful publication, is to limit, in five volumes, a complete abstract, of all that is really useful, of nearly one hundred volumes, printed by the Board of Agriculture, as *Reports* from the counties of England and Wales; as well as to correct errors, and to clear up doubts on many points in dispute; and, finally, to analyze, from their own works, the real pretensions of modern writers on Rural subjects. He observes—

‘ In an Introduction to the NORTHERN DEPARTMENT of England (recently published), I noticed, at some length, the origin and progress of the Board of Agriculture;—

‘ Described the plan and execution of the *original Reports*; also the plan of the *reprinted Reports*;—

‘ Defined the requisite *qualifications* of a *reporter*;—

Explained my plan of reviewing them, by Departments;—and sketched the outlines and characteristics of the six *agricultural departments*, into which England aptly separates.

‘ The Midland Department is thus described: ‘ This part of the kingdom, too, possesses an aptly distinguishing natural character. When compared with the great variety of soil and surface, which most of the other departments exhibit, this may be considered as one widely extended plain of fertile lands, which are almost uniformly suitable to the purposes of mixed cultivation; and without a single *eminence* within its extensive area, excepting the Charnwood hills, which form an insulated mountain height, from whence almost every square mile of the department may be discerned, from the mountains of the northern, to the chalk hills of the southern, department; and from the rising grounds that se-

parate it from the western, to the banks of the marshes where the eastern, department commences.

“As a wide field of agriculture, in which every branch of the profession is highly cultivated, it has long been popularly known. Here, not only the spirit of improvement, but of enterprize, may well be said to inhabit. The art, science, and mystery of BREEDING has here been carried to a height which, in any other country, probably, it has never attained; the same enterprizing spirit, which led to this pre-eminence, still continuing, with little if any abatement.”

“The Reports, which relate, wholly or chiefly, to this department, are those of

	4to. or ‘original Reports,’ by	8vo. or ‘reprinted Reports,’ by
Staffordshire - - - - -	Pitt - - - - -	Pitt.
Derbyshire - - - - -	Brown - - - - -	Farey.
Nottinghamshire - - - - -	Lowe - - - - -	Lowe.
Leicestershire - - - - -	Monk - - - - -	Pitt.
Rutlandshire - - - - -	Crutchley - - - - -	Parkinson.
Warwickshire - - - - -	Wedge - - - - -	Murray.
Northamptonshire - - - - -	Donaldson - - - - -	Pitt.
Huntingdonshire - - - - -	{ Maxwell } { Stone }	Parkinson.
Oxfordshire - - - - -	Davis - - - - -	Secretary.
Buckinghamshire - - - - -	James, &c. - - - - -	Priest.
Bedfordshire - - - - -	Stone - - - - -	Batchelor.
Cambridgeshire - - - - -	Vancouver - - - - -	Gooch.

In all—twenty-four volumes!

“My own knowledge of the Midland Department has been accumulating during a length of years. It being situated in the line of road between my native county and the metropolis, and I having of later years, more particularly, made a point of embracing every favourable occasion to trace every fresh line of country; whether in travelling to the north of England, or into Scotland, or the north of Wales; not merely with a view to curiosity or entertainment, but frequently with a tablet and pencil in hand, to acquire and retain that sort of knowledge of a country which an experienced and attentive traveller may catch in passing over it, (see the Eastern Department, p. 5)—my general knowledge of the Midland Department cannot be inconsiderable.

“If to those advantages be added the more fundamental acquirements, obtained in two years’ constant residence and attentive practice in one of the more central and best cultivated districts of the department, and afterward, during three months, in its very centre; in order to extend, revise, and correct the mass of information that I had collected, and to digest and otherwise prepare it for the reception of the public, (see my Midland Counties)—my qualification to sit in judgment on the works above

enumerated, and to abstract the useful matter they contain, will not, I trust, be deemed insufficient.

'It is therefore unnecessary, I conceive, to specify the several lines which I have traced within the fortuitous boundaries of each county, in the manner I have thought it proper to do, in the preceding volumes of this work.'

It is an undertaking of no mean importance for an individual, however experienced, to set himself up in judgment on the matured opinions of so many qualified persons as have written on the landed interest of this country; yet Mr. Marshall very ably pleads on their Reports, and passes a bold verdict on their opinions.

And this review of *official Reports* is the more to be prized, as persons, in general, look up to the sentiments of a known public writer. These oracles, therefore, require to be most cautiously examined, that errors of judgment, when they chance to occur, may be forcibly drawn forth and corrected, lest the established character of the promulgator give currency to injurious and ill-founded doctrines.

In the extract we have just made, the names of the different reporters will be seen, as well as the several departments to which they have directed their particular observation. We will select the first name on the list,—that of Mr. William Pitt, of Wolverhampton. On his 'General View of the Agriculture of the County of Stafford, with Observations on the Means of its Improvement,' Mr. Marshall prefaces his criticisms with manly candour.

'Regarding the qualifications of this reporter to fill the office he undertook, much is left to conjecture. Of his previous habits and acquirements, as well as of the particulars relating to his mode of collecting his materials, the Board and himself are equally silent. And although, as I have elsewhere intimated, a reviewer ought to decide on the internal evidence of the work before him, yet some knowledge of a writer's *experience*, especially while writing on a *practical and difficult art*, may serve to lighten the labour of criticism, and tend to strengthen the mind, in deciding on matters of *doubtful authenticity*.

'That Mr. Pitt, at the time he wrote, was an occupier, in agriculture, evidently appears; but, to what extent, or of what description of land, or what were his objects, is not equally apparent. He sometimes writes like a *professional man*. But he certainly was not such, in estate agency; as will be seen under the ensuing head, *Estates*. With the subjects of *canals and manufactures*, he seems to have been more particularly conversant. His favourite amusements appear to have been rural ornament and botany. But in the former of these we perceive no maturity of

judgment; and in the latter study, he was evidently, at the time of writing, (as he candidly acknowledges) still in his noviciate. Mr. Pitt, I understand, is a poet; and his ideas, emanating from Congreve's Grotto (p. 270), shew that he possesses good sentiments on the art of 'composing.'

'In regard to Mr. Pitt's mode of survey, we are, as has been intimated, much in the dark. A lengthened Tour in the Highlands of Staffordshire, and some excursions in the Lowlands, (chiefly it would seem in pursuit of plants and places) are all that we gather, ostensibly, concerning his surveyorship. Yet, from the respectable list of names that are given in his preliminary observations, as being those of contributors, his visits or his correspondence would appear to have been extensive.

'Touching the matter collected through those means, it is only requisite to say, here, that whatever I conceive to be capable of assisting in the advancement of rural knowledge, will be found in the ensuing extracts. The unimportant and irrelevant matter, with which the volume abounds, I leave for those who may have leisure and inclination to peruse the work at large.

'The manner of reporting, the authorship, or style of the Report under notice, is superior to that of most other of the Board's publications. Repetition is its most striking blemish. But this, though it may, by mere men of words and 'letters,' be deemed a high crime, is with me a venial offence.

'Mr. Pitt was the original reporter of Staffordshire, in 1794. His Report was re-printed, in octavo pages, in 1796; and again in 1806. The volume before me being one of the very few works of the Board that have reached second editions,—in the first twenty years of their labours in literature. The number of pages three hundred and twenty-seven. The number of engravings, sixteen;—namely, a map of the county; seven of erections; eight of animals.'

From the volume, thus quoted, Mr. Marshall extracts passages, on which he passes an analytical judgment, founded on personal experience, and clearly illustrative of his subject. To Mr. William Pitt's knowledge on fossils and minerals, and his ingenuity in calculations, Mr. Marshall appears most disposed to give his approbation. But as agricultural pursuits, in a comprehensive view, have peculiar rules attached to particular situations, it becomes necessary to follow Mr. Marshall throughout the various counties he describes, in order to feel the expediency of his remarks, and to admit the depth as well as extent of his research.

In Mr. Parkinson's Huntingdonshire, we find, under the head of MANURES, the following, noted as the species of melioration of soils, which best require to be enlarged upon, viz. yard dung, compost, sheepfold, lime, gypsum, and shade.

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Sir Humphry Davy, lecturer to the Board of Agriculture, has published an *Elementary Treatise on Agricultural Chemistry*, in which he elevates husbandry to the rank of a science. This excellent work enters very minutely into the vegetable economy and food for plants, offering practical observations on the nature of manure, that must be invaluable to the cultivator. Mr. Marshall, having studied this work attentively, proposes to reserve his remarks until he shall have a favourable opportunity of digesting his ideas on subjects, that have long been the objects of his careful study, and that vary with climate, soil, &c. to an incalculable extent.

It is to be lamented, that many farmers prefer experiment to experience, in their practice of tillage; but we accord with Mr. Marshall's sensible observations on this head. He tells us, that EXPERIENCE and SCIENCE are nearly synonymous; and that it would be equally rash to decry the one as the other. Experience is an accumulation of facts; whether this may have arisen through the means of human intention by the process of experiment, or have entered the human mind through the instructive tuition of accidents. Experiments in agriculture, and incidents in its practice, are, with regard to their effects in science, precisely the same. It is well known, that most of the great discoveries, in science, have been made *incidentally*, and have not been brought to light by the plodding dulness of theoretical experimenters.

If, in practice, a doubt should arise concerning any important point, let experiment be called in to endeavour to remove it. If a valuable fact presents itself, *incidentally*, under complex appearances, set experiment to work, to prove whether it can be profitably introduced into general practice. But what can experiments avail, without experience to plan, superintend, and introduce their useful results into practice. Experiments cannot otherwise act with propriety than as the agent of experience, and constantly ought to be employed by men of talent as a valuable assistant in the field of science.

[To be continued.]

ART. XIII.—*A Familiar Treatise on Drawing, for Youth; being an Elementary Introduction to the Fine Arts, designed for the Instruction of Young Persons, whose Genius leads them to study this elegant and useful Branch of Education. By CHARLES TAYLOR. Illustrated by Thirty-three superior Engravings, from the Designs of Bartolozzi, R.A. Brown, A. Cepriani, R.A. De Marteau, Gerard Lairese, Le Brun, Le Clerc, Mortimer, R.A. Page, F.S.A. Roussin, Singleton, Vandyke. 8vo. Pp. 16. Taylor. 1815.*

THIS volume presents the student with a well-chosen medium, between a confined elementary treatise on the fine arts, and those highly executed essays, which, from being very expensive, are not, in general, attainable. We are much pleased with this arrangement, which embraces progressive studies, from the classic designs of eminent masters, well calculated to ensure the practitioner from the most disgusting of all labours, that of unlearning a vitiated taste, and illegitimate style, in this delightful imitative pursuit.

The mind, says Mr. Taylor, naturally prefers immediate facility in all enterprizes; seldom considering whether those paths, which are easiest to commence, are most useful to continue. In the present instance, he thinks flowers might be preferred by many juvenile practitioners; but the very circumstance which renders them *apparently* preferable, produces their *real* unaptness: for, defects of representation in the leaf of a flower, or branch of a tree, are not betrayed so immediately to the unpractised eye, as the want of expression in a countenance, or of accuracy in the proportions of a human figure. The latter exact no more study than the former; and those who acquire facility in portraying animate subjects, will find no difficulty at all, in describing those inanimate. We shall be copious in our extracts, as the best recommendation of our author.

ADVISED COURSE OF STUDY.

This division will be most properly commenced, by warning the reader against those bad habits, which, when once acquired, usually maintain their dominion, in spite of all endeavours to shake them off. Instead of a stiff, formal, cramped, unhealthy, ungraceful position, let the attitude be easy, disengaged, free, unconstrained, and upright. Avoid stooping, or pressing against the table on which you draw, as injurious to health. The student will not find his progress facilitated by those contortions of countenance, which sometimes accompany every outline of the unready hand. Perhaps the usual position of the hand in writing is the easiest and best for the pencil and the crayon; except, indeed, that the tip of the little finger should be studiously carried free of the paper, as otherwise it might injure the design; the point also should be further from the fingers, as giving a greater command and conducing to a bolder effect. The utmost neatness must be inculcated at all times; as whatever may be natural talents, or excellence of instruction, a slovenly and smeared piece is disgraceful and disgusting.

The subject to be copied should be placed at an easy distance from the eye, so that the whole may be taken in at a glance. Before it is commenced, accurately study it; if large and multifar-

rious, notice the different proportions of the divisions into which you can arrange it; mark in your own mind the centre of the whole; from this trace imaginary lines to the corners, the sides, and from one object to another, on which to calculate the relative dimensions and distances of prominent parts or objects. Let these various mental measurements be indicated on your paper by very faint touches, and when you have thus planned the whole, your progress will be satisfactory in proportion to the accuracy of these temporary preliminaries. The student must rigorously avoid relying on the square, the rule, or the compasses: these seducing and dangerous helps must be banished from all study, except of Perspective or Architecture.

'The Compasses must be in the eye; not in the hand.'

'From these general observations we proceed to the series of examples.'

'PLATES I. and II. Eyes (at large).'

'Commence with the second figure of this plate. The eye-seen in front is divided into three parts, the centre one of which is the size of the sight. Copy the outline only, accurately.'

'From this proceed to the third example on the second plate. The eye in profile is half the dimensions of the eye in front.'

'When the student has copied these outlines, he will find it a very profitable exercise to lay aside his original, and, from memory alone, produce as nearly as possible a copy of the object he has just studied; afterwards, compare this production of the memory with the original, correct it where requisite, and notice that particular failing which may be the most apparent. This useful exercise will speedily produce an accuracy of observation, and a facility of handling (or command of the pencil), otherwise unattainable.'

'When these outlines have been rendered familiar, then, and not till then, proceed to shade. Do not finish any part at once, touch lightly every part in succession, and gradually work the whole up to the tone of colour presented in the original. This mode of procedure must be attended to in the subsequent lessons.'

'It is not advisable to study too long at first; a single example, scrupulously attended to, may suffice for a morning or an afternoon. Hurrying from one subject to another retards proficiency rather than accelerates it.'

'The order of studying the other examples on these two plates, is left to the young artist's taste; always remembering, that one example must be vanquished before another is undertaken.'

'PLATE III. Noses (at large).'

'The nose, at its base, seen in front, is about the width of the eye. The directions given on the subjects of the former plates are applicable to the present, and, if attended to, will supersede any further explanation.'

'PLATE IV. Noses (at large).'

'These are more advanced studies relative to the same subject.'

The proportions must be calculated by the eye, without the helps afforded in the former plate.

PLATE V. *Mouths (at large).*

'The mouth in front is about an eye and a quarter; in profile nearly half the dimensions of the same when seen in front.

PLATE VI. *Mouths (at large).*

'An example of bearded mouths, and also of the relative proportions and situation of the nose and mouth.

PLATE VII. *Ear (at large).*

'The width of the ear, as shewn, is equal to half its height. Its height is about one quarter of the head, as the future examples demonstrate.

PLATE VIII. *Ears (at large).*

'Additional studies of the same subject.

'Having thus grounded himself in these preliminary studies of the

----- Human face divine,'

the pupil may proceed to unite those traits into a complete face, practically recapitulating the cautions and directions already insisted on.

PLATE IX. *Principles of Drawing Heads.*

'The importance of the lesson now under the student's notice is so absolutely indispensable, that too much labour cannot be bestowed in acquiring a thorough acquaintance with the principles of these examples, and the greatest facility and correctness in the practice.

'Let the student first form an oval similar to the example; this he will find no very easy task, and many trials will be requisite, before he can produce a copy whose two sides shall be exactly correspondent. He may vary the mode of producing this effect, by sometimes copying the strait lines of the figure, and then circumscribing the exterior oval.

'The line AA is crossed at equal distances by the lines BB, CC. The line BB is again divided into five parts: in the second and fourth divisions the eyes are placed; the same lines which mark the length of the nose designate also the ears: another equal division added under A shews the length of the neck. The student is now in possession of the principles on which the head is designed in every possible position; and the subsequent instructions and examples are merely modifications of that now before him. Before he proceeds further, he may amuse himself by the following experiment. Take an egg, which is of the shape of the human head so nearly as to allow of its adaption to this purpose, draw on it the line AA; cross it by BB, CC; divide BB by the lines for the eyes, &c. and mark the features as in the example under consideration; here we have a front face. Incline the egg a small matter to the right or left, or leaning forwards or backwards, and immediately the lines, formerly strait, now assume the

appearance of becoming curves, carrying with them the features which were traced on them. The following lessons will apply the use of this experiment more explicitly and distinctly than any explanation can accomplish.

The student will notice that it is not our intention to confine him to mathematical rules in the construction of a head, as if it were merely a geometrical problem; but to furnish those general ideas which may facilitate his progress, and diminish some difficulties which the commencement of every new undertaking invariably possesses.

PLATE X. *Three-quarters Face.*

The observations relative to the last example are equally applicable to this; we therefore shall not reiterate them, but again inculcate a former observation, namely, not to proceed to a new subject, until the former one is thoroughly understood and accurately practised.

PLATE XI. *Head looking down.*

The example of the egg has already shewn the curvature of the elementary lines in every direction: this presents them strongly curved downwards, yet always governing the features which they originally influenced.

PLATE XII. *Head looking up.*

The same observations apply in this example, and the tendency of the circles upwards is already well understood by our young artist.

PLATES XIII. and XIV. *Heads.*

These plates will be found of service as a recapitulation of the preceding remarks. They have been already fully explained by our observations on the larger subjects.

These studies should be copied fully the size of our former examples; and the student will experience the great utility of strict attention to the rules already laid down, in the facility produced by an accurate attention to those directions.

PLATE XIII. *Heads.*

No. 1. Rudiments of the countenance.

No. 2. The same, with the situation of the features indicated.

No. 3. Face turned sideways, so that as much as one cheek gains the opposite loses: the relative distances of the features on the upright line remain unaltered.

No. 4. This is No. 3 advanced to a more finished state.

Nos. 5 and 6. Profile.

PLATE XIV. *Heads.*

No. 1. The head inclined downwards and sideways. All the systematic lines are thereby altered.

No. 2. The features placed on the lines. The learner will observe, that the same lines are indicated by the same letters, A, B, C, &c. in all these examples.

No. 3. The head inclined upward: all the curves are upward also.

No. 4. The face more complete. As by the downward inclination of Nos. 1 and 2, the forehead was increased, and the chin diminished; so in Nos. 3 and 4, the contrary of course takes place.

Nos. 5 and 6 exhibit the mode adopted by some artists for drawing a profile, and for determining the position of the ear by means of an equilateral triangle.

No. 5. Profile looking down. One side of the triangle is divided into three parts: the lower point indicates the chin, the upper point the forehead, the third angle fixes the ear.

No. 6. The same principles exemplified in a different direction.

The foregoing examples sufficiently demonstrate the principles of designing the head in any variation of position: every motion of the countenance may be referred to one or other of these, or is compounded of them, and may be easily imagined from these initiatory representations.

Our pupil probably thinks, that already a sufficient portion of time and application has been bestowed on commencing. It will, therefore, be no unpleasant tidings to inform him, that the subsequent lessons are of a more interesting and ornamental character; but let him rest assured, that proficiency in them will be exactly proportionate to the accuracy of his previous studies.

PLATES XV. and XVI. *Character (of Childhood).*

In childhood, the circle predominates instead of the oval; but by this time it will be sufficient to place these examples before the student, and the requisite directions will immediately present themselves.

PLATE XVII. *Childhood and Manhood.*

PLATE XVIII. *Youth and Age.*

The progress of life, from the plumpness of infancy to the wrinkles of age.

PLATE XIX.

Liveliness, cheerfulness, and attention, influenced by a degree of surprise mingled with admiration.

PLATE XX.

Respect, veneration, and admiration, expressed not merely by the features, but by the position of the hand pressed on the bosom.

PLATE XXI. *Hands in various Positions.*

PLATE XXII. *Arms.*

These should be copied much larger than the originals.

PLATE XXIII. *Proportions of the Figure from actual Measurement.*

We now advance a step further, and unite into one figure those members which hitherto have been separately studied.

The figures marked down the side line I. II. III. &c. are each equal to a HEAD; it appears, therefore, that a well-proportioned mature figure contains between seven and eight heads. The letters A, B, C, D, indicate the general divisions of the figure.

' There is no necessity here for an extended critique on the different proportions to be observed in designing the figure, as this plate at once teaches the eye more than the most elaborate disquisition would be capable of explaining.

' Let the student copy these designs, first with, then without the assistance of these subsidiary helps, and afterwards by means of correct measurement, detect those inaccuracies which otherwise would have escaped unperceived.

' **PLATE XXIV. *Attitudes of the Figure.***

' After the figure in a state of rest, we now proceed to attitude and action; premising that the following examples should be copied considerably larger than they are here presented.

' No. 1. A figure gently inclining his weight to one side.

' No. 2. A man looking at his heels, thus producing a compound movement, which affects all parts of the frame: his knees are bent forwards, his neck sideways, and every member more or less displaced. The line drawn down this figure shews, that as much of his body as is thrown off the perpendicular on one side of the line, must be compensated by an equal weight thrown on the other side, to counterpoise it, as otherwise he would inevitably fall.

' No. 3. The arms of this figure are thrown back as far as it is possible without force.

' No. 4. In this example of a man carrying a load, and continuing a progressive motion, we must observe, that the greater proportion of the weight of the figure and load is in *advance* of the perpendicular, and his progress compensates the deficiency; for if the combined weight were equally divided, the figure would remain stationary, and he effects his progress by alternately losing and regaining his equilibrium.

' **PLATE XXV. *Attitudes of the Figure.***

' No. 1. The extension of the arm is here compensated by the proportionate weight thrown on the other side of the body, on the same principle as is already explained in No. 2, Plate xxiii.

' No. 2. A less exertion, compensated of course by a less counterpoise.

' No. 3. A figure in which the perpendicular falls between the feet: consequently it is at rest.

' No. 4. The additional instance of equipoise. We take this opportunity of remarking, that all figures may vary their position by managing the impulse of the feet, so that a person, by throwing the weight of his frame on his toes, or his heels, may materially alter his balance without exerting any other equiponderating power. This the student can readily and easily effect by his own attitude.

' **PLATE XXVI. *Attitudes of the Figure.***

' No. 1. A violent exertion to throw a javelin. In proportion to the extent of the impetus, as influenced by a greater or less

inclination of the figure, will be the effect produced on the missile.

' No. 2. A similar, but a less violent exertion.

' No. 3. Pushing; that is, by means of throwing the weight of the body beyond the perpendicular, *towards* the object pushed.

' No. 4. Pulling, or throwing the weight of the body beyond the perpendicular, *away from* the object pulled; consequently, the eye instantly perceives, that if the object were suddenly and unexpectedly removed, the Pusher would fall *forwards*, and the Puller would fall *backwards*. the effect of their exertions, is consequently, according to the degree of inclination, beyond the perpendicular line.

' PLATE XXVII. *Attitudes of the Figure.*

' No. 1. A man walking against a very high wind, so that his position is a combination of (1.) his own motion, (2.) his own attitude, as removed out of the perpendicular, and (3.) the weight, effect, or resistance of the element against which he strives: this he counterbalances by throwing a greater portion of his figure forwards, than he could do safely if he walked unopposed. Running is produced by a still greater forward inclination of the figure.

' No. 2. Hercules. The whole air of this spirited figure indicates active exertion.

' No. 3. Hercules strangling Antæus. In this group, the principles of combined movement are manifestly exemplified. Hercules must not only balance his own weight, but also that of his antagonist, combined with his own. See the observations on No. 2 and No. 4, Plate xxiv.; No. 4, Plate xxv.; No. 1 and 2, Plate xxvi.

' Directions as to the management of drapery are needless. If the artist is only a copyist, his original furnishes him with all that is necessary; if he designs, then an attentive observation of daily appearances is alone sufficient to guide him.

' PLATES XXVIII. to XXXIII.

' We now dismiss our pupil, with our best wishes for his success in the future course of his study, and leave to his own taste the order in which he chuses to practise the amusing and interesting examples remaining for his pencil; and if he has, perhaps, more than once, felt inclined to accuse our directions of prolixity, or our injunctions of unnecessary strictness, he, ere long, will experience such facility and accuracy as will amply compensate for his former docility and self-controul.'

To these explanations follow instructions as to the materials to be used in the practice of drawing, and rules whereby they are to be chosen. The whole closes with thirty-three progressive plates of studies, admirably sketched, and pleasingly illustrative of the principles they propose to inculcate.

CRIT. REV. VOL. I. *March*, 1815.

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MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

CORN LAWS.

ART. 1.—*Essay on the Application of Capital to Land; with Observations, shewing the Impolicy of any great Restrictions on the Importation of Corn; and, that the Bounty of 1688 did not lower the Price of it. By a Fellow of University College, Oxford.* 8vo. Pp. 69.—Underwood. 1815.

ART. 2.—*Observations on the Effects that would be produced by the proposed Corn Laws on the Agriculture, Commerce, and Population of the United Kingdom. By WILLIAM CHAPMAN, M.R.I.A.* 8vo. Pp. 37. Richardson. 1815.

ART. 3.—*Thoughts on the Corn Laws, as connected with Agriculture, Commerce, and Finance. By J. D. HUME, of the Custom House.* 8vo. Pp. 89. Rivingtons. 1815.

ON this important subject, now pending between the parliament and the nation, we find it contended by one party, that it is consistent with the public welfare that the English should pay much higher prices for food than the rest of Europe. By the other, it is as obstinately affirmed, that the manufacturing interests, on which a large portion of our population depends, can never prosper without an almost free import and export of the necessaries of life.

Probably, either extreme would be highly injurious. We think a happy medium between an absolutely free, and an over-restricted, trade in foreign corn, would best conduce to the general interests of the country. But why should we think, when MILLIONS think in vain?

These pamphlets, which we consider collectively, contain much moderate, sensible, and well-digested argument; but we do not invite our readers to a study, that will only contribute to heighten cordial discontent. The question in truth, is no longer at issue. We the sense of the people, and we feel the want of sense in their representatives. Heaven protect us from an ambushed military as we peaceably traverse the streets, and shield us from the fate of that lamented youth, Mr. Vyse!

ART. 4.—*A circumstantial Report of the extraordinary Evidence and Proceedings of the Coroner's Inquest on the Body of Edward Vyse, who, on Thursday Evening, March 7, 1815, was shot dead from the*

Parlour Windows of the House of the Hon. Frederick Robinson, M.P. in Old Burlington Street. Written by WILLIAM HONE, one of the Evidence. Pp. 71. Hone. 1815.

THE coroner's jury found a verdict, in this case, of 'WILFUL MURDER by some person, or persons, firing from Mr. Robinson's front parlour window, shot from, and out of, fire-arms.'

This verdict was accompanied by the following *strong* memorandum: 'It is the opinion of the jury, that the military acted improperly, by entering the house of Mr. Robinson without proper authority so to do. It is our opinion, from the evidence adduced, that there was no necessity for firing with shot at the time Mr. Edward Vyse met his death. It is our opinion, that the firing was unconstitutional.'

Quis, talia fando, temperet a lachrymis !

POETRY.

ART. 5.—*Sir Willibert de Waverley ; or, The Bridal Eve. A Poem. By ELIZA S. FRANCIS, Author of the Rival Roses, &c. 24mo. Pp. 87. S. Leigh. 1815.*

OUR fair author displays a very neat poetical taste in the arrangement of this tale, which is an amplification of a romantic sketch, taken from the novel of Waverley.

Poetry is closely allied with what is termed a sentimental mind. Miss Francis confirms this opinion in the following lines :

' I love the waving plume, and beaming lance,
With all that modern wisdom calls Romance.
If 'tis romance, in virtuous deeds to shine,
And add new honours to a noble line :
If 'tis romance to shield the dame ye love,
And prize her smile, all guerdons far above—
With high-wrought fervour, every vice disdain—
Romance, return, resume thy ancient reign.

* * * * *

Oh, if from realms of silvery light,
Some Sylph should bend to earth his flight,
To whisper to some troubled breast
A rainbow-tinted dream of hope,
To lull distraction's cares to rest,
And arm the soul with ills to cope.'

This volume closes with a fragment, written on a stormy evening, and intended as a sequel to Mr. Coleridge's fragment tale, entitled 'LOVE.' The lady, however, confesses that her muse would

have preferred to celebrate the *constancy* of man; but Mr. C. made his knight *perfidious*, and she obeyed the text in opposition to personal feeling.

May that *CONSTANCY* our poet advocates gild the horizon of her future life, and beam upon the sensibilities of her heart, with the radiance of reciprocally virtuous love!

NOVELS.

ART. 6.—*Santo Sebastiano; or, The Young Protector. A Novel.* 5 vols. Third Edition. Pp. 418, 403, 415, 422, 451. G. and S. Robinson.

WE have long been aware of the publication of this work; but, really, its unconscionable bulk deterred us, month after month, from encountering the toil of ploughing through 2109 pages. Good report, however, has urged us to the undertaking; and we must confess that, notwithstanding, it often reminded us of

‘ a twice told tale,
Vexing the ears of a drowsy man,’

we found many animated sketches of morality, pleasingly contrasting the beauties of virtue with the deformities of vice.

The character of an atheistical man of fashion, whose polished sophistry had nearly effected the ruin of the amiable heroine of a principal tale, is well drawn. A cynical and fastidious husband, reclaimed by the exemplary conduct of his wife, and other prominent events, cannot fail to amuse without prejudice to the chastest sentiments.

We could wish, however, that the work partook less of a *Richardsoniana*. The alderman may be delighted with a *delicious* repetition of feasting; and full-grown ladies and gentlemen—particularly those of pic-nic notoriety—may join in *sentimental* blind-man's buff with the author; remembering, always, the *pleasures* they have *enjoyed* at the *innocent* game of hunt the slipper on their *converzasioni* nights.—Alas! no more.

ART. 7.—*The Bachelor's Journal: inscribed, without permission, to the Girls of England. Novel.* 2 vols. Pp. 249, 237. Edited by Miss BYRON. Newman and Co. 1815.

OUR charming author has fairly thrown down the gauntlet to that half-created biped, ycleped a bachelor. We love this girl of spirit—admire the picquancy of her phillippics—and charge the whole army of spinters to enlist under her heroic banners.

We recommend this work.

ART. 8.—*Moonshine. Novel.* 2 vols. Longman and Co. 1814.

THE sickly offspring of a sickly bed. We wish the author better health.

ART. 9.—*Corasmin; or, The Minister. Romance.* 3 vols. Longman and Co. 1814.

THE writer of these anonymous volumes is not hacknied in the mysteries of romance. His style is frequently provincial, but not offensive. He does not attempt to rival the horrors of a Radcliffe; yet many of his descriptions abound in interest. His allusions tend to inform us, that 'The Minister' comes all the way 'frae bonnie Scotland.'

ART. 10.—*Read, and Give it a Name. Novel.* By Mrs. S. LLEWELLEN. 4 vols. Newman and Co. 1814.

Be it named—'MEDIOCRITY!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 11.—*The Right to Church Property secured, and Commutation of Tythes vindicated. In a Letter to the Rev. William Core, Archdeacon of Wilts.* 8vo. Pp. 41. Highley and Co. 1815.

THE letter before us is written by Mr. Robert Gourlay, of Deptford Farm, Wilts; and, although a hasty production, displays freedom of opinion and independence of spirit, founded on good sense, and clothed in very energetic language.

It appears that the archdeacon, to whom this letter is addressed, had considered it his duty, as a clergyman, to point out what he deemed the erroneous assertions, the fallacious arguments, and the mischievous plan, disseminated by the last prize essay, published by the Bath and West of England Society, 'ON THE COMMUTATION OF TYTHES,' by J. Bennett, Esq. of Pythouse.

What are church tythes?—The life rent property of present incumbents, under the proviso of certain performances of duty; and, in fee, such property may be said to belong to the church. But, in reality, the law discriminates between the private rights of the clergy and the public property of the church.

Taking the question under a general view, Mr. Gourlay opposes to the Archdeacon, that Mr. Bennett is quite correct in stating that 'tythes ought to be, and eventually must be, commuted;' which position he most argumentatively defends, on the principle, that tythes may be commuted without any question as to whose property they are, or any encroachment upon the exercise of patron-

age.. Tythes have been commuted in Scotland for more than a century; yet patronage is well guaranteed, and quietly exercised in that country.

‘The benefit and necessity, Sir!—continues Mr. Gourlay—of a commutation of tythe are subordinate considerations to the grand question of *right* to the property attached to the church. I am assured, there has always been a tacit understanding, in the minds of correctly thinking men, as to this. But the *right*, veiled as you may chuse to have it, is not your chief rallying point. It is not the mere *property* of the church which has excited your alarm. It is a something more evanescent, but infinitely more seducing. It is *patronage and arbitrary power*; and, at your present elevation in the church, with, *perhaps*, an aspiring hope, we can readily conceive with what a jealous eye you guard the fane sacred to such darling images.’

The *grand desideratum* upheld by Mr. Gourlay, from the commutation of tythe, is, that it would occasion such a cultivation of waste land, as would produce a vast encrease of work to the labouring poor, as well as give support to an encreased population. It would remove that interference in property, which has caused so many law-suits, and so much ill will among men; yet these benefits, equally moderate and salutary, are made the subject of flippant criticism, closed by a vain glorious parody in the arch-deacon’s essay. We cannot resist making the following extract, thanking Mr. Gourlay for his well-written pamphlet:

‘Sir, to get thus far has been to me a necessary but painful task, imposed by the very flagrant exposure of your sentiments and designs. To a man so thoroughly infatuated, I make no apology for my language; and trust that the public, justly weighing the occasion and the objects, will not deem it too strong.’

‘The grand stem of your delusion springs from the idea that the church is in itself substantially independent, with rights, sacred and inherent. This doctrine I deny. The church is merely a branch of the constitution, and may be pruned, or lopped off entirely, as occasion may require. The church is not religion. Its declared object was to foster religion; but it has greatly failed. Religion, when most zealous, disclaims the church: and not one third of the inhabitants of Britain acknowledge its rule. I, myself, adhere to the church chiefly as a decent observance, and for the benefit of publicly registering the births of my children. I acknowledge neither its creeds nor its controul. Within the Bible I have the entire history, and every precept of religion. To exalt my awe and veneration for the Author of nature, I have only to walk in the fields, and look up to the vault of heaven, beneath which, the ostentatious cathedral, or the dank and dreary church, are but emblems of human poverty and pride.’

ART. 12.—*The Reformers vindicated; or a few Plain Reasons why the present Constitution of these Realms ought to be immediately abolished.* By A LIVERYMAN OF LONDON. 8vo. Pp. 21. J. J. Stockdale. 1815.

THIS pamphlet proposes to seduce the ignorant mind under a specious and hypocritical title. But in his attempt to ridicule the reformists, the author is merely dull, when he aims to be satirical.

ART. 13.—OFFERINGS TO BONAPARTE, viz.—

Of Bonaparte and the Bourbons, and the Necessity of rallying round our Legitimate Princes for the Happiness of France, and that of Europe. By F. A. CHATEAUBRIAND. Pp. 84.

Napoleon's Conduct towards Prussia, since the Peace of Tilsit, from the Original Documents, published under the Authority of the Prussian Government. Translated from the German. Pp. 84.

Letters addressed to Lord Liverpool, and the Parliament, on the Preliminaries of Peace. By CALVUS. Pp. 100.

A View of the political State of Europe after the Battle of Leipsic. 8vo. Pp. 99: Colburn. 1814.

By an ingenious species of hocus-pocus, we find four wandering pamphlets, with 'quick, presto, begone,' united in a comely octavo volume. But we are contemnors of legerdemain in the art of book-making, and will not offer further comments.

ART. 14.—*Critical Situation of Bonaparte, in his Retreat out of Russia; or a Faithful Narrative of the Repassing of the Beresina by the French Army, in 1812.* By AN EYE WITNESS. With a Map. Translated from the French: with Notes written by an Officer, who was with the Russian Army at the same Period. 12mo. Pp. 65. Hatchard. 1815.

THE military history of the passage of the Beresina, is limited to the events of three days; but those three days involve a complication of horrors seldom equalled.

Having spoken, at large, of M. Labaume's excellent narrative, we are little disposed to analyze the compilation of an anonymous 'eye witness,' or to collate the notes of an officer without a name. We will, however, praise the object of this pamphlet, which professes to represent men and facts as they are, and to rescue Admiral Chichagoff from the imputation, that he was on the Be-

resina with sixty thousand men ; that he was joined by General Wittgenstein ; and that Marshal Kutusoff being in pursuit of the French army, that army ought not to have escaped. The French army, however, did escape at the very point to have been defended by Admiral Chichagoff, consequently, the admiral failed in his duty.

Not one word of all this being true, according to the statement before us, our author proceeds to assert proofs, in defence of the military reputation of a general officer, whose character and talents he highly applauds.

The minutes, chronologically arranged, state, that the admiral having in command no more than fifteen thousand men, it was not possible that he should guard the banks of a river forty miles in extent ; but he disposed his force to the best advantage, by defending the tête-du-pont of Borison. Had he, for a moment, dispersed his line, so concentrated, Marshal Victor would have seized on the passage, and the French army would have been saved from the disorder and destruction which proved so fatal * to them, in forcing this disastrous passage.

Much censure is attached, by this pamphlet, to General Wittgenstein and Marshal Kutusoff, who are openly accused of having usurped a reputation, by misrepresentations, as false as they are injurious to the character of Admiral Chichagoff.

ART. 15.—*Studies in History ; containing the History of Rome from its Earliest Records to the Death of Constantine ; in a Series of Essays, accompanied with Reflections, References to Original Authorities and Historical Questions.* By THOMAS MORELL. Gale and Co. 1815.

THIS concise but correct history of ancient Rome is well adapted for students of the upper classes. The author's reflections breathe the spirit of the christian religion, are replete with morality, and discriminate between the various characters and governments of the Roman emperors.

At the close of the work we find a number of historical questions, which may be adapted to impress on the mind, the most remarkable occurrences of the ancient emporium of the world.

* The losses to the French, in this day, are calculated to have amounted to ten thousand persons ; many of these were women and children, who had followed the army from Moscow. These wretched beings, unable to cross the river, found themselves between two contending armies. Some were crushed beneath waggon wheels and under horses feet : others were mangled by cannon shot : others plunged into the stream and sank : others, stripped naked by the soldiery, were cast upon the snow and frozen to death. Can the French people know all this, and cry ' Vive l'Empereur ? ' They are, for ever, disgraced as a nation, and will be abhorred by posterity.

Apr. 16.—A New Covering to the Velvet Cushion. 8vo. Pp. 162.
Gale and Co. 1815.

An ingenious reply to a popular work, called 'The Velvet Cushion.'

The author, argumentatively, elucidates and defends the leading principles of dissenters.

LIST OF BOOKS.

NOTE.—bd. signifies *bound*—h. bd. *half-bound*—sd. *sewed*. The rest are, with few exceptions, in *boards*.—ed. signifies *edition*—n. ed. *new edition*.

AIKINS's (Arthur) *Manual of Mineralogy*, second ed. post 8vo.

Allan's (Thomas) *Mineralogical Nomenclature*, alphabetically arranged; with Synoptic Tables of the Chemical Analysis of Minerals, 8vo.

Alison's (A. LL.D.) *Sermons*, chiefly on particular Occasions, 4th ed. 8vo.

Bell's (Robert, Esq.) *Dictionary of the Law of Scotland*, second ed. 2 vols. 8vo.

Bernard's (Hon. Richard Boyle, M.P.) *Tour through some Parts of France, Switzerland, Savoy, Germany, and Belgium, during the Summer and Autumn of 1814*, 8vo.

Berry's (William) *History of the Island of Guernsey, from the remotest Period of Antiquity to the Year 1814, with Particulars of the Neighbouring Islands of Alderney, Serk, and Jersey*, 4to.

Birkbeck's (Morris) *Notes on a Journey through France*, second ed. 8vo.

Blagdon's (Francis W. Esq.) *French Interpreter*, h. bd.

Burnham's Catalogue, for 1815, of a scarce and valuable Collection of Books; among which will be found many curious, rare, and early printed Works, Books of Prints, Portraits, Music, Manuscripts, &c. which are now on Sale, at the very low Prices printed in the Catalogue, by Thomas Burnham, Northampton; of whom may be had a liberal Price for any Library or Parcel of Books.

Burns' (Robert) Works, with Thirteen Engravings, from Designs by Stothard, 4 vols. 8vo.

Butler's Introduction to Mathematics, 2 vols. 8vo.

Catalogue (a) for the Year 1815, of Second-hand Books, in many Languages; comprising an Assortment of the most useful Articles in different Branches of Literature and Science, beside a great variety of Dramatic Writings, Theatrical Tracts, and Bibliographical Works, now offered to the Public on Ready-money Terms, by W. Lowndes, Bedford-street.

Cawthorne's (John) Catalogue for 1815.

Chaplemagne, an Epic Poem, in Twenty-four Books. By Lucien Bonaparte, of the Institute of France, &c. Translated by the
CRIT. REV. VOL. I. March, 1815.

Rev. S. Butler, D.D. and the Rev. F. Hodgson, A.M. 2 vols. 4to. and 2 vols. royal 4to.

Clarendon's (Edward, Earl of) *Essays, Moral and Entertaining, on the various Faculties and Passions of the Human Mind*, 2 vols. foolscap.

Clark (Wm. Esq.) on the Commutation or Abolition of Tythes, 8vo. sd.

Crawford's (Wm. D.D.) *Sermons*, 8vo.

Cross-Bath Guide, being the Correspondence of a respectable Family, collected by Sir Joseph Chenkell, foolscap.

Cunningham's (J. W. A.M.) *Velvet Cushion*, seventh ed. royal 12mo.

World without Souls, fifth ed. royal 12mo.

Grace of God, a Sermon, 8vo.

Donn's (James, Curator) *Hortus Cantabrigiensis, or Catalogue of Plants*, eighth ed. corrected by Frederick Pursh, 8vo.

Edye's (John, Esq.) *Letter to Wilberforce, on the unrestrained Importation of Corn*, 8vo. sd.

Father's (a) *Reflections on the Death of his Child*, 12mo. sd.

Foley's (James) *French Delectus*, 12mo. bd.

Francis's (Eliza S.) *Sir Wilibert de Waverley, or the Bridal Eve*, a Poem, 12mo.

Gazetteer (a) of the most remarkable Places in the World, with brief Notices of the principal historical Events, and of the most celebrated Persons connected with them; to which are annexed References to Books of History, Voyages, Travels, &c. By Thomas Brown, second ed. thick 8vo.

Giraud's (P. F. F. J.) *Campaign of Paris, in 1814*, 8vo.

Graglia's (C.) *New Pocket Dictionary of the Italian and English Languages*, square 12mo. bd.

Helme's (Elizabeth) *Maternal Instruction*, fourth ed. 12mo. bd.

Hill's (Eliz.) *Sequel to the Poetical Monitor for the Use of Young Persons*, second ed. 12mo.

Histoire des Sociétés Secrètes de l'Armée, et des Conspirations Militaires, qui ont eu pour objet la Destruction du Gouvernement de Bonaparte, 8vo.

History of Mr. John Decastro, and his Brother Bat, commonly called Old Crab, 4 vols. 12mo.

History of the War in Spain and Portugal, from 1807 to 1814, illustrated by a Map, by Gen. Sarrazin, 8vo.

Hoare's (Sir Richard Colt, Bart.) *Hints to Travellers in Italy*, foolscap 8vo.

Howard, by John Gamble, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo.

Hunt's (Leigh) *Descent of Liberty, a Mask*, foolscap 12mo.

Feast of the Poets, second ed. foolscap

Impartial Historical Life (an) of Napoleon Bonaparte, by J. M. G. 12mo.

Jardine's (William) *Essay, towards the Improvement of some of the important Instruments in Surgery*, 8vo.

- Knight of the Glen** (the), an Irish Romance, 2 vols. 12mo.
- Labauume's** (Eugene) **Circumstantial Narrative of the Campaign in Russia**, second ed. 8vo.
- Letters on the Trinitarian Controversy**, Part I. 12mo. 2d.
- Life of Napoleon**, a Hudibrastic Poem, in fifteen Cantos, by Dr. Syntax, with thirty Engravings, by G. Cruikshank, royal 8vo.
- Malthus's** (Rev. T. R.) **Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent**.
- Melancthon** (Life of Philip), by the Rev. J. A. Cox, A.M.
- Memoirs of Lady Hamilton**, together with Anecdotes of several distinguished Personages, small 8vo.
- Mildert's** (Wm. Van, D.D.) **Bampton Lectures**, 8vo.
- Military Adventures** (the) of Johnny Newcome, by an Officer, 8vo.
- Monro's** (Alexander, jun. F.R.S.) **Engravings of the Thoracic and Abdominal Viscera**, 4to.
- More's** (Hannah) **Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of St. Paul**, 2 vols. royal 12mo.
- Observations on the Symptoms and Treatment of the diseased Spine previous to the period of Incurvation**, with some Remarks on the consequent Palsy, by Thomas Copeland, Esq. 8vo.
- Original Lines**, and Translation, foolscap 8vo.
- Paddy Hew**, a Poem, from the Brain of Timothy Tarpaulia, whistled by a Sea Lark, foolscap.
- Pat** (a) from a Lion's Paw, upon the Railers against the Property Tax, by Leo Britannicus, 8vo. 2d.
- Physician's** (a) **Observations on the Animal Economy**, 8vo.
- Practical Treatise** (a) on finding the Latitude and Longitude at Sea, with Tables designed to facilitate the Calculations. Translated from the French of M. de Rossel, by Thomas Myers, A.M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and Honorary Member of the Philosophical Society of London. To which are subjoined, an extensive Series of Practical Examples, an Introduction to the Tables, and some additional Tables by the Translator.
- Public Disputation of the Students of the College of Fort William**, in Bengal, before the Rt. Hon. Earl of Moira, together with his Lordship's Discourse, 20th June, 1814, 8vo.
- Remarks on the late Trial of an Officer of Rank in a distinguished Regiment of Hussars**, in a Letter to a Friend, by an Officer, 8vo.
- Ritso's** (Frederick, Esq.) **Introduction to the Science of the Law**, 8vo.
- Second Letter** (a) to the Rev. Dr. Goddard, by a Layman, 8vo.
- Secret Memoirs of Napoleon Buonaparte**, second ed. 8vo.
- Sequel of an Attempt to discover the Author of the Letters of Junius**.
- Shaw's** (Wm. D.D.) **Latin Prosody made easy**, 8vo.
- Sheffield's** (Rt. Hon. Lord) **Letter on the Corn Laws**.

Sinclair's (Sir J. Bart.) General Report of the Agricultural State, and Political Circumstances of Scotland, 5 large vols. 8vo. with numerous Engravings and a volume of Plates, &c.

St. Pierre's Harmonies of Nature, 3 vols. 8vo.

Supplement (a) to the Memoirs, Life, &c. of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Jas. Northcote, Esq.

Sutcliffe's (Rev. J.) Grammar of the English Language, 12mo.

Taylor's (Jeremy) Rules and Exercises of Holy Living, twenty-sixth ed.

Torren's (A. Esq.) Essay on the External Corn Trade, 8vo.

Travels in the Ionian Isles, in Albania, Thessaly, and Greece, in 1812 and 1813, together with an Account of a Residence at Joanina, the capital and court of Ali Pasha, by H. Holland, M.D. F.R.S. &c. 4to.

Warwick Castle, an Historical Novel, by Miss Prickett, 3 vols. 12mo.

Whateley's (Thomas) Practical Observations on Necrosis of the Tibia, illustrated by Cases and a Copper-plate, 8vo.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much flattered by our letter, from 'ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL,' on the independent spirit of our 'HISTRIONIC SKETCHES.' We assure our correspondent, that we have not the honor of patronage from either of the theatres; and that our critique, sent with a polite card to Mr. RAYMOND, was unnoticed: the same good breeding was observed by Mr. HARRIS. We are, however, aware, that certain persons, who, occasionally act gentlemen behind the scenes, intuitively spurn their borrowed manners, as soon as 'Othello's occupation's o'er.'

We have received, and will profit by, the printed letter sent to us by a committee of most respectable Publishers.

Our prompt acquiescence with the wishes of 'EX-REVIEWER,' will, we trust, lead to a future correspondence.

'AN OLD SUBSCRIBER' is assured, that we are always open to conviction, and equally ready to amend.

We beg, generally, to acknowledge other favours.

The translation of Lucien Bonaparte's Charlemagne, Cottle's Messiah, &c. &c. will appear in our next Number.

. Publishers are solicited to send their Works for Review as early in every month as possible. Several Notices of new books have been received too late for insertion. We desire to give every publicity, in our power, to all objects of literature.

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.
Series the Fifth.

VOL. I.]

APRIL, 1815.

[No. IV.

ART. I.—*Charlemagne, or the Church Delivered. An Epic Poem, in Twenty-four Books. By* LUCIEN BONAPARTE, *of the Institute of France. Translated by the Rev. S. BUTLER, D.D. and the Rev. FRANCIS HODGSON, A.M. 2 vols. 4to. Pp. 388, 419. Longman and Co. 1815.*

IN our Review* of Lucien Bonaparte's poem, we rather exultingly anticipated this translation, from the united talents of a member from each of our universities—but we are greatly disappointed. Dr. Butler announces himself as the Sir Clement Cotterell to this work; and, therefore, to him we shall the more immediately address ourselves: not intending, certainly, by our candour, to fail in our respect for his character.

We learn, from the Doctor's preface, that this translation has been in progressive preparation, since the year 1811, with the permission of Lucien Bonaparte. That it was, originally, undertaken by the Rev. John Maunde, introduced to the author for that purpose, as a gentleman possessing an intimate knowledge of the French language, and a considerable share of "poetical feeling." Mr. Maunde, suffering under ill health, until his death in 1813, merely translated, and that imperfectly, six cantos; but he had attempted the seventh and eighth during the last stages of his lingering malady. Had Mr. Maunde lived to complete his labours, the translation was to have been ushered into the world under the inspection and revision of Dr. Butler.

We are compelled to enter into this minuteness of detail, as it forms part of the Doctor's apology for a work by no means complimentary to his poetic talents. Mr. Maunde was certainly a scholar, and so is Dr. Butler; but classic endowment and poetic genius are very distinct attributes. This truth is, indeed, most visible in the original: for, although it must be

* Vide our APPENDIX, published in January last.

styled a splendid specimen of Lucien Bonaparte's mental vigour and classic attainments; yet, it is not remarkable for the inspirations of a poet.

If, therefore, the original be unembellished with the vivid flashes of poetic fire, how can we attempt eulogium on a dull, mechanical translation, which merely metamorphoses ideas from one language into another, without captivating the ear, or gratifying the taste?

We open at the first page—

“ CHANT I.

“ Muse céleste ! viens seconder mon génie :
Redis-nous les hauts faits de ce héros chrétien
Qui, vainqueur de lui même et fléau' du païen,
Sauva l'arche du Christ des fureurs de l'impie.
De vingt rois conjurés guidant les étendards,

Contre les saints remparts
L'Ange du crime en vain l'eve son front rebelle :
Au glaive des français Dieu livre les pervers :
Sous les murs profanés de la ville éternelle
-Charles accourt et détruit la ligue des enfers.”

“ CANTO I.

“ Daughter of Heaven, O Muse, descend and sing
The glorious exploits of the Christian king,
The conqueror of himself, the paynim's rod,
Who saved from impious rage the ark of God.
Guiding against the sacred walls in vain,
Full twenty kings with all their martial train.
The accurst archangel-rears his rebel brow :
To the Frank sword Heaven bids the guilty bow.
Eternal Rome's profaners to repel,
Charles flies, and dissipates the league of hell.”

We must still adhere to Dr. Butler's apology, which proceeds to state, that during his revisal of Mr. Maunde's posthumous translation, he soon found that the numerous alterations made, and continually making, by the author in the original, (among which was the addition of no less than one hundred and sixty lines, forming the opening of the third canto) and the perpetual variation of lines and half-lines, added to the corrections necessary for the improvement of Mr. Maunde's translation, had occasioned him, in fact, a much more laborious and unpleasant task than if he had undertaken the translation of the six first cantos anew. He adds—

“ I wish to remark, however, that had I found leisure to undertake the translation originally, I should have made *Dryden* my

model, rather than *Pope*. For particular reasons I wished Mr. Maunde to follow the latter; and, having translated two cantos in his life-time, when I calculated on his concluding the rest, I did not think it convenient to change my style in the remainder of the cantos which have fallen to my share. I have, also, in compliance with the wish of the author, and my own persuasion that no deviation from the original could be an improvement, *sometimes* sacrificed embellishment to fidelity, and have endeavoured to present the English reader with as close a version as possible of the original."

Our readers are now in full possession of the difficulties the Doctor has had to encounter. But we must lament, that the translation of such a poem did not come out under happier auspices. With respect to sacrificing embellishment to fidelity, that we shall presently put to the test.

So much has been written on the subject of translations,* we are at a loss to decide, accurately, between the propriety of verbal translation and the licence of paraphrase. Some critics, even in the present day, appear to think that a translator has only to render the letter of his author, without adding or omitting; while others allow the latitude, not merely of consulting the genius of a modern language by synonymous or circuitous expressions, but of running a sort of rivalry† with the original; improving the author, when he is judged to be susceptible of improvement, and modifying his faults, or supplying his deficiencies.

* Vide Elton's "Specimens of the Classic Poets."

† A MOONLIGHT SCENE, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

As when, around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd;
The groves, the mountain tops, the headland heights
Stand all apparent: not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue; but either, opened wide,
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd.

THE SAME, PARAPHRASED BY POPE.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene.
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole:
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head:
Then shine the vales---the rocks in prospect rise:
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light!

In Denham's Preface to his "Destruction of Troy, or an Essay upon the Second Book of Virgil's *Æneid*," we find the following passage—

"I conceive it to be a vulgar error, in translating poets, to affect being *fidus interpretes*. Let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact; but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts at what is not required, so shall he never perform what he attempts: for it is not his business, alone, to translate language into language—but poe^sie into poe^sie. And poe^sie is of so subtile a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate: and, if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*—there being certain graces and happiness peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words."

Roscommon, on the other hand, in his "Essay on translated Verse," says,

"Your author always will the best advise;
Fall where he falls, and where he rises, rise."

Our translators, however, chance to stumble when their author pursues a very steady course; and this, however reluctantly, we must shew by the evidence of fair comparison in the ninth canto, translated by the Rev. Mr. Hodgson. This gentleman, after the death of Mr. Maunde, was introduced to the author, and undertook to assist Dr. Butler, by translating twelve of the twenty-four cantos.

As Mr. Hodgson is the well known translator of Juvenal, we almost hesitate to refer him to our Review* of his original; wherein we have ventured to assert, that the author's best intellectual faculties had been called into action; and that, although his labours might not, critically, excite extraordinary wonder, they could not fail to impress his readers with a conviction of his classic endowments, as well as display his poetic taste.

In that review, deeming it tedious to pursue the poet throughout the intricacies of his work, we selected his canto "ON HELL" as a specimen of general merit; and we did so, as the subject has been worthy the genius of a Milton and of a Dante, and is susceptible of rich variety and glowing imagery, the powerful allies of epic composition. We, therefore, refer to such passages in our review, as most particularly, at the time, attracted our criticism.

“ CHANT XXV.

“ C'est en vain qu'il domta la moitié de la terre ;
C'est vainement qu'il fut le premier des guerriers ;
Il est au sombre bords avec les meurtriers,
Tandis que parmi nous une gloire éphémère
Environne le nom de ce vainqueur fameux.”

This passage is thus feebly rendered in Mr. Hodgson's translation:

“ CANTO XXV.

“ The first of warriors on the embattled plain
He shone, he conquered half the world, in vain ;
The murderers claim him in their dark retreat—
Whilst, on our earth, ephemerally great,
He bears the matchless Alexander's name.”

We now—and certainly not arrogantly—oppose our free translation to this *heroic* measure—

* “ In vain—says our poet—did Alexander conquer half the universe—in vain was he styled the first of warriors: he now mingles with murderers in the infernal regions; while a poor ephemeral glory, in this world, scarcely glitters round the venal memorials of his proud achievements.”

Again—

“ CHANT XXVIII.

“ Parmi ces assassins que des rois sont comptés !
L'Orgueil d'un vain pouvoir a causé tous leurs crimes.
* * * * *

“ CHANT XXIX.

“ La folle ambition, dans ces calculs avides,
Fonde ses grands projets sur des sables mouvants ;
Un atome suffit pour perdre les tyrans :
Du sort le moins prévu les mouvements rapides
Viennent leur arracher le fruit de leurs forfaits ;
Ou bien si le succès
Semble les couronner d'une gloire éclatante,
Ils triomphent un jour : mais bientôt a grand pas
L'Eternité paraît, terrible, menacante,
Et plonge leur orgueil dans la nuit du trépas.”

“ CANTO XXVIII.

“ How many a king amid these murderer's lies !
Pride of vain power caused all their *cruelties*.
* * * * *

"CANTO XXIX.

"Phrenzied ambition, in her greedy thought,
 Her noblest works on moving sand has wrought:
 An atom kills a tyrant: unforeseen,
 The rapid movements of this worldly scene
 Snatch all the product of his guilt away:
 Or, if he shines in fortune's brightest ray,
 One hour he shines, and with tremendous stride
 Eternity comes on, the deep, the wide,
 The measureless abyss, and overwhelms his pride."

* "How many assassins"—says he—"do we find among the histories of kings! Ambition has been the daring motive of their crimes; but ambition, when most exalted, stands on the perils of a quicksand. A single atom has strength to overthrow a tyrant: and, from events, least comprehensible to human intellect, a fated whirlwind wrests from his impotent grasp the whole treasure amassed by his infernal machinations. Success may, for its hour, throw a radiance round the gloomy brow of Tyranny; but all this worldly glory fades, like an exhausted meteor, when eternity, clad in terrible array, obscures the vanities of man in everlasting night."

In the following passages, however, the first by Mr. Hodgson, and the second by Dr. Butler, each of the translators has been more successful in combining closeness with luminous force—

"CHANT X.

"Lucifer s'élevant sur la sphère brûlante,
 Traverse le chaos d'un vol audacieux;
 Et bientôt, dans les airs, du soliel radieux
 Il contemple et maudit la lumière éclatante.
 Il abaisse sur Rome une livide regard,
 Et voit le camp Lombard
 Ou règnent la terreur, le trouble, et le blasphème;
 Didier sait que les francs inondent ses états:
 Abandonnant le Tibre, il veut à l'instant même
 Vers les bords du Tésin ramener ses soldats."

"CANTO X.

"Up springs the archangel o'er the fiery sphere,
 And darts through chaos with unchecked career;
 Soon, in mid air, the radiant orb of light
 He sees, and curses the celestial sight:
 Full upon Rome look down his lurid eyes—
 There, where encamped the Lombard army lies,
 Confusion reigns, and blasphemy, and dread:
 O'er Didier's realms the Franks in torrents spread;

Back to Ticinus, from the Tiber's banks,
E'en now the chief would lead his martial ranks."

" CHANT XVIII.

" Quel Orage* a brisé les cordes de ma lyre?
Hélas! Je ne suis plus sur les monts Tusculans:
La paix de ces beaux lieux, favorable à mes chants,
De mes nobles transports nourrissait le délire.
Du verdoyant sommet de ces coteaux fameux,
Rome offrait à mes yeux
De ses vastes remparts l'enceinte magnifique.
Du soleil radieux épiant le retour,
Je decouvrais du Christ la sainte basilique
Étincelante au loin des premiers feux du jour."

" CANTO XVIII.

" What storm has swept the-lyre since late I sung,
Its notes disordered, and its chords unstrung?
No more, alas! my generous ardour glows!
Midst Tusculum's loved hills, and soft repose;
There, as I strayed, the classic scene around
Breathed inspiration from its hallowed ground.
There, seen at distance from the verdant head,
Rome's mighty walls in wide expanse were spread;
There, as the dawn first streaked the redd'ning skies,
I lived to muse, and watch the day-star rise:
Then on the sacred dome of Christ would gaze,
When first it glittered in the orient rays."

E.

ART. II.—*A Gazetteer of the most remarkable Places in the World; with brief Notices of the principal Historical Events, and of the most celebrated Persons connected with them. To which are added, References to Books of History, Voyages, Travels, &c.; intended to promote the Improvement of Youth in Geography, History, and Biography. By THOMAS BOURN, Teacher of Writing and Geography, Hackney. Second Edition, corrected, and greatly enlarged. 8vo. Pp. 912. S. Leigh. 1815.*

THIS work is very creditable to Mr. Bourn as a teacher; and his good sense is manifest in the choice of his motto from Doddridge—"The excellence of any performance is to be

* The captive Lucien, in a note at this passage, informs us, that after a residence of seven years in Italy, POLICY compelled him, in the month of August 1810, to emigrate with his family. The INGRATE found his asylum in England, which protection he designates captivity!!!

We do not envy him his feelings at this present moment.

estimated, by considering its design, and the degree in which it is calculated to answer it." For, it must be obvious to all, that history, biography, and geography, are studies inseparable from our intercourse with society, and cannot too early be impressed on the youthful mind.

As it does not, however, fall to the lot of every one to be deeply read—and the reasons are obvious—a compilation, like the present, comprehending a more than usual information on these important topics, ought to be received as an agreeable stimulus to excite the mind to useful attainment.

Brookes, Cruttwell, Walker, and others, have been successful in the publication of their various Gazetteers; but all things are incidental to improvement; and the judicious mind, in reviewing and collating the works of others, has a fair opportunity of excelling, by reducing or enlarging such objects as may be benefited by the change.

The incidental mention—says Mr. Bourn—of a fact in civil history, of a remarkable discovery, or of a celebrated name, will tend to awaken the curiosity to become more fully acquainted with the chain of transactions of which they are links; and, it has been observed, that the art of remembering seems wholly to depend upon such associations.

Thus, the young student, in learning geography, will be insensibly led to an acquaintance with history and biography: few accomplishments are more valued than an accurate knowledge of different nations, and of the persons who have rendered themselves most conspicuous on the great theatre of the world.

Hence—the patriot, the soldier, or the statesman, who has adorned human nature by the splendour of his talents, stands proudly upon record in the history of all nations. By studying, we become familiar with the grandeur of his virtues; and the susceptible mind pants with emulation to profit by the noble example.

Example, therefore, is essential to the formation of our character as we enter into life; and that which may be drawn from biography is the more pleasingly useful, as it associates us with the objects of our admiration.

Mr. Bourn appears to have been guided by a very just conception of all these advantages; and the pupil, who turns for information to his pages, will not only find an immediate answer to his enquiries, but a reference to authors, which points out, to his future studies, such works of moral celebrity as are best calculated to improve the mind, and to purify the heart.

Referring to scholastic pursuits, Mr. Bourn observes—and

we do not *selfishly* repeat his opinion—that few persons would object, as he conceives, to pay a small sum, in addition to the usual school terms, to enable their children to have frequent access to a select library, and to peruse the excellent reviews which are published monthly. From the hives of these literary bees, he acknowledges to have collected many sweets; and, at their recommendation, he has been induced to peruse many of the volumes which are referred to throughout his able work.

We have been the more desirous to notice this remark, as we really believe, that many persons are deterred from perusing Reviews, by a consideration that they may be the production either of dull erudition, of prostituted politics, of barefaced flattery, or of envenomed sarcasm.

But a Review, honourably and independently conducted, introduces the reader to the REAL PRETENSIONS of every new author; and enables those, who love not the drudgery of reading, to cull information on every popular subject, and to converse even with persons better instructed; so that, from what they glean from the Review, and what they collect in public conversation, they soon find themselves *au-fait* on almost every topic of literary enquiry.

We turn, casually, to a specimen of the work before us—

“**ATTERNO**, a river of Abruzzo, which passes by Aquila. James Sforza, the founder of the illustrious house of Sforza, which acted so conspicuous a part in Italy during the 15th and 16th centuries, which gave six dukes to Milan, and contracted alliances with almost every sovereign of Europe, was, while in the pursuit of his enemies, unfortunately drowned in this river, on the 3d of January, 1424, at the age of 54 years.

“**AVERNO**, a lake of Naples, near Puzzoli, which the ancients, from its gloomy situation and noxious exhalations, supposed to be the entrance to the infernal regions.

“ Deep, deep a cavern lies devoid of light,
And rough with rocks, and horrible to sight;
The gaping gulph enclosed with sable floods,
And the brown horrors of surrounding woods.
From her black jaws such baleful vapours rise,
Blot the bright day, and blast the golden skies,
That not a bird can stretch her pinions there,
Through the thick's poisons and encumber'd air;
O'ertook by death, her flagging pinions cease:
And hence Aornus* was it called by Greece.

Pitt's Æneid, b. vi.

* The waters of this lake were so unwholesome and putrid, that no birds were seen on its branches: hence, its original name was *averos*, *avibus carens*,

"Modern authors charge these accounts with exaggeration, although the air at present is dangerous and feverish in its vicinity; but the lake itself abounds with various kinds of fish, and is frequented by water-fowl in the winter."

Mr. Bourn continues—"There were several places called *Averni* by the ancients, which were supposed to be fatal to birds and animals. One of these was at *Cumæ*; another, near *Minerva's* temple at *Athens*; add a third in *Syria*. *CREECH* has thus translated a passage from the sixth book of *Lucretius*:

"Next, of th' *Averni* sing, and whence the name,
 And whence the rage and hurtful nature came.
 So call'd, because the birds that cut the sky,
 If o'er those places they but chance to fly,
 By noxious steams oppress'd, fall down and die:
 Death meets them in the air, and strikes them dead;
 They fall with hanging wing and bended head,
 And strike the pois'nous lake, or deadly field:
 Such vapours boiling springs near *Cumæ* yield.
 In *Athens*, where *Minerva's* temple stands,
 There never crow nor boding raven flies,
 Not, tho' the fat and oily sacrifice
 Allure his smell, and call his willing eyes.
 A place, as story tells, in *Syria* lies,
 Which, if a horse goes o'er, he groans and dies,
 As if, by sudden stroke and violent blow,
 He fell a sacrifice to God's below."

These extracts proclaim poetical as well as historical research. They are tastefully descriptive; and afford the inquisitive pupil ample means, either to direct or to extend his knowledge.

The interest we take in the following article leads us to submit it to approbation 'ere we conclude:

"*REIMS*,* a large city of France, in the department of the *Marne*, and late province of *Champagne*. The principal church is a beautiful gothic structure. In the abbey of *St. Remi* was *la sainte ampoule*, which is a small phial, filled with reddish and congealed liquor, that the French, of former ages, thought to have

(without birds). The ancients made it the entrance of hell, as well as one of its rivers. Its circumference was five stadia, and its depth could not be ascertained. The waters of the *Avernus* were indispensably necessary in all enchantments and magical processes. It may be observed, that all lakes, whose stagnated waters were putrid and offensive to the smell, were indiscriminately called *Averna*.---*Virg. En.* 4. v. 5, 12, &c.---*Mela*, 2, c. 4---*Strabo* 5---*Diod.* 4---*Aristot de Adm.*

* The coronation of *Louis XVIII.* was to have been celebrated in this city!

been brought from heaven. This holy liquor was used in the coronation of the kings of France, who had been successively crowned at Rheims; probably, because CLOVIS,* the founder of the French monarchy, when converted from paganism, was baptized in the cathedral here, A.D. 496—*Mezeray—Mas. Un. Hist.* xiii. 15—*Cyclop. art. Ampulla—Mon. Rev.* xiii. 529, N. S.—Hugh Capet, the first of the Capetian, or third race of French sovereigns, was crowned at Rheims in 987—*Henault—PHARAMOND* was the first King of France; and he gave birth to a line of princes, called *Merovingian*, from MEROVÆUS, his second successor; but CLOVIS is considered as the true founder of the monarchy, and this line continued about two hundred and seventy years—*Henault—7. Sac. Account of the Germ. Emp.* The *Carlovingian*, or second line, from PEPIN or CHARLEMAGNE, to LOUIS the Lazy, in 987; after a continuation of about 236 years. The Capetian, or third line, from HUGH CAPET to CHARLES the Fair, in 1328. The two branches of VALOIS and BOURBON issued from the above race; the first beginning with PHILIP VI. of Valois, and terminating with LOUIS XVI. in 1793—*Guedeuvre, Atlas Hist.* i. 66—*Precis d'Histoire de J. H. Zoff*, ii. 385. The NAPOLEON, or fourth line, commenced by Bonaparte usurping the throne in 1804.

"Here are manufactories of flannels, coverlets, and other woollen stuffs; and their gingerbread is famous. Rheims is situated in a plain surrounded by hills, which produce excellent wine, on the River Vesle. *Pluche*, author of '*Spectacle de la Nature*,' was born at Rheims, in 1688; and *Nanteuil*, a celebrated engraver and designer, in 1630. COLBERT,† one of the greatest statesmen that

* The mind of Clovis, though considerably affected by the pathetic account of the passion and death of Christ, was so insensible of the pacific nature of his divine mission, that he exclaimed, with the fervour of a true convert, "Had I been present with my valiant Franks, I would have revenged his injuries."

† This great statesman died in 1683, in his 64th year, worn out with anxiety for the good of his country; struggling with difficulty against its present embarrassments, and anticipating with dread its future distress. Like WOLSEY, COLBERT felt "*how wretched is that poor man who hangs on princes' favours*." Louvois, minister for the war department, hated Colbert, because he could not obtain all the money he desired to spend in war; and, as Colbert could not inspect every item charged in the multifarious accounts brought before him, Louvois discovered a charge in the public buildings, which appeared excessive, and communicated it to the king.

When Colbert gave in his accounts, Louis grumbled at the price paid for the iron gates, which close the great court at Versailles; and, after several mortifying remarks, added, "Here is knavery." Colbert replied, "Sire! I flatter myself, at least, that remark does not attach to me." "No," said the king, "but you should have looked more sharply into it. If you want to know what economy is, go to Flanders: you will see how cheaply the new fortifications of the town there have been made."

This commendatory reference to the works of his enemy, was as a thunder-clap. The minister went home, and fell sick—his sickness proved fatal. His last words were—speaking of the king—"If I had done for God, what I have done for that man, I should have been doubly saved; whereas, now, I know not what will become of me."

The king, hearing of his illness, sent a gentleman to visit him, and wrote him

France ever had, was born at Rheims in 1619—*Galerie Hist. des Hommes les plus celebres*. Long. 4. 8. E. Lat. 49. 15. N."

Tables of longitude and latitude are annexed, on a very extensive scale; and the whole concludes with a copious index.

We greatly approve this work.

E.

ART. III.—*Practical Observations on the Necrosis of the Tibia; illustrated with Cases and a Copper-plate. To which is added, a Description of a Tract, entitled, Description of an Affection of the Tibia, induced by a Fever, &c.* By THOMAS WHATELY, Member of the Royal College of London. Callow. Pp. 130. 1815.

PERHAPS there is no sentiment more honourable to the British nation, than the prompt attention and patronage which they bestow upon men of distinguished merit; and this is peculiarly verified to gentlemen of the faculty.

We have often contemplated that it would prove a desideratum of infinite importance, if a censor-general of commensurate talents and integrity could be appointed to ascertain the superior qualifications of professional men; but, since such a criterion for the judgment is denied, this proud distinction is, no doubt, frequently conferred on very incompetent candidates.

If it is considered how arduous a task it is to obtain professional estimation, and the exertions both of body and mind which are required to retain this pre-eminence, it is not surprising, that gentlemen of the faculty should be jealous of establishing their claim to important improvements in the science; because their fame, as well as their interests, are equally blended with the discovery. But we do not consider that our author's reputation is likely to suffer in any degree, or his practice diminished, merely on account of a frivolous difference of opinion respecting the date when a disease was first described.

It appears our author published a small Essay some time since, describing a disease of the tibia, without any specific appellation, and states it to be a disease *sui generis*, and totally unlike morbid affections of that bone, arising from the lues venerea, necrosis, or from any scrophulous or scorbutic taint.

a letter; but Colbert refused to admit the messenger, or to hear the king's letter read to him. "I will not so much as hear the king's name mentioned," said he—"at least, let him leave me quiet now." The king's letter remained unopened.—*Particularites des Ministres de France*—*Lit. Par.* xi. 435.

We shall observe, that the proximate cause of diseases in the osseous structure still remains obscure; and we are persuaded that no adequate theory has yet been proposed, enabling surgeons to distinguish the diagnostic symptoms of specific diseases of carious bones.

It is well known, that syphilis, scrophula, scorbutus, and some other sources, often produce diseased bones; but the manner in which virulent particles occasion their peculiar diversity of operation in producing this destructive process on the bony fabric, requires further investigation; and, therefore, if there is no peculiar poison acting on the frame, the cause must be referred, generally, to the effect of inflammation. Of this topical affection, there are different degrees, accountable to the condition, habit, and other circumstances, which vary the symptoms of each case.

In speaking of the disease which Mr. Whately announces as his own discovery, under the description of an affection sui generis of the tibia induced by fever, he says, it differs from the disease denominated NECROSIS OF THE TIBIA, by the first being the effect of fever. If so, it may be considered sympathetic; whilst the latter is an idiopathic affection of the bone, and producing fever in the first instance. The age of patients who are attacked with the former, our author observes, is between thirty and forty; but the idiopathic affection, between the ages of seven and fifteen: and we shall give the author's description of necrosis.

“ In those cases of necrosis on the tibia, which have fallen under my own observation, pain has suddenly seized the bone without any previous indisposition whatever, (a slight injury to the part has, however, in several instances been sustained); the pain was soon followed by an increase of heat and swelling of the limb, attended with violent inflammation. All these symptoms have rapidly increased, and to a very alarming degree, almost always confining the patient to bed, and terminating, at length, in about a fortnight or three weeks, in a large deep scaled abscess in the course of the tibia, which has either burst, or been discharged of its contents by a lance. This has usually been followed by four or five others, or more, at different periods afterwards—all of them, for the most part, situated in the course of the tibia, or connected by sinuses with it. An attack of necrosis on the tibia is, therefore, an attack of inflammation, followed by suppuration, and producing certain effects upon the bone. It will be of use to explain the action of this inflammation and its consequences, as I do not think these points are quite so well understood as they ought to be.

“ By an attention to the history of cases of necrosis tibia, faith-

fully related, it would appear that the inflammation first attacks the substance of the bone; and, as in that, as in the soft parts, where we can more accurately trace its progress, is unquestionably more or less violent, or to a greater or less extent in different cases: that is to say, the whole, or a part only, of the tibia, may be affected by it, thereby producing considerable variation in its consequences. It appears, however, that in the greater number of cases, the disease extends over the whole of the tibia.

"It may seem strange to some, that a bone so hard and solid, which appears has so few red blood vessels in its composition in its natural state, should be the subject of high inflammation. The fact, however, is certain; and it will be clearly shewn, that the whole of the bone is frequently destroyed by its action, and removed from its place in the system in a very short time.

"The more accurate our ideas are on the subject, the more correct will be our mode of treatment. I shall, therefore, endeavour to explain myself a little more minutely. All the vessels which carry blood into the tibia must be excited to strong action, by which the bony laminae are so destroyed, that nearly the whole of this hard bone, from joint to joint, is reduced, in some cases, to a mere vascular pulp by the absorption and annihilation of all its component parts, except only a few small particles of bone, which are detached from the circulation, and remain as extraneous bodies in different parts of the leg. In other cases, where the attack is not more severe, nor the inflammation more extensive, and where the symptoms appear as nearly the same as possible, almost the whole cylinder of the tibia, though frequently in a jagged and eroded state in some parts of it, perishes, and is detached at each extremity, at a little distance from its connexion with the epiphyses, and thrown off as an extraneous body.

"In other cases again a portion only of the cylinder of the tibia, accompanied by other large pieces from different parts of the bone, is left detached from the adjoining parts by the inflammation, all the remainder of the bone being absorbed: or, it sometimes happens, that almost the whole substance of the tibia is absorbed or destroyed, leaving only some long thin dead laminae, which are often found six or eight inches in length. Besides these cases, there are others, in almost endless variety, in the size, number, and situation of portions of the tibia, detached by the inflammation, and left as extraneous bodies! Amongst them are, sometimes, portions of its cancellated structure—the remainder of the bone being in all these cases, as in the former, absorbed, or in some way destroyed.

"The variety is so great, that I have not seen two cases exactly alike, and is further exemplified by the different appearance of morbid preparations of these parts in collections. There are yet other cases, where an attack of inflammation appears to be of the same kind as the preceding ones, but its action is more partial; and a portion only of the entire cylinder of the tibia, which

is generally its lower part, is destroyed, by it leaving the other extremity in its natural state.

"These are some of the surprising changes which are occasioned in the tibia in a short time by this disease.

"Were it necessary, much might be said, by way of illustrating this disease, of the destructive effects of inflammation in the soft parts of the human body.

"From all the observation which I have been able to make, an attack of inflammation of the tibia, in a case of necrosis, appears to produce the entire destruction of the part attacked: partly, by detaching portions of it from the circulation, and reducing them to the state of extraneous bodies; and, partly, by converting the remainder into a vascular pulpy mass, by the absorption of its bony laminae—both of these effects being constantly produced to a greater or less extent of each in every case of this disease. That this is true with respect to the bony detachments, we have ocular proof to every case which comes before us; and I presume it will be no difficult matter to prove, that the production of pulpy mass is the constant effect of the inflammation of those parts of the bone which are not detached from the circulation."

Our author has thus given a description of necrosis ossium; and we shall leave it to our readers to discover the specific difference in the two diseases.

It appears that the two prominent features of distinction are the age, wherein the patient is most liable to the attack, and the state of the body at the time when the disease occurs. To render the remarks more perspicuous, we will not introduce the usual sources of carious bones arising from venereal, scorbutic, or scrophulous affections, but confine ourselves to the effects of inflammation.

When the subject is fully examined, all the symptoms detailed of necrosis ossium, as well as the milder disease of the tibia, we presume, may be accounted for by the degree of inflammatory action of the blood vessels of the bone; and if this should prove hereafter to be the fact, we think Mr. Whately himself can have little hesitation to christen the tibial affection, (which he considers his own discovery) the necrosis tibiae mitior.

The structure and economy of the bones seem to be better understood than they were formerly. The cylindrical bones being composed of a cancellated structure without, and a cancellated organization within, possessing arteries, veins, lymphatics, nerves, and oil, similar to the soft parts of the animal body, and like them more vascular in young subjects than adults—it follows, that when the vessels from any causes are

excited to morbid action, an increased effect and greater destruction of parts are likely to take place in juvenile subjects, than in the bones of adults, where many of the vessels which formerly carried red blood are become impervious; and, as the affection takes place in the interior of the bone, being confined by the outer laminæ, offensive secretions or extravasations cannot readily be discharged. This, possibly, may be a principal reason why necrosis major happens more frequently to subjects under the age of fifteen; and why the necrosis mitior is chiefly confined to patients between thirty and forty.

It may here be remarked, that all animal bodies, when morbidly affected, are endowed with an innate principle to recover their sound condition. This effort has been denominated the *vis medeatrix*; but it is still more curious to learn that the principle of regeneration increases in its power proportionate as animal existence descends with the scale of inferior classes: e. g. this principle is observed to be stronger in quadrupeds than the human species; in worms, shell-fish, and insects, more than quadrupeds; whilst the various species of polypi and newts multiply by their apparent destruction.

This wonderful faculty of repairing the loss of parts decayed by disease, is in no instance more conspicuously demonstrated than by the reparation of bones in the human body; and it is remarkable, that the process of regeneration and destruction frequently proceed *pari passu*; and, as may be imagined, the effort in such cases is vigorous, and proportioned to their vascular structure.

These remarks may serve to shew, that when high inflammation occurs, as in necrosis major, it produces greater havock within the bone, because in young subjects under fifteen the bone is very vascular: and why, in the necrosis mitior of adults, the symptoms are not so severe, the destruction not so great, and its morbid influence in some degree mitigated by the exhausted condition in which the system is found after febrile diseases.

There does not appear, therefore, so much mystery in the appearances or effects in necrosis, as when only considered superficially.

Until the late ingenious surgeon, Mr. John Hunter, furnished the world with his remarks upon the diseases of bones, the miraculous power of the absorbent system of animal bodies, either to promote health, or cure diseases, was imperfectly conceived: but that indefatigable observer has thrown a new light and consequence upon these salutary instruments of our existence.

It is sufficient for the purpose of this remark, to say, that no solution of solid parts takes place in a living body: but when so diseased as to be incapable of regaining its healthy functions, the absorbent system then begins to operate with increased energy according to the requisition, and most admirably effects its purpose by leaving the living parts in a sound condition. In this manner the fangs of infantile teeth are taken from their sockets, leaving only the crown behind, decayed bones exfoliated, as well as laminæ of bones, which have been exposed: and the same effect is produced upon all surfaces which have undergone operations of the saw or caustics; or, in short, any other cause sufficient to deprive the part affected of life and circulation.

In the mode of cure adopted by Mr. Whately, he recommends the kali purun, or infernal caustic, to enlarge the aperture of the diseased bone. Whether this preference has been given from experience, we know not; but we are inclined to believe that the concentrated acids will be rather quicker in their operation in destroying the bony texture: and we submit to our author, if the rugine was employed frequently, as the interior osseous structure is destroyed by repeated use of the caustic after each operation, whether the destruction will not be accelerated.

We agree perfectly with our author, in discarding the use of the coarse instruments of mallet and chisel, recommended by Scultetus, Dionis, and others, as their use may be very injurious; whilst the trephine, or rugine, assisted with the caustic application, will perfectly answer the purpose more systematically, more certainly, and, what is always of the greatest consequence in all chirological operations, less pain to the patient. How far the potential caustic is more eligible than the actual cautery in the destruction of morbid bone, is worthy of great attention; for the pain excited by this instrument is of less duration than the caustics: and, as the process of absorption must, after either, perform the final separation of bone, the actual cautery would probably abridge the cure.

We shall not expatiate further upon this little practical tract, than recommend it to the attention of our readers; as they will find the subject treated with the same useful observations to the practitioner, which accompany our author's remarks in his treatise on ulcerated legs. These pages conclude with a collection of well pointed cases, concisely detailed, which will be perused with interest by our readers, and more especially those who are in the practice of surgery.

T.

ART. IV.—*A Narrative of the Retreat of the British Army from Burgos; in a Series of Letters; with an introductory Sketch of the Campaign of 1812, and Military Character of the Duke of Wellington.* By GEORGE FREDERICK BURROUGHS, Surgeon, Bristol; late Assistant Surgeon of the Royal Dragoons. 12mo. Pp. 88. Egerton. 1814.

INFLUENCED by our pledge to notice all publications sent to our Review, we sit down to consider this little volume, notwithstanding the interest it might once have begotten, is long since gone past.

This narrative does not possess any depth of reasoning to attract the attention of future historians; but it is detailed in familiar letters very pleasingly written. We will not discuss the subject of warfare; but confine ourselves to a few reflections, resulting from the important events of a period, which forms a preliminary to the short lived general pacification of Europe.

The entrance of Madrid, by a victorious British army, excited a display of the most lively confidence in the people; and the general enthusiasm of the Spaniards communicated with their friends and protectors. This spontaneous ebullition of national gratitude—says our author—surpassed all description. Every kind of carriage was put into requisition, and filled with the inhabitants, who quitted the capital to welcome the approach of the British. The women, even, employed in washing on the banks of the Manzares, left their employment to welcome their deliverers. Repeated acclamations of "*Viva Signor Lordi*"—"Viva los Ingleses"—"*Viva Ferdinando Setimo*"—resounded from every quarter; and the gratification of the day afforded the British ample compensation for their previous toils.

"We now forgot our sorrows. Our sun-burnt countenances and tattered garments were emblematic of our services in the Peninsula, whose united cause the British nation had so generously espoused, and her armies as gallantly defended. For these exertions the people cheered us with their acclamations, and consoled us with their blessings. Even those, whom infirmity and age prevented coming forward to testify their applause, re-told their rosaries with redoubled fervour, as the shouts of the younger citizens filled the noon-day air. The bells of the different convents and churches rung in unison with their feelings, and every past misery was lost in present enjoyment. When this noble enthusiasm was at its height, I entered a bookseller's shop, and remarking to him how very glad the people were to see us, 'Aye,

said he, "they are so glad, that there is not a man among us who would not give his wife to your embraces." The Retiro, in which Joseph had left a garrison of 1700 men, surrendered the day after our arrival; and the three following nights Madrid was generally illuminated. Elegant velvet tapestries were suspended from the balconies of the handsome houses, and portraits of Ferdinand VII. and Charles IV. pretty generally exhibited. Amidst the gaiety which prevailed, it was lamentable to see so much poverty—it being no uncommon sight to witness of an evening whole families, at the gates of the rich men's houses, imploring for bread.

"The gardens* belong to the palace are situated opposite, on the west bank of the Manzares, and were open, under the old government, for public promenade; but Joseph Bonaparte† had shut them up, and erected a wooden bridge over the river, contiguous to that built by Charles II. by which means he could go or retire from them with the greatest privacy. Whether this arose from any apprehension of danger to his person, or from caprice, I cannot determine; but, as a part of the army was there encamped, the wall built up in place of the gate was pulled down, and restraint being no longer imposed, immense numbers of well dressed people frequented them every evening."

But, with all this GLOW of joy, the people of Madrid, we believe, were little disposed to rejoice in their hearts. Spain was, at this time, distracted by intrigue, and the patriot cause was seriously injured by the jealousy of the Spanish Generals. The Cortez invested Marquis Wellington with the chief command of their armies; yet, General Ballasteros refused to obey the order. This want of power—continues Mr. Burroughs—in the Cortez, to enforce their decrees, spread an indecision and want of unanimity throughout the Spanish dominion. The contest promised not a definite issue; and the nobility and the people, consequently, either for safety, or from disgust, had quitted Madrid for France.

Such being the actual state of things when the British army entered their capital, the Spaniards found, that, after having contributed largely to support the French troops, they were

* "These gardens were laid out with much taste; but they had, with the government, so often changed masters, as to be much out of repair. The summer-houses were either furnished in the English or Chinese style; and numerous figures of the heathen deities were placed on the banks of a meandering stream, whose course was richly diversified by the resplendent tints of gold and silver fish. Cascades, grottoes, and hermitages, completed this little paradise."

† "Joseph lived at Madrid in all the magnificence and luxury of an Eastern prince, and crowds of Frenchmen had assembled about him to keep up the gaiety and spirit of the place. The Posadas, or Inns, were generally kept by them; and the palace, I understand, was so well furnished with women, that it wore the appearance of a seraglio. When we arrived, these people had taken their departure with their temporary prince to Aranjuez."

about to be still more exhausted by new demands for army supplies. Without even an ostensible form of government, their privations became daily more severe; inasmuch, that those who had not been exiled by fear, from their property and houses, to the mountains, plainly declared they would prefer the government of Joseph Bonaparte, to being deprived of their all by the interference of the British. Others, impatient for monarchy, wished to offer the crown of Spain to the Marquis of Wellington—others, to Joseph—others, to Ferdinand.

The latter, indeed, was by no means popular: for, whatever share of freedom the people might, formerly, have enjoyed under the protection of their Cortez; and however circumscribed the power of the sovereign may have been by law—still, it is certain, they had, for many years, laboured under the most abject slavery. Persons, therefore, depending on the justice of their cause, and confident in patriotic exertion to establish their rights, were not disposed to return to that servitude from which they had just emancipated.

“ That the result of the retreat from Spain was not disadvantageous to the immediate object of its deliverance, the campaign of 1813 fully proved: for, had not the retreat been influenced by the necessity which allows of no alternative, it answered a very political purpose, in the success and termination of the war in that part of Europe. The consumption of every kind of provision by the retiring and advancing armies, obliged the enemy to dispose of their forces in different parts of the country, and the difficulty of concentrating themselves on emergency, was soon apparent; for, from the time the allied army passed the Agueda, no force of consequence was assembled to dispute ground before the Marquis of Wellington passed the Ebro, and advanced his headquarters to the neighbourhood of Vittoria.”

And what, in God's name, has been the result of this war of suffering, and of general devastation throughout Spain? From the government of Joseph Bonaparte the people might have expected something BETTER, as nothing WORSE could befall them. But, the restoration of that weak ungrateful Prince, King Ferdinand, has deprived them of all prospect. The Cortez has been abolished—the Inquisition is renewed—and bigotry, slavery, and fanaticism, are permitted to stalk through the country, breathing pestilence around them. We shall conclude these brief remarks with the author's observations on the military character of the great Wellington, whose conduct, in advancing into a country beyond his means of maintenance, has afforded much subject for speculative opinion.

“ To those who judge in the abstract of actions, merely by their immediate consequences, a retreat must appear tantamount to defeat, and synonymous with disaster. The most fortunate and successful Generals have, occasionally, met with reverses; and these, as they have only tended to enhance the value of their victories, have never tarnished a well-acquired reputation. If there are no charms in the novelty, there are, assuredly, in the display of that General's talents, who, in rescuing an army from the greatest danger, places it in that proud situation, to retire commanding respect, upholding the honour of his country in the ability of his retreat.

“ The biographer or historian, who shall blazon his pages with the noble exploits of the soldier, will feel an additional pleasure in tracing the steps of that illustrious warrior, who is the pride and glory of his own country, and the admiration of the age in which he lives. He will not fail to represent him sharing all the fatigues of the private soldier, and scarcely allowing himself that time for repose which nature requires; blending with the most comprehensive genius the most spirited exertion; and, while appearing to be absorbed in general conversation, revolving in his mind schemes for the liberation of the Peninsula from the yoke of foreign power. This was a point that occupied his attention in the greatest degree; and he partook too much of the British character, not to be affected by the loss the Peninsular cause sustained, in the death of the Marquis de Romana, which his Lordship exemplified in a grave and silent deportment, was not less his; but there was a majesty in his silence, that at once inspired awe and devotion. So little was this great General's time employed in private, that all his actions, in bearing a faithful counterpart to the words of Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici*, would seem to have resulted from the energy of the moment. Whoever the task shall devolve upon to pen the military career of the Duke of Wellington, cannot fail to pourtray, in the liveliest colours, the great coolness and intrepidity which this noble commander displayed during the battle, and the cheerfulness and animation always preceding it; nor, in describing the unbounded confidence he inspired, will he forget the eagerness of the soldiers to catch every shade of his countenance, as they marched to the attack. In a short, but brilliant career of almost never-varying success, he united, by his abilities, two nations bearing the strongest antipathy and hatred to each other, to bury their animosities in oblivion, and join hand and heart to second his exertions, and effect their own independence. Even in the field, when organizing their troops, and pointing out to them the paths of glory, his mind was not less engaged in framing laws for the well-being of their governments. Always easy of access, complaints were never preferred without being instantly enquired into and redressed; and as he always rewarded merit, so he never forgot the exertions of others, modestly attributing that to the valour of his soldiers,

what by the magnificence of the design he had himself achieved. The boldness of his conception was admirably seconded by a rapidity of execution; so that, under the most perilous circumstances, success generally followed what his happy genius had begun.

* * * * *

“ Lord Wellington appeared to confide not less in the powers of the body than in those of his mind; and, as he seldom committed to others what he could perform himself, so, during the time the troops were in winter-quarters, his Lordship accustomed himself to the most vigorous exercises, particularly that of hunting, not being at all discouraged by the chill blast of the climate, or ruggedness of the country. Among the other qualities of this great General's character, foresight was not the least conspicuous; he could anticipate the movements of the enemy with the most wonderful precision; and, as if aware of almost every exigency, seldom or ever required the opinions of others. But the splendour of his exploits was exceeded by the generosity of his heart; and the attention shewn to the inhabitants of those countries devoted to war, justly acquired him the surname of ‘*The Good among the Brave*.’ ”

We offer no eulogium to the exalted genius of this illustrious warrior. His greatness now lives in the hearts of his countrymen; and will live hereafter in history, until time shall be no more. E.

ART. V.—*Parliamentary Portraits; or Sketches of the Public Character of some of the most distinguished Speakers of the House of Commons. Originally printed in the Examiner. 8vo. Pp. 285. Baldwin. 1815.*

“ Dica pur quanto sa rancor severo;
Contro le sue saette ho doppio usbergo;
Non conosco interesse e son sincero.
Non ha l'invidia nel mio petto albergo;
Solo zelo lo stil m'adatta in mano;
E per util comune i fogli vergo.”

3 SAT. SALVAT. ROS.

UPON this constitutional principle—as the spirit of our government directs, and its OSTENSIBLE practice complies with such direction—that all public measures be proposed and canvassed in the representative council of the people, THERE to be approved or rejected, on their demonstrated merits or defects—we are taught to view the Parliament of England as the SACRED DEPOT of our dearest interests and unalienable rights. To that august assembly is delegated, by the FREE voice of the people,

the privilege of free discussion on peace and war; on our laws, our manufactures, our commerce; and on all the glorious appendages of our national wealth and happiness.

Can—says our author—the imagination conceive a finer field for oratorical emulation; or a more powerful incentive to awaken the mind to develop its best energies, and all its graces, through its noble organ—the tongue?

But, what is the fact?—About half a dozen speakers, who have mechanically acquired a certain fluent mediocrity, are allowed to settle the disputed proposition, with little *knowledge*, and still less *spirit*. The remainder of the house are idle; perhaps, indifferent: they may be seen, sometimes, yawning; sometimes, sleeping; and, sometimes, to evince, probably, their *claims* to sit in a *speaking* assembly, *shouting* in a style to be envied only by a Stentor, or a WHIPPER-IN of hounds.

It is, indeed, matter of humiliating reflection, that in a country like England, whose philosophers, poets, and artists, may class with the proud names of antiquity—whose wealth and power make Greece dwindle into insignificance, and might dispute precedency with the gigantic despotism of imperial Rome—in a country, too, blest with a popular congress, where the voices of the chiefs of the nation may be heard—that, scarcely one man has arisen who deserves the title of ORATOR: scarcely one who, like Cicero, by the mere power of words, has darted the public indignation against a state delinquent; or, like Demosthenes, has electrified a whole people with one universal impulse of patriotism!

Great political names, indeed, may be found to distinguish the annals of our country. We can boast our Wentworths and Hydes, our Harleys and St. John's, our Walpoles and Pulteneys, our Pitts and Foxes; but would any man, in his senses, think of comparing these eminent persons—simply as orators—with the mighty oracles of Greece and Rome?

The first Lord Chatham has been mentioned, however, as superior to them both. The noble absence of selfishness—the unimpeachable integrity—the straight forward manliness of thinking—and the ardently intrepid spirit of that illustrious minister—have been described to be beyond all panegyric.

In refutation of these opinions, our author proceeds to compare the best efforts of my Lord Chatham with the sublimity of thought, and harmony of diction, which distinguished the orators of Greece—that energy of reasoning, and vehemence of passion—that stupendous intellect chastised by the most correct taste—that inimitable grace, and commanding manner and language—in short, that combination of the mightiest means,

wielded by the mightiest power, which astonish and overwhelm us in the rival of Eschines and the adversary of Philip.

If, then, a Chatham, who could pour forth, with glowing invective, his terrific denunciations against the weak supporters of a pernicious system, and annihilate his unequal antagonists by the fire of his eye and the solemnity of his voice, be uncharacterized by that union of profound erudition; of extensive and philosophic observation of men and manners; as well as of those most exquisite artifices of elaborate rhetoric, which mark the first name in Roman history—how shall we turn to the puny declaimers of the present day—how rank *them* in the gallery of Orators?

It would require a long dissertation to investigate the cause of this oratorical infirmity in our countrymen. Some have, foolishly, ascribed it to the good sense of our nation, which despises those meretricious ornaments—as they phrase it—which oratory throws over the fair form of truth; as if *Pericles* and *Demosthenes*, *Cæsar* and *Cicero*, had not as much good sense as the Lords *Liverpool* and *Castlereagh*!

With these disadvantages, however, let it be remembered, that we have among us, at present, two or three eminent characters, who seem actuated by the public good—men, who find their reward, not in the intoxicating acclamations of popular unanimity, enforced by their eloquence, but in the slow, yet regulated, benefits which, in spite of every obstacle, result from their speeches, to the amelioration of every part of a reluctant, but conscience-stricken administration.

Having prefaced his subject with an admirable flow of reasoning, our author proceeds to the critical exhibition of our several political leaders, whom he professes to weigh in the most impartial balance which his judgment can frame.

THE SPEAKER.

“Whoever may be the Speaker of the House of Commons, he must necessarily become, in a short time, as artificial a being as a college tutor, or a drill-serjeant. For the purpose of preserving that decorum which an assembly of enlightened men would, in the heat of debate, violate quite as often as the merest mob, it is requisite that some check, real or nominal, should exist, which may perpetually be present to the eyes of the orators. A president is, therefore, chosen; and to him is delegated, not only by his equals, but also by his superiors in rank and talents, the full power of restraining the impetuous, and of silencing the impertinent and obtrusive. It is obvious, that the authority of a person so chosen would be forgot or despised during the vehemence of the passions, unless he were invested with some adscititious dignity and para-

phernalia, which may serve to conceal and merge the insignificance of the individual character. The flowing wig and full robes have an important use: for I suppose that nobody will deny, if the Speaker were dressed in smart buckskin breeches with well-topped boots, a buff waistcoat and blue frock coat, with a rose-bud stuck in the button-hole, that in such cases, whatever might be his personal respectability, he might roar to the crack of his voice, or rather 'to the crack of doom,' before he would be able to command order in a tempestuous debate: the Members would look towards the chair, and, seeing it filled by one whose appearance so much resembled their own, they would disdain to be silenced by such an unofficial and ordinary being. Something of this sort happens frequently in committees, where, though the discussion seldom rises much above the tone of conversation, the unwigged chairman finds it difficult to hold the members to those rules of politeness and mutual patience which are prescribed by society as well as by Parliament. The Speaker, therefore, is properly clothed with all those unusual appearances, with all that pomp and circumstance of superior rank, to which mankind ever pay a voluntary and wise obedience. This fictitious elevation is useful, and even necessary, for those purposes for which it is designed; but it cannot fail to destroy the simplicity and naturalness of the person elevated, at least for the time. He sees himself called upon to exercise a decisive authority over his equals or superiors: he finds his opinion solemnly referred to by those who, perhaps, despise his personal understanding: he is required to arbitrate between two debaters of the highest condition, and of exalted intellects, who, on any private occasion, would, probably, disdain to consult him, but who now implicitly submit themselves to his judgment. It is possible that a very wise man—that is, one compounded of all the wisdom of the Seven Sages, with Solomon into the bargain—it is barely possible, that such a being might feel himself humiliated, instead of ennobled, by such ideal respect and imaginary honours; but the generality of men will be very differently affected; they will become portentously grave, and awfully consequential; their smile will not be like that of other men; it will express condescension without kindness, and recognition without familiarity; their walk will be slow as a dead march; and their voice will be preterhumanly precise, like the sound of an oracle. Though such a situation would, I think, produce this effect on any given person who should accept it, yet the process would be slower with some men than with others. For instance—a gay soldier, or a fox-hunting baronet, would take a longer time to be formalized, than would be necessary for a sober lawyer. It is, therefore, usual to choose the Speakers from the lawyers; partly, no doubt, on account of their technical learning, but chiefly because their peculiar habits have furnished them with those characteristic manners which seem so essential to the chair.

“ The present Speaker is quite as respectable as any of his predecessors. He has the peculiarities which belong, I think, rather to his place than to his person: he is always fully impressed with the importance of his situation, which is denoted by every look and gesture: whether he is expressing the thanks or the censure of the House, he adopts that tone of solemn superiority, which is calculated to give double weight both to the praise and the reprimand. Perhaps, this manner would not stand the test of criticism; but neither the man who is flattered, nor he who is reprehended, have much disposition to laugh: self-love and fear are never fitted to make minute examination. The best parts of the Speaker's character are, his ready and accurate knowledge, by which he is, on the spot, enabled to decide on any difficult point; his persevering firmness in supporting the privileges, and, as far as in him lies, the reputation of the House of Commons; and, lastly, his impartiality in the conduct of any dispute which may arise among the members. His understanding is not of the superior order, but it is well fitted for his situation: if his range is not extensive, he sees his way very clearly. His mind is well cultivated, according to the usual meaning of that term—that is, it is imbued with the best parts of classic literature. As, however, either his intellect or his taste, is not equal to his learning, his literary recollections frequently rather injure than adorn his orations. An image or an illustration taken from Greece or Rome may have a pretty look in a compliment to a successful General, provided the same General should happen to understand it; but it would be terribly misplaced in a grave exposition of the business and conduct of the House of Commons. In the first instance, it would be a pleasing elegance; in the second, a tinsel puerility. Why? Certainly not because the writings of moderns are of a more manly cast than the eternal fabrics of those ancient wits;—that man must be a tasteless ignorant who could broach such a supposition;—but, because to adopt, indiscriminately, images or forms of speech which belong to other customs and manners, betrays that want of judgment remarkable in children, who would use what they admire, without regard to its efficacy or applicability. I do not mean to say that the Speaker has not, on several occasions, displayed, in argument, a very manly, judicious understanding; but he evidently has a strong bias towards the florid. It is a taste somewhat new in an English Speaker, and rather seems to belong to a neighbouring nation. Perhaps, Mr. Abbot will be the less tenacious of his ornamental style, when he recollects, that it was the great affectation of the revolutionary orators, and particularly of Lucien Bonaparte, when he was president of the Council of Five Hundred. The shewy harangues which that gentleman then made would disgrace a school-boy; and, by the way, unless his taste in poetry is far superior to his oratorical taste, he will be a very mediocre bard indeed, something between a Fitzgerald and a Rosa Matilda—very dull and very frisky. But, whatever may be

said of the Speaker's taste in style, no one can impeach the manliness of his character, as far as regards the vigilant energy with which he transacts the business of his office, and the firm integrity with which, on several occasions, he has supported his own dignity and that of the House. The burst of honest indignation, and the dignified argument, which he displayed on the question of the sale of seats in Parliament, ought never to be forgotten. It were well if every member would keep that speech as a manual, and peruse it at least once a month. If the Speaker had ten thousand ridiculous peculiarities, such conduct would be sufficient to redeem him into esteem; much more should it have that effect when, all that can be alledged against him, beside that his taste smacks too much of the College, is, that for a little man he is rather too pompous: in other words, to use an illustration in his own way, and which he will understand—that, with the size of Tydeus, he assumes the portly carriage of Agamemnon."

The House of Commons is the representation of the various order of society. The landed interest—the mercantile interest—the privileged orders—and the professions—ALL have their adequate proportion of advocates to assert their claims. But, where is that CLASS OF PERSONS WHO, WITHOUT REFERENCE TO ANY PARTIAL INTERESTS, DARES TO SPEAK THE SENTIMENTS, AND MAGNANIMOUSLY TO UPHOLD THE RIGHTS, OF THE NATION AT LARGE?

MR. WHITBREAD:

"The history of Parliameht will supply but few names to whom this description would be applicable: Mr. Fox, with all his liberal thinking and benevolent feeling, was too much attached to party views: and Mr. Windham, who has been absurdly proclaimed as a complete specimen of the English character, was, perhaps, the most unnatural compound of heterogeneous qualities to which the name of Englishman was ever affixed. His brilliant talents, his manly courage, his cheerful good nature, will very readily be allowed to be perfectly English: but what shall be said of the oblique sophistries of his understanding; of his want of feeling; and, above all, of that blind misapprehension which induced him to believe that the people of England were a swinish multitude, incapable of reflection, and in whom not even the common and brutal virtue of bravery could be cherished without cock-fights, and bull-baits, and Jew boxers. It would be easy to enumerate many more inconsistencies of his character, such as his mixture of the fine gentleman and the coarse joker, of the refined theorist and blundering observer: but enough has, probably, been said, to shew that such a man could not be called the representative of the English people."

"It is to Mr. Whitbread, alone, that this title seems entirely

due. He is an epitome of the national character. It is he who represents the straight-forward good sense—the warmth of heart, sometimes indiscreet, but always generous—the simple manners, sometime abrupt, but always kind—the sturdy honesty, sometimes rough, but always consistent—the shrewd penetration, ever active, but ever candid—the boldness of spirit, sometimes violent, but always steady; which, altogether, have ever been considered as the infallible marks of a genuine Englishman. His exterior is as English as his mind. His steady eye; his countenance, deeply marked with thoughtfulness, but fluctuating with feeling; his sober gait; his unaffected gestures; even the decided vigorous cast of his person, give assurance of a man who belongs to a country where the naked soul may yet walk abroad and feel no shame—where, as yet, the artificial mummeries of a corrupt civilization are not necessary for the support of a public reputation—where, as yet, there is none of the imbecility of denaturalized states. The very plainness of his dress shews that he is one of that people, among whom the consciousness of internal rectitude is esteemed as the surest property and the noblest ornament. I have frequently smiled at an observation of persons whom I have taken with me to hear Mr. Whitbread: they have allowed the energy and acuteness of his understanding, the honest boldness of his sentiments, and the tone of feeling which gives an interest to all that he says; but they think him unpolished—deficient in the graces. Alas! how much they mistake the objects and views of that distinguished commoner. He does not take his daily seat in the House of Commons, in order to make graceful obeisances, and pronounce pretty periods: he leaves such small trifling to the Castlereaghs and the Cannings: he comes there to do the business of the nation, to take care that the common-weal receives no injury, to watch over and protect the Constitution against the intemperance of zeal and the insidiousness of ambition, to animate and assist the labours of the honest, to crush the efforts of the fraudulent and the selfish, to vindicate the oppressed, to speak truth. To object to a man occupied in such exalted pursuits, that his manner is not exquisitely polished, is as silly as it would be to complain that Michael Angelo has not the prettiness of Watteau—that Milton wants the softness of Sedley—that Newton is not so entertaining as Goldsmith. I admire, and very sincerely, the courtesy and urbanity of Lord Castlereagh: they are the becoming decorations of his situation: he is backed by the powerful influence of Administration, and has leisure to be gentle without any detriment. Not so the man who has to fight frequently, almost unassisted, against the compact energies of Government. A soft answer, or a candid smile, may turn away wrath; but cannot conquer positive force: and, to attempt to overthrow a ministerial measure, by the help of elegant sentences and comely action, would be about as wise as to storm a triple battery with a fan of painted feathers. The manner, therefore, of Mr. Whitbread

seems perfectly consonant to his objects: he aims at awakening the attention of the indolent, at rousing the fears of the guilty; and for this purpose it is essential that he should appear in earnest—a conclusion to which few persons would come, if they saw him more attentive about the form than the matter of his speeches. I confess I like to witness his sharp, sometimes boisterous attacks on the complacent strength of Administration. He attacks those who are able to defend themselves; and he attacks them in the way best suited to his purpose. I like his manner also; because it forms an agreeable contrast to that contemptible namby-pamby gentleness, which is now becoming so fashionable in the House of Commons. If ever I am inclined to think it overbearing, it is when he makes an assault on the inoffensive simplicity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I have seen that gentleman as much startled by Mr. Whitbread, as a girl by a discharge of artillery: he, at length, rises, and looks about him with a face of the most helpless dismay, and is compelled to grasp tightly with both hands the table of the House of Commons, before he can muster courage to articulate one syllable in answer. Here, then, Mr. Whitbread might, perhaps, relax a little of the severity of his manner, from a consideration of the unresisting nature of his opponent, who, is, at the same time, one of the best intentioned men of the House. But enough, and more, has been said on this supposed defect of Mr. Whitbread: and, indeed, I should not have thought it necessary to allude to it, were it not almost the only fault which, as far as I have heard, even his enemies can object to him.

“ Those who wish to form a correct estimate of his character, must not look to two or three particular speeches, but to the whole tenour of his public life. They will then see a consistency of action, which is to be found in few other public men: they will see a man always the strenuous and watchful opponent of Administration, not from any paltry ambition of place, but on the greatest constitutional ground of operating as a check to the natural tyranny of high power: they will see a patriot, who, while his heart glows at the proud triumphs of his own countrymen, can find leisure to think of the welfare of other nations besides his own: they will see an advocate, ever accessible, and ever ready to support the cause of the injured, whether it be an oppressed alien, or over-punished convict, or an insulted Princess: they will see that union of talent and perseverance, of justice and courage, of eloquence and sound sense, which makes the cause of Truth as irresistible as it is respectable. People, who think only of ministerial majorities, will call this an exaggerated statement; and say, that too much importance is attached to the labours of this distinguished member. They have not thoroughly considered the subject. Mr. Whitbread cannot, indeed, command a majority of votes; but he can, and I will venture to say does, on most important occasions, command a majority of opinions. Above all, he

commands, and guides, the sense of the nation—a force ten times more powerful than the House of Commons, because it always, directly or indirectly, influences the conduct of that assembly. To this the proudest minister is forced to bow: with reference to this, he fabricates every measure: a piece of meditated tyranny is clipped away from this law; a patch of desirable fraud is torn off from that arrangement; and corruption itself is quietly purged of the most acrid particles of its poison. Such is the power of a great moral check, when directed by an able and honest man. Nay, such is the attention of Mr. Whitbread to every branch of parliamentary business; such is his acuteness, and such his fearlessness, that I have no doubt that many a dirty parish or county job has been stripped of half its intended baseness, lest it should be noticed and denounced by that vigilant and upright commoner. This is an elevation of dignified usefulness, to which the most sanguine ambition could hardly hope to aspire: and to this proud height he has raised himself by the sheer force of consistency. His talents are great; but talents, unsupported by the public esteem, are nothing else than ‘leather or prunella.’ Look at Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Tierney; the first of them the most variously-gifted man of the age; the second, qualified to be one of the most useful: but, owing to a real or an apparent want of independence of character, what are they?—The first, a mere drinker of wine; the second, a maker of amusing speeches from the back benches.* By attributing so much to the influence of honesty, I would not be supposed to under-rate the intellectual power of Mr. Whitbread: there is a quickness, a dexterity, and an energy about his understanding, which makes him one of the best and most formidable debaters in the House. He detects a sophistry with the ken of an eagle, and breaks in pieces a falsehood with the vigour of a lion. He is, moreover, the most eloquent speaker in the House—if eloquence consist, not in ornamented sentences, but in the language which, coming from the heart, never fails to touch the heart. His speeches afford a most refreshing contrast to the mild circumlocutions of government harangues, and the gaudy rhetoric of theatrical declamation. Before his matter has made an impression, there is a warmth and earnestness about his tones which rouses and interests all his auditors. They listen, and are charmed with the manly spirit of his sentiments, and the simple strength of his diction: instead of the cold artifices of composition, he gives them the natural dignity of impassioned thinking: for the splendid figures of speech, he gives them the pure brightness of the image of truth.

“Some persons may regret that Mr. Whitbread is never likely to attain any of the usual objects of ambition: but, can any peerage, or blue ribbon, be equal to the dignity of being hailed by the

* “Many of Mr. Tierney’s speeches are as full of good sense as of joke; yet, so it is, the House thinks them only designed for entertainment.”

universal people as the people's guardian? His eye watches for the good of the nation: its eye is ever fixed upon him with a proud and admiring confidence. The people are never ungrateful, but cheerfully give to every merit its due reward. The successful warrior reaps wealth and honours: the skilful negotiator may, if he please, enjoy the same recompense for his labours: but England reserves its full tide of gratitude, affection, and esteem, for that man who has, through twenty years of arduous conflict, vindicated the rights of freedom and humanity, and whose successful toils justly entitle him to be called her "greatest and most useful citizen."

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

"Lord Castlereagh is the universal and unsupported defender of every ministerial project: even Mr. Vansittart's patent scheme of finance hung lingering between life and death—its parent being unable to utter one intelligible sentence against the fierce and persevering denunciations of Mr. Tierney, till Lord Castlereagh brought a long speech to its support, and carried it through, amid the acclamations of those who could not speak one word in its favour. Whatever, indeed, be the subject, up starts Lord Castlereagh, a sort of Pericles in miniature, and develops his tedious thread of ideas in a speech seldom less than of two hours length: for his Lordship seems to have an opinion similar to the Pharisees, that he shall be heard for his much talking. Well—but somebody will, perhaps, interrupt—his Lordship must be a prodigious man, who can talk on every thing, and for so long a time. This faculty is, undoubtedly, curiously peculiar; but, I apprehend, not miraculous. It may be thus explained: his ideas are few, and puny; but his words, the symbols or phantoms of his ideas, are extended to a supernatural expansion—so that the signifier, and the thing signified, bear the same proportion, which one sometimes observes between a small heavy stone and its alarming shadow, elongated to the distance of many a rood.

"It is peculiar, also, to Lord Castlereagh to be heard with much apparent respect, and even fondness, though the style of his harangues is decidedly the duller in the Lower House. He has no imagination; no energy, either of thought or language; no spirit in his manner: and, though he is perpetually aiming at uncommon words and forms, yet I never remember him to have struck out one happy combination. His involutions of sentences have been much ridiculed, as rendering his meaning frequently inaccessible: and his adversaries and rivals have generally ascribed this obscurity to design, and call it a stratagem to escape from any open declaration of his sentiments, which might be in the way of future arrangements. I do not think so: I believe Lord Castlereagh to be sincere in most of his opinions, and more free from uncandid evasions than most of the political aspirants of the day: he has, at least, as much public integrity, and as strong claims to

public confidence, as Mr. Ponsonby; and a vast deal more, I apprehend, than Mr. Canning. The perplexity of his diction I impute to that anxious laboriousness so common to a mind inquiring, but not acute; whose ideas, being indistinct and half-formed, can, of course, never produce clear and perfect images; but which, being eager to communicate its notions, endeavours, by every artifice of variety, quantity, and length, to supply the place of simplicity and energy. It is like the variegated patch-work of a beggar's garment, where a thousand diversities of rags, however artfully placed, form but an ill substitute for a firm and uniform texture; or like an unwieldy levy-en-masse, instead of a compact, well-organized, and manageable army. A more trifling peculiarity is that affected pronunciation, with which he enervates the masculine sounds of our tongue: such, for instance, as calling 'knowledge,' 'nullidge'—'Commons,' 'cummins'—'discussion,' 'diskissin'—and several others. This is so curious an exception to the usual plain, dull common sense of Lord Castlereagh, that I can only account for it by supposing that Lady C. who is a lady of letters, may have some favourite theory of enunciation, intended to supersede Sheridan's or Walker's, and that she has engaged her noble husband to try its efficacy and power of pleasing in the first assembly of the nation. One puerile affectation may be forgiven him, because it seems to arouse all his energies, and really stirs him into a sort of warmth. A military subject is to him what galvanism is to a dead frog: he jumps about with symptoms of life, which might deceive a common observer, till, on looking for the animating soul, you find that all these exertions were merely accidental. Whence this military propensity proceeds, I cannot tell: his father was a colonel of Volunteers, and himself commands a regiment of Militia: but this is the case with a score or two other members of the House. It can hardly arise from his looking well in the military dress, though he is fond of appearing in it; for he must know that he looks the accomplished gentleman in any garb. Indeed, this is the favourable side of Lord Castlereagh. His handsome person, his intelligent and well-defined countenance, his conciliatory tone, his graceful manners, his mildness, urbanity, and invincible courtesy, ensure him popularity, and even fondness from the House of Commons, in spite of his dullness, and in spite of his political errors. Personal and even political animosity loses daily some of its rancour, from the influence of that gentleness which never irritates, and is as slow to be irritated; whose polish makes the sharpest arrow, which anger can shoot, glide from him harmless; and whose softness neutralizes the most acrid venom. Thus, though he is utterly deficient in the marks of the real English character, and is as little like his native Irish; though he has no honest indiscretions, no bursts of feeling, no fearless unhesitating avowals, at once imprudent and noble—yet he is, perhaps, the greatest favourite, since the time of Lord North, in an assembly consisting of four-fifths of Englishmen. Mr. Percival was

liked, and deservedly, as an amiable gentleman; but then he fancied himself a wit, and he really had some power of sarcasm. With this dangerous talent often has he roused the sleeping Whigs into all the rancour of party-rage at the end of a long debate, which had been for hours conducted with the prevailing apathy of the day. Thus, he had almost as many political enemies as Mr. Pitt, though he was as gentle, as the other was haughty and unaccommodating. Lord Castlereagh has no wit, nor power of satire; and he is too prudent, or too good natured, to shew the wish to strike, without the energy sufficient to make the blow effectual."

THE CITY MEMBERS.

"The first, and perhaps the most considerable, is Mr. Alderman Combe: a gentleman, of whom I am as unwilling as I am unable to say any thing derogatory: his consistency of conduct has ensured him the favour of his fellow-citizens, and the respect of all worthy men. Yet, I must be allowed to regret that a man, whose principles are so estimable, cannot enforce them by any power of words, or of utterance. His delivery is so rapid, indistinct, and without a pause, that, though I have heard him fifty times, I would not swear to the authenticity of a single sentence. His speaking is like the writing of an uneducated girl—it has no punctuation, no stop, not even a comma. It puts you out of breath to listen; and yet it seems to cost him no effort. His face is all tranquillity; while his lips are precipitating, overthrowing, and destroying every word that passes them. It cannot be supposed that I conceive this trifling defect to be any serious drawback from the respectability of his character; it merely mars all effects which he might produce as a speaker. What a very different person is Sir James Shaw! Any one may see that he is a citizen and alderman. How slowly and majestically the words march from his mouth: how impressive and solemn his enunciation! Not a particle escapes without an emphasis; and conjunctions and adverbs assume the dignity of moral axioms. How I should pity the Minister, if the matter of the Baronet were equal to his manner: for nothing short of the wisdom of Lord Bacon could be adequately and appropriately delivered in a style of utterance which, with mysterious portent, pauses between every word. The philosopher, whose words were sentences, might require such resting places for the understanding; but he, whose sentences are but words, must not be allowed to consume so much of our time.—Ha! my good-humoured pleasant Sir, is that you? My ever-cheerful Sir William Curtis, I am glad to see you! If I say one word against you, may I never partake of your hospitality! What, though the world, my good friend, is fond of retailing your blunders, and gives you no credit for even common understanding; the world is ever mistaking: and I will undertake to tell it, that no man in the City possesses more shrewdness and common sense,

nor takes a juster view of common political squabbles. I will say, that I know no man who, without affecting honesty and independence, is more substantially honest and independent. It is true, that in all the greater questions which require extensive information and ampler views, you are no better than all the rest of the country gentlemen and citizens, who think it safer to support the government, than to sanction a speculation which they cannot understand. Nay—you frown—you are ungrateful: I have really said of you as much as you deserve, and shall expect to hear you acknowledge it when you are in better humour after dinner.

“Of Mr. Alderman Atkins, I know very little; and shall not, therefore, pretend to say much. He seems a sensible man, and is very well informed on mercantile questions: he expresses his thoughts with sufficient fluency, and in a tone tolerably free from affectation or importance. He was a member some time before he represented the City; and, from his experience and judgment, is an excellent chairman in private committees. He generally votes with the Ministry; but I am not aware, at least at present, that this circumstance at all diminishes his respectability.

“Upon the whole, the City Members seem nearly as good as they have ever been: there is not, indeed, among them any man with the extensive knowledge and sound vigorous understanding of Sir John Barnard. But such a man is not to be found every day: Mr. Baring comes the nearest to that eminent merchant; but, unfortunately, his hesitating delivery destroys more than half his power. The City, however, may congratulate itself, that if its representatives want commanding talents, yet, they are not factious like Pilkington, nor mulish like Crosby, nor impudent like Beckford, nor profligate like Wilkes.”

The next portrait to be exhibited, is that of a high professional character, whose career commenced in native notoriety at the Old Bailey, and has been succeeded by acquired reputation in the House of Commons. Previously, however, to this exhibition, we desire to offer to that personage some few comparative reflections on the standard accomplishments of an orator; dependent, as we consider them, on the two-fold possession of style and pronunciation.

Good style is founded in good sense; and the best language is delivered with the least labour. It may be figurative, florid, ornamented, and highly polished; still it must be clear, easy, natural, and unaffected. It can never offend the ear, encumber the sense, or perplex the thoughts. It avoids long and tedious sentences; it is laconic, yet expressive: full, not crowded; it unites, in short, perspicuous brevity with attic elegance.

When it was asked of Pyrrhus, what he esteemed the first quality in an orator, he replied—Pronunciation.

What the second?—Pronunciation.

And the third?—Pronunciation.

Virgil pronounced his own verses with such a seductive sweetness, and fascinating grace, that, according to Seneca, Julius Montanus (a poet highly distinguished by Tiberius) used to say, "that he could steal Virgil's verses, if he could steal his voice, expression, and gesture;" for the same verses, that sounded to rapture when Virgil read them, were, in a manner, harsh and mute in the mouth of another.

The orations of the philosopher Favorinus, in the days of Hadrian, were so impressive on his hearers, that Romans, who understood not Greek, were charmed into comprehension by the tone of his voice, the modulation of his periods, and the harmony of look and gesture that perfected the whole.

When Eschines had been banished Athens, he pronounced, before a general assembly of Rhodians, an oration he had formerly delivered at Athens, in accusation against Ctesiphon, of seditious tendency. On the day following, he pronounced the defence, as it had been delivered by Demosthenes. At the conclusion, observing the emotion of his audience, Eschines exclaimed, "How would ye have felt, my friends, had ye heard the lion, in person, roar his declamation?"

What an idea of oratory! But the nervous flexibility and liquid splendour of the voice of the one, might be compared with the song of a Siren; whereas, the latter was majestically vigorous: "*addidit et vultum verbis.*"

From the ancients, we remove to moderns. My Lord Chesterfield, gifted by nature, with felicitous wit and flowing genius, superadded application, critical knowledge, and a study of the best writers on composition and eloquence. His classic pursuits gave him an easy and graceful familiarity, modelled on the good sense, the elegant taste, and refined composition of the Greek and Roman poets, historians, and orators. And, to this "dress of thought," he owed all that captivating persuasion, by which he ruled the passions and affections of his enraptured auditory: often, indeed, at the expense of plain truth, reason, and argument. Thus, nature and art, combining with the splendid advantages of birth, fortune, and high official distinction, gave his Lordship pre-eminence in every circle of grandeur and magnificence: and, thence, it is not to be wondered, that his style upon ordinary occasions, as well as throughout his epistolary correspondence, was easy and unembarrassed, correct and elegant, enriched with apposite metaphors, and all the splendid ornaments of the polite scholar and the accomplished gentleman. His style, notwithstanding, was too

smooth, too delicate, too elegant, to be entitled *Oratory*; or, to claim rank with the pathetic and sublime. He was a wit, rather than an orator. He excelled on the lovers lute, rather than on the martial trumpet. His eloquence, like a vernal breeze, swept o'er the murmuring rill: it partook not the grandeur of the tempest: it was not awful in the sublimities of thunder and lightning.

He possessed, from experience and reflection, a deep and extensive knowledge of human nature—particularly as to its follies, its weaknesses, and its vices. But, of its intellectual dignity, its moral perfection, and its nobler attributes, he had no distinct conception. In politics, he was the pupil of Machiavel and Tacitus. He admitted as lawful, in the means, whatever was expedient to the end proposed. His moral character is easily summed up. His best virtue was a polite vice: he was an insinuating flatterer, an insidious friend, a faithless guest, a vain orator, a venal patriot, an ambitious statesman!

Let us contrast this character with the late Lord North. His Lordship had never sacrificed to the graces, nor studied the flourishes of eloquence; but, in the essentials of oratory, few speakers ranked above him. On opening his budget, he discovered the clear and able financier: a talent, that may be esteemed the bulwark of a commercial empire. His schemes for raising supplies were clearly arranged, and forcibly understood; and his selection of objects of increased revenue, always discovered a perfect knowledge of the strength and sinews of the nation. In reply, he was simple, yet grand—exhibiting, amid surrounding perils, that aimed a death-blow at his country, that dignified perseverance, founded in patriotic heroism, and supported by conscious rectitude, which confirmed the countenance of his sovereign, and claimed the applause of the people.—Now to Mr. Attorney General.

SIR WILLIAM GARROW.

“ Sir William is an ingenious man, more skilled in human nature than legal lore; he has a penetration amounting almost to intuition into the motives of vulgar depravity, and can trace a low trick through all the mazes of a pettifogger's cunning: but his view of mankind, though accurate as far as its extent, is at the same time very confined. Who ever heard him utter a liberal and philosophical sentiment; or, in fact, any thing which might lead one to suppose that he had any notion that mankind consists of any other classes of creatures besides rogues and fools, always excepting the venerable persons who happen to be judges or great officers for the time being? His idea of men is about as correct, as if a person should take his opinion of London from the

lanes of Wapping; or deny the picturesque beauties of England, because he had been nearly choked with fogs in the fens of Lincolnshire. I should like to know, as a mere satisfaction of curiosity, whether any process of the most sensible reasoning, or any series of the best authenticated facts, could convince Sir William that a Jew could be respectable, or a scholar not an idiot. But this narrow-mindedness is the defect of his education; the ability with which he has improved his limited vision is all his own. His erudition, or knowledge of things, is still more scanty—and that snatched, not taken—seized rather from conversation, than collected from study: yet, what he knows, he knows so perfectly, and can express so clearly, that one can see at a glance that he has only wanted the opportunity of instruction, to be enabled to take rank among the enlightened thinkers and powerful reasoners. His apprehension is exceedingly ready, his power of managing his thoughts great and unencumbered, and his judgment has all the correctness of common sense. Such he appears at the bar of the King's Bench; and such, when divested of his pompous canopy of be-powdered horse hair,* and furnished with a plain brown wig, he takes his place in the House of Commons. He is not, however, equally successful there as in his own Court. Whenever he speaks, his unassuming opening and unequalled fluency betray the House into an admiring kindness: they begin to cheer: this *hear, hear*, is his ruin. Warmed by the applause, he in an instant loses all consciousness of the scene before him—throws aside his cloak of humility—assumes the braggart tone with which he addresses a Jury—grows more shallow and more dogmatic in the same proportion every moment—and “to suit the action to the word,” accompanies his tempestuous speeches with almost threatening gesticulations. At length he sits down, having offended or annoyed all his auditors, and, what is rather curious, having completely disgusted himself. For presumptuous as is this gentleman, yet his presumption is more than equalled by his exceeding bashfulness: his rank, his astonishing success, his talents, well known both to himself and the world, have all conspired to magnify the former failing: the latter arises partly from a restricted intercourse with society, but chiefly from his own keen sagacity. For let a silly observation or an error of ignorance escape him,—any thing which may be converted into an instrument of derision against him,—and the same intensity of sight, which enables him to apprehend the defects of others, makes him see his own with double precision: and being deficient in dignity of mind, he is ready to sink at an exposure which to another man would be the veriest trifle. Sir William is now, rather unexpectedly I believe even to himself, advanced to the honours of his profession, and may reasonably look for still higher eminence: should

* “For the information of the ignorant, I must discover that lawyers’ wigs are made of horse-hair.”

that happen, he is one of those to whom it will be a benefit instead of a disservice, to forget, as far as possible, his former self."

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

" This gentleman, on the other hand, is one to whom no rank could give additional lustre, and from whose character to take away a sentiment or an action would be to detach a jewel from a crown: such is the general consistency and harmony of its parts. As this introduction seems to portend a very encomiastic description, I will, before I proceed, shew that I am perfectly aware of the failing usually imputed to this respectable lawyer. He is said to be easily irritated; and, it must be confessed, that the tone in which he opens his enlightened plans to the House frequently indicates wounded feelings, or seems to imply, that he shall consider any opposition as something worse than mere difference of opinion. I have little doubt that a more conciliating manner would have been more effectual for his purposes: for great bodies of men, like individuals, must be flattered into goodness: anger and reproach should be extended only to old offenders, who are past all cure. I am sorry, therefore, to see a defect in Sir Samuel, which may be some impediment to his objects; but I think it may be easily explained, and even justified. A benevolent man, who is on the watch to be useful—whether he retires to solitary reflection, or walks abroad among his fellow-creatures—can hardly pass an hour in which some circumstance shall not present itself to disturb and agonize his feelings. If he is not, what many kind-hearted men are, constitutionally careless; if, on the contrary, he is of a contemplative cast, he finds it impossible to disengage the painful idea from his mind: it haunts his dreams, and even his pleasures: distresses upon distresses accumulate before his recollection or his imagination, till he is irritated into a state of torture only equalled by those sufferings of others from which it results. This, at first, may seem a strange dispensation, that the kind should suffer for their kindness: but, who shall presume to arraign the wisdom of Nature? May not this sensation of uneasiness be the best security for the exercise of active benevolence? It is not in man to endure pain without an effort to relieve it; and every attempt, which the good man makes to remove his own anxiety, will be an additional instrument towards effecting the happiness of others. Such was the result of the glorious restlessness of Howard: such will be the consequence of the noble perseverance of Sir Samuel Romilly.

" Let this serve in excuse for a failing which he has in common with many good men; but who, even if it were inexcusable, could be base enough to put it in competition with his numerous excellencies? Take him merely as a speaker—he is not only superior to his brother lawyers, but, with two or three exceptions, to any debater in the House. Though confessedly, one of the most learned of his profession, he is the only one who never ma-

nifests any of its pedantry: he descants on legal subjects with the wisdom of a philosopher, as well as the knowledge of an historian; and, though he refers to authority, and indeed is fond of building upon the authority of the enlightened, yet he discharges the duty of a legislator, which is to examine, and not tacitly to acquiesce in the precedents of former ages. Coming from a mind at once accurate, comprehensive, and enlarged, his sentiments have about them all the marks of wisdom, to which one would think no opposition could ever be offered, unless it is that they are not quite suited to the character of the times. I could dwell with pleasure on his political honesty, to which he has, perhaps, sacrificed the objects of an honourable ambition: but who does not know it, and appreciate it, as fully as myself? Who does not look on Sir Samuel Romilly as the sure refuge, either for the redress of a private injury, or the exposure of a public crime?

"I should almost feel as if I were insulting this gentleman, if I were to offer any consolation for the possible loss of a rank, which is so amply compensated by the increase of pure reputation. I should wish, indeed, to see the first best man of his profession, occupying, at some time, the first rank in it; and giving dignity to some new title, which might hereafter be quoted as the heraldic name for fine sense and integrity. But this is merely a matter of taste. Sir Samuel Romilly has already reached the summit: no honours could add weight to his opinions in the general mind; no station could make his virtues more conspicuous. As a ministerial peer, he might, no doubt, be better able to carry his schemes by the authority of votes; but, as a plain member of the Commons, he is, perhaps, working with more valuable advantage, by impressing the excellence of his proposals on the understandings of the voters, and, to a mind like his, it must appear nobler to effect his purpose by the influence of reasoning, than by the force of power."

[To be continued.]

E.

RESTORATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

ART. VI.—THE CRISIS, *addressed to the People of England on the EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S RETURN to POWER. By a Barrister of the Middle Temple.* Ridgway.

A LETTER from Ulysses to the Earl of Liverpool, *on the Situation and Views of the French and of the Allies before, and after, the Treaty of Paris, and on the Circumstances which caused the Abdication of NAPOLEON.* By P. C. GRAVES, Esq. Ridgway.

LETTER to a Noble Lord *on the present Situation of France and Europe; accompanied by Official and Original Documents.* Murray.

DE L'Impossibilité d'Etablir un Gouvernement Constitutionnel sous un Chef Militaire, *et particulièrement sous NAPOLEON.* Par M. COMTE.

THE pamphlets, whose titles are affixed to the head of this article, taken miscellaneously, embrace both sides of the GREAT QUESTION OF THE DAY; but, as their sentiments vary upon it, we have deemed it advisable to commute the point, and dispensing with the particular analysis of each separate tract, to educe from their compared and blended contents, the just picture of the present posture of affairs in France, and their general relation to the politics of Europe.

We intend to take this most important event in five points of view: viz. *Firstly*, as it relates to the character of NAPOLEON; *Secondly*, as it regards the Bourbons; *Thirdly*, as it will influence the interests of the French Nation; *Fourthly*, as it touches the plans of the Confederated Rulers; and, *Fifthly*, as it stands in connexion with the affairs of Europe at large.

Firstly, then, let us debate the matter as it involves the character of Napoleon. To the *thinking* people of this country every means have been employed to render Napoleon an object of inextinguishable horror and relentless detestation. For this purpose, nothing was thought too absurd, laughable, and vulgar. The prospect of lucre that was opened to the eyes of every wretch whom the long-indulged habits of vice had rendered the servile instrument of more wealthy and powerful infamy, shed a golden glow over the reveries of subornation, and invited to the richly paid task of calumnious villany. To the serious injury of England, we fear, this attempt succeeded with the mass of the nation to a degree not altogether anticipated, and wrought the mind of the country into a disposition of factitious and frantic enthusiasm, which inclined it to sustain—with some little wincing it is true—the immense load of taxation necessary to maintain a contest, in which the states of the continent, backed by the treasury of Britain, were successively beaten by France. We will here go a little out of our immediate way to make an observation of some consequence in the present struggle in the minds of ministers, between the wish of commencing a fresh crusade against the French, and the unpleasant consciousness of the almost impossibility of entering again the field with any sanguine expectations of the fortunate termination of the late war. The experience of five and twenty years of taxation and misery has developed a truth of wonderful importance in any European war, which the interests of England, real or imaginary, may induce her government to bit and bridle her into; the enormous expenses of the contest with France have drained off almost the last disposeable shilling of the national revenue; while France, at the end of the same war, appears with augmented resources and accumulating funds: if it be worth while,

then, to give every possible chance to the powers of the continent to continue in their present independence of NAPOLEON, Lord Castlereagh and his colleagues will do well to look before they leap, and not overweeningly estimate the capabilities of those potentates to sustain a conflict with an adversary whom they themselves describe as a personage versed in every Machiavelian art, and whom all the world has felt to be the greatest captain of his age: these considerations will, perchance, when blended with the pecuniary inability of England, have their due effect, irritating though they doubtlessly are to the profound cabinet of this country, on the minds of our state-pilots. To resume: this conspiracy against the reputation of NAPOLEON has succeeded to an extent scarcely expected by its authors; some few persons of superior talents, indeed, and who are in the provoking habit of thinking for themselves, distrusting *on dits* and gratuitous calumnies, and who pertinaciously require *proofs* of alledged crimes, remained unshaken in the opinion they had formed of the character of the idol of France; an opinion founded upon his *actions*, and the improved condition of that mighty state since his accession to the supreme authority; but the number of these unbiassed reasoners, compared with the heterogeneously-composed mass enlisted on the other side of the question, were too inconsiderable to stem the raging torrent of baseless and ridiculous abuse directed not merely against NAPOLEON, but against every one who had the honesty and resolution to avow his favourable conceptions of that wonderful personage. Of late years, however, we have had the pleasure of witnessing the daily decrease of that absurd and wickedly engendered frenzy, and beheld with pleasurable contempt the unprecedentedly-low expedients to which the wretched defamers were driven, to keep from utterly perishing the flagging resentment of their once numerous partizans against a sovereign never conquered, but, *at length*, BETRAYED. In nothing was the fact of an amazing alteration in the public sentiments regarding NAPOLEON more glaringly evinced, than in the despicable mendacities respecting his journey from Paris to Elba; the journey from which island to the metropolis, to the utter confusion of the miserables, has been lately performed by the same monarch with a guard even less numerous than that which escorted him from the capital; the Capetian Moniteurs, have, fortunately, furnished us with the therefore unquestionable information on this head; it is on *their* accounts that we chiefly build some of our hopes of convincing the British *nation*, that to the unanimous wishes of the French *nation* is the RESTORATION to be referred. The PEOPLE, the PEOPLE, we say, and shall ever say, sighed

for the return of **NAPOLÉON**. "**NAPOLÉON**," said the *Moniteurs* we spoke of above, "always travels a league and a half in advance of his troops, in an open carriage," (a very honourable anticipation this of the weak paper called the "*Declaration of the Allies*," and a charming incentive to assassination*); "he is generally accompanied by a few dragoons only," &c. Again, these same journals expressly stated, that movements in favour of the Emperor preceded his entrance into every city, and town, and village on his route; that the Prefects appointed by **LOUIS** were compelled to yield to the irrepressible enthusiasm of the **PEOPLE**, and avoid by flight the popular indignation; that army after army coolly refused to level their bayonets against him who was *their* idol, and so unequivocally the object of the national love and veneration; that the military preparations made by the officers were uniformly placed at the disposal of **NAPOLÉON**; and that, at length, it was deemed advisable not to send *any* of the regular troops against **NAPOLÉON**, but see what could be done with the National Guards, with whom a last effort was to be made at Melun, whither he was advancing with lightning-like rapidity at the head of fifteen thousand men—a force evidently contemptible when looked upon as an invading army, against which the adherents of the Bourbons assured us the whole of France burned to march. This same *Moniteur* also informed us, that **NAPOLÉON**, "in approaching Paris, approached his ruin," and, with an impudence absolutely unparalleled, averred that the Prince of Moskwa was acting offensively (at least such was the *desired* interpretation) in the rear of his forces, and this at the very time when the Editor knew his Highness had openly declared for **NAPOLÉON**, and by public proclamation at Lons le Saulnier invited the immediate *adhesion* of his troops to **NAPOLÉON**, who continues his march calmly and rapidly—and, in the midst of triumphal shouts, proceeds through Autun, Auxerre, and Jouani—and the *first* palace he lodges in is that of Fontainebleau. From Fontainebleau to Melun is a distance of but a few leagues,

* On this topic of assassination we have a remark or two to make. A work has been lately announced, as containing a history of the "Conspiracies, military and civil, that have had for their object the destruction of the Government of Napoleon." In the proclamation, printed and distributed at Lyons, Napoleon slightly mentions the fact of his life having been repeatedly attempted by the late Ruler of France, in Elba. Every one has heard of the frustrated and pardoned criminal, *Theodore Ubalde*, the "*unfortunate*" person, as that wicked idiot, the conductor of the *Morning Post*, styles the man; but the acme of this species of villany is exhibited in a late number of that mean journal, where a scoundrel, signing himself *Publicola*, proposes that a princely subscription be entered into for the express purpose of assassinating Napoleon.

and at the latter place is stationed the army—the last hope of the Royal party. Now then for the tug of war; now for the explosion of that enthusiasm in favour of the Bourbons, that was to annihilate the “GOD OF THUNDER.” NAPOLEON approaches, as usual, almost unaccompanied; addresses a few words to the troops; when, *hey, presto, begone!* the whole scene changes as by enchantment—the skies ring with the national and military shout—the population of the villages and the capital rush out to meet their adored chief—scarcely can he proceed through the immense and various throng that pours around him—from Melun to Paris resound the rapturous acclamations of mingling multitudes—Notre Dame echoes to the cry of “*Vive NAPOLEON! Vive L’EMPEREUR! Vive LE SOUVERAIN DE NOTRE CHOIX!*”—and the second palace in which NAPOLEON reposes is the imperial mansion of the Tuilleries. Thus in a country represented (by its late governors and a wretched faction in this no-longer deluded nation) as boiling with rage against NAPOLEON, did he perform a march of nearly five hundred miles, unguarded, and amidst the most decided manifestations of popular transport for his re-assumption, in about a third part of the time in which with tolerable speed it may be executed.

It is scarcely necessary after the above remarks, the justice of which cannot admit an instant’s objection, to dilate to much greater extent on the character of NAPOLEON. But, as there exist some well-intentioned persons who persist to entertain erroneous opinions of this great sovereign, (partly from the difficulty of dissolving long-indulged notions, partly from a respect for *old* royalty, and partly from the cloudy mist in which their cogitative faculties have been involved by the wordy nothingness of ministerialists) it may not be altogether superfluous to enter a little further into the discussion of this particular portion of our general subject.

When NAPOLEON ascended the throne of France, the registered votes of four millions of free citizens pronounced him worthy to wield the imperial sceptre of the Great Nation—great in the humiliation of neighbouring powers—great in the mercy exercised towards her confederated antagonists—great in the boundless encouragement of the sciences that enlighten, and the arts that refine—great, in conclusion, beyond every nation since the days of Pericles and Augustus, in every thing that constitutes the true glory, the solid grandeur of a mighty people. Solemnly invested with the purple, and his authority in consequence established on a foundation more apparently stable and august, NAPOLEON became, to the *old* line of monarchs of

every country, and their adherents, an anticipated antagonist of powers and resources far exceeding those previously at his command,—powers and resources, which, acquired by *popular* means, were put into action by an authority differing in its internal machinery and organization from that which the nations had been for ages accustomed to venerate, while in its outward and ostensible shape and lineaments it was the exact image of the proudest of the ancient sovereignties; NAPOLEON, his mightiness thus portentously increased, was continually and alarmingly present in the minds of the other European monarchs, their former conqueror with means less consolidated and ample than those he now possessed, the giant destined to overthrow older and feeblar powers, and incorporate the continent, now perpetually liable to war, from its division into separate and weakly-governed states, into one vast and, from its nature, peaceful commonwealth. This apprehended and tremendous *avatar*, never absent from their contemplations, stimulated the rulers to all practicable measures for the purpose of obscuring the reputation of NAPOLEON; secret agents were distributed over the whole of Europe, to sap the strong pillars of his power, and counteract that mighty and rapidly-engendered influence which was smoothing and preparing his way, and levelling the obstacles, and straightening the obliquities, that might otherwise impede and render his progress inconveniently circuitous. These secret missionaries, faithful to their employers, were yet compelled to assume a tone and style amazingly wide of those which, in contentions an hundred or even fifty years back between the anciently-established races of potentates, would have been used or suggested. The “*right divine*” had been entombed; and these partizans of prejudice were forced, by the sheer necessity of the case, to pay that hypocritical homage to truth and justice, which, while it is the blackest of all imaginable iniquities, is gratifying to the heart of honesty, as a proof of the desperate strait into which the advocates of despotism are reluctantly driven. The cry now to be raised was the “*Liberties of Europe*;” the overwhelming ambition of NAPOLEON, his tyranny, his cruelty, the dreadful evils arising to France herself from his power, and those to ensue from his apprehended invasions to other countries, &c. *these* were the themes now dwelt upon. Scribblers of every denomination were taken into pay, to aid in the work of defamation: pamphlets were dispersed over the whole surface of the countries not in the immediate occupation of French troops, filled with infamous and ridiculous calumnies; and, to the eternal disgrace of literature, the names of *Schiller* and *Kotzebue*—and

individuals like *Schiller* and *Kotzebue*—glittered with a guilty splendour in the van of these servile conspirators. What the enemies of NAPOLEON could not compass by their arms, they hoped to accomplish, at least so far as their own safety was concerned, by obscure machinations, and deceptive appeals to feelings and sentiments actually the objects of their detestation. What *could* a German ruler have to do with liberal notions? What sympathy can be supposed to exist between the oppressor of Poland, and a nation panting, burning to be free, and maddening against its tyrants? What newly-discovered attraction, what convertibility to the designs of a crazy despotism had a governor of Prussia discerned in the fair form of Liberty, that *he* should so suddenly become enamoured of her charms? Hitherto we have spoken only of the continental prejudices of Napoleon; we shall now advert to the English slanderers of that person. The mendacious absurdities urged abroad were listened to with eager delight on this side the Channel. There is a homely but excellent proverb, "*Lies never lose in telling*;" and most abundantly, indeed, was it verified in the present subject of our discussion. Feelings on the elevation of NAPOLEON to the throne, similar to those entertained by the continental rulers, were participated in by the faction in England; and here, as well as in the rest of Europe, that important event was regarded with sensations of unspeakable alarm and anguish. The perpetual attacks upon his character on the continent were not always conducted with the secrecy and untraceableness with which clever villains generally contrive to manage their atrocities; and some things were said and diffused too abominably vile and venomous not to draw down upon the authors the severe punishment which the general cautiousness of their accomplices enabled *them* to evade; and thus we heard of the execution of Palm, and a few more instances of the visitation of wrath upon the hirelings employed in aspersing the character of NAPOLEON. These examples were (naturally enough, we allow) fastened upon by his defamers in this impartial country, as fresh evidences of the unprincipled and wanton cruelty which had been imputed to NAPOLEON. The *causes* of the acts we have alluded to were carefully kept out of sight, while the acts themselves were invested with invented circumstances, for the purpose of exciting additional horror against him of whom they were told, and blazoned forth in all the coarsest colours of the vulgarest rhetoric. Now, when it is considered that, independently of prejudices previously conceived, the chief part of readers in general, howsoever enlightened, are necessarily occupied in some business or profession, the serious attention to which

absorbs the greater portion of their time; when it is reflected how very few persons are accustomed to think for themselves, and weigh the improbability of assested facts against the legitimate deductions of unbiassed reason; when we take into consideration the prevailing disposition to credit all things to the disadvantage of an enemy—a disposition which we conceive to have raged in this country to an excess beyond that in any other, the long existing hatred of England against France having been the ground work upon which the unprincipled part of our political writers and journalists* but too successfully built their plan of iniquitous and vulgar slander; when, we say, all these circumstances are duly weighed, it will appear by no means astonishing, that the envenomed calumnies against the sovereign of the French should have been believed to an extent, that nothing but the *mode* of the Restoration could have completely counteracted. We have conversed with gentlemen from almost every county of England, and feel inexpressible pleasure in the intelligence they have afforded us of the prevailing and popular sentiment being fully and unequivocally that of every person *not* insane, viz. that the Return of NAPOLEON, and the re-establishment of his government, is the result of the enthusiastic devotion to him, entertained by the PEOPLE of France. We know the extreme horror with which the universal credence in this truth is regarded. The example: ah! the terrific example! Their sight is blasted by this blazing effusion of political zeal in the neighbouring empire—their ears are stunned by the reiterated acclamations of Freedom, clad in her own unclouded splendours, and associated glories of NAPOLEON.

We now proceed to regard the Restoration as it affects LOUIS and his family. We are perfectly aware of the bathos into which we are plunging, when we enter into the discussion of this division of our subject. It is somewhat like descending from a lofty mountain, from which the eye takes in a richly-diversified prospect of fields and streams, and towns, and wide waving woods, all lustrously bright in the beams of one magnificent and vivifying luminary, to a flat, sterile, and cheerless region, involved in crepuscular obscurity, where here and there a solitary ray, from some unknown source, sheds athwart its dreariness a feeble and flickering radiance, that only serves to render the encircling darkness less endurable. But,

* Of these persons, *one* has, by dint of hard labour, rendered himself so conspicuous, that not to point him out to that kind of notice he so amply merits, would be unpardonably negligent. The *Editor* of the *Times* conducts that paper with a spirit which beats the Newgate Calendar hollow.

to reach the termination of our journey, we, as well as other travellers, are occasionally compelled to take our way through the dark and unproductive waste as over the lofty and sunny acclivity; nor, perhaps, are we entitled to be much out of temper, or to vent our dissatisfaction in bursts of splenetic passion, in being doomed to encounter the oppressive tedium attending our progress through a track of this uninviting nature; beauty and grandeur never strike the mind so forcibly as when contrasted with adverse qualities; and, to make a true estimate of the charms and sublimities of human nature, we should dispassionately compare them with its obscure and grovelling attributes.

When the occupation of Paris by the hordes of Russia, and the abdication of NAPOLEON, was officially announced in London, we should have experienced a delight at least as malignant, and assuredly as well founded, as that so vehemently shouted forth by most of our journalists, had our hearts been capable of indulging against the person elected to the throne that rancorous hatred, in which such a feeling must have necessarily originated. Every thing that had come to our knowledge of that person induced us to consider him in a much superior light to that in which subsequent circumstances have forced us to view him. We gave him credit for many amiable qualities; and, though we by no means found him possessed of any high intellectual endowments, we regarded him as a person observant of his word, kind to his kindred and connexions, fitted to move with respectability and contentedness in the noiseless sphere of private life, and a sort of individual, in fine, exactly suited to discharge the duties of domestic society with credit to himself, and satisfaction to others. But, thinking all this, we could not so perfectly part with common sense, as to wish him elevated to a throne—and such a throne! The manner of his election, the circumstance under which it took place, the stipulations made with him by the SENATE, the non-rising of *any* part of the country in his favour, (for the alledged rebellion at Bourdeaux, the recent flight of his niece clearly shews to have been confined to Lynch, and some few more interested individuals), every incident attending his assumption of monarchy, was decisive indication, that the feeling of ardent devotion, once existing in France towards the line of its ancient sovereigns, was not only wholly extinct; but that a new sentiment, belonging to a nation very different in its essential characteristics—though still nominally French—had arisen out of the Revolution: a sentiment rather fixed, than shaken, by the establishment of the Imperial Government, that induced the PEOPLE to regard

the person, lately on the throne more in the light of an enemy than a friend—as one, whose natural inclinations and exasperated prejudices would unite to the possible re-erection of the abhorred despotism from which their own resolution and the consummate genius of NAPOLEON had rescued them. On the part of the person himself, the unexpected grandeur to which he was so suddenly exalted seems to have injuriously operated on his mind, so as to have snatched him from himself, and to have produced in him a total forgetfulness of his own situation among a people taught to laugh at what is called birth, and royal descent, and titles, worn by individuals whose very servants are worthier of distinction than themselves. In accepting a constitution, intended to be broken on the first favourable occasion, he appears to have been absorbed in the idea of bringing back that golden era, whose experienced blessings had driven his family from the throne, and given way to an order of things to which its experienced curses had so attached the nation, that the mightiest talents, much less the *maigre* abilities of the new Ruler, would, we think, have failed to undermine it. He, perhaps, could not appreciate, and his advisers did not inform him upon the subject, the immense difference between the French of modern times, and the French over whom his ancestors reigned.

“ The breaking up of the detestable old *regime* has produced the most beneficial results. The wealth that centered in the hands of the ancient proprietors, and administered to the profligate propensities of the *Heliogabali* of the *Vielle Cour*, now flows through innumerable channels; the peasant of Old France was a *slave*—the peasant of Modern France is a well-provided, free, and happy being. It is true, that the clergy have lost the greater part of their enormous domains and revenues,—as well as the ancient nobility;—so much the better. It has been said, that what tempests are in the physical, revolutions are in the political world. We subscribe to the truth of the assertion, The swarm of locusts that devoured the vitals of the state, could only be swept away by the tremendous artillery and circulating lightnings of the Revolution. We smile at the dirty little wretches who splutter about ‘miserable Frenchmen.’ It is delightful to us, also, to know, that this disposition of things is *irreversible*, and that any attempt to alter it would engender a fiercer turbulence than that which characterized the former tornado. The leaves of the Sybilline volume of French politics admit of wonderful and portentous scannings. Mr. Pinkney almost universally found the peasantry well-lodged, well-fed, courteous, hospitable, and intelligent; SLIGHTLY taxed, and

CHEERFULLY obedient to the government."* Such were the observations we offered to the public three months since, and scarcely had six weeks elapsed after their publications, ere the speculations we had indulged in respecting the consequences of the gradual advances towards the old despotism and the re-establishment of antique iniquity were fully realized, though not so direfully, thank Heaven, as we had expected. Every whisper that Truth sent across the Channel about the governmental affairs of France, during the short reign of Louis, corroborated the conclusions which we, and every person possessed of common sense, formed from the public acts and declarations of his partizans. Louis evidently returned to France full of notions of his own consequence, which must now, we should conceive, be tolerably subdued, and with ideas of the nation by whom he was *apparently* called in, which have received a final chastisement. In their Forty-fifth Number, the Edinburgh Reviewers (whom it is impossible to name without applauding) gave an admirably-written essay on the "*State and Prospects of Europe*," as produced by the termination of the war, and abdication of NAPOLEON; but, though that composition contains a considerable display of political sagacity and penetration, and is in its structure and diction a brilliant example of what we should call the *eloquence of ratiocination*, yet, as experience has shewn that the remarks on some important points in that elaborate and animated dissertation were not altogether correct, we shall stand, we trust, excused, if we quote some of the questionable passages, for the purpose of applying them as a kind of scale by which to estimate the height, and depth, and extent of the character, temper, and views of the person and party whom they principally concern. On the mistaken ideas on the character of NAPOLEON, which the writer entertained, subsequent events, whose din has not yet subsided, relieve us from the ungracious task of making any comments, farther than to express our deep regret, that up to the period when the article was composed, the slanderers of NAPOLEON should have so far succeeded in their conspiracy, as to have deceived a writer of such distinguished talents, and inveigled into their meshes so eminent an advocate of political right, and diffuser of political illumination.

Speaking of Louis, to whom the Reviewer awards the honour of returning "by the spontaneous voice of" his "own nation"—"the glory of being recalled by affection," (on whose

* See CRITICAL REVIEW for February last, article on *Pinkney's Travels through the South of France in the Years 1807 and 1808.*

side was "the spontaneous voice," and who enjoys "the glory" glanced at, no sober person, we imagine, fosters a moment's doubt); speaking of this individual, the writer supposes him long enough "trained in the school of misfortune" (a phrase which we do not altogether comprehend when applied to a man who has always enjoyed the luxuries, as well as the necessities of life) to "see and feel all the permanent changes that twenty-five eventful years have wrought in the condition of his people," and "that mild, honourable, and unambitious, as he is understood to be in his character, he will be faithful to his oath;—he will feel that he is not the lawful inheritor of the powers that belonged to his predecessor, that his crown is not the crown of Louis XVI. and that to assert his privileges, would be to provoke his fate." Now it must be evident to the most ordinary capacity, that not one word of all this is true; that instead of "seeing and feeling" the amazing and beneficial revolutions which had taken place in France since the expulsion of his family, in men as well as in things, in the character as well as the worldly circumstances of the people,—instead of maintaining that reputation for mildness and content, which the intelligent writer, who thus generously advocates his cause, is so willing to allow him the just possession of,—instead of feeling that he was an *elected* ruler, and not the occupant of a hereditary throne, nor the representative of the ancient governors of France,—instead of acting under a prudent consciousness that his crown was not the crown of Louis XVI. and that to attempt the assumption of the old tyrannic dominion and prerogatives would be inviting his displacement,—instead of guiding his conduct by rules drawn from a true conception of his situation, and labouring to gain the affections of the people, what was the course of conduct into which he strayed even before his entry into the capital? The paper issued at St. Ouen prepared a high-spirited and indignant nation to regard him with feelings of aversion, and a disgust which every subsequent measure tended to strengthen and embitter. He came back with a crowd of decayed courtiers and mendicant priests, and it was speedily discovered that his hungry and holy adherents were at any rate, and almost by any means, to be reinstated in their old possessions and iniquitous privileges. He forgot the very unfavourable light in which almost the whole nation viewed him; he forgot that *his* success was *their* disgrace, that to a foreign force he was *wholly* indebted for his shadowy sceptre, that his authority had "no stay in the affections of the people," that it was blended with all the misfortunes and tarnished glories of the country, and consequently viewed by the nation with an ab-

horrence which the servility of a few abandoned miscreants ought not to have concealed from his understanding, and which he ought to have known that only measures at once of the most liberal and ingenuous nature would have any chance of softening into something bearing the mien and tone of a willing compliance. He rushed with improvident haste into every measure calculated to work the downfall of a power which, to render in the least secure, required the co-operating union of unassuming gentleness, wisdom, and, ABOVE ALL, a strong and openly-avowed deference to the institutions of an *empire*, which his election degraded to the rank of a *kingdom*. It should have been ever present to his mind, that the very title he bore was a perpetual memento to the people of the degradation they had endured; that with the name of *King* was combined the bitterly-stirring recollections of the miseries sustained under his family; and that to assume the language of the *Vielle Cour* in his decrees and proclamations; to surround himself with the aristocratic and priestly fooleries of obsolete despotism; to bestow the sunshine of his favour upon men who had abandoned their country to foment war against her in foreign regions, and treat with contumely or disregard the persons whose talents and patriotism had steered the vessel of the state with safety and honour through the tempests thus raised; studiously to ridicule every thing dear to the eyes, to the memory, to the mind, to the heart of the nation; so to change the political aspect of the state, as to rob it of that proud and splendid exterior, that Roman dignity which had been produced by twenty years of conquest, and the habits of dominion and wide spreading sovereignty; dominion and sovereignty, whose preceding existence was not more forcibly impressed upon the national mind by the edifices and monuments of art to commemorate them, than was the expiration of those long-cherished glories recalled to the popular recollection by the presence and reign of a family brought back by foreign armies—a family whose once numerous partizans had been so wofully reduced, in numbers and influence, by the casualties of time and fortune. He *should* have known, that to be supposed to be aiming at things like these would produce his inevitable and final ruin; he *should* have been incessantly and tremblingly alive, we repeat, to the destruction such attempts would naturally expose himself, his family, and his cause; *certain* destruction, we say, because the RESTORATION was by no means the one generally expected. “We hope that *prudence* will render the era of his accession celebrated in the memory of his (*the*) people.” Such is the conclusion, or nearly the conclusion of the Edinburgh

disquisition, as far as regards Louis. Now we unhesitatingly assert, that from what the essayist must have known of the character of that individual, no sound views of the dispositions of Rulers in general, and, we might add, of that of the man in question particularly, ought, or could, lead him to such a conclusion. It has most commonly been found that such people *do* "return to the impoverished cities and wasted population" (though, in this particular instance, it is tolerably well understood that the cities are *not* impoverished, *nor* the population wasted) of their country with feelings of vengeance, and that many things concerning Louis during the period of his exile had transpired that proved him to be fit for any thing rather than a ruler of regenerated France. If the very intelligent writer, who augured thus favourably of the elected individual, *really* declared his sober opinion upon the subject, and the length to which he has extended his remarks, independently of the known integrity of the valuable publication in which they are inserted, proves him so to have done, though we regret he should have been so long since awakened from the blissful dream in which his benevolence and imagination involved him, to the partial obscuration of these strong powers of penetration and judgment he uniformly displays on all political topics of a purely *domestic* nature—we, nevertheless, rejoice that (as all his speculations upon NAPOLEON's abdication were, as we sincerely believe, built upon a wrongly conceived idea of Louis's character and views) he will sit down with a sort of methodized enthusiasm, to give us his ideas at length, with more eloquence than his April essay of 1814 he cannot, upon what we calmly and seriously denominate the late change in the neighbouring state. A word or two more on the conduct of LOUIS, and we have done with this ungracious part of our subject.

The state of the case is clearly this. He is received in France as a person elected to the chief magistracy, under certain specified and guarded conditions. These he solemnly and unequivocally accepts (as indeed it was absolutely necessary for him to do, in order to obtain the titular supremacy with even *that* appearance of law which the votes of the Senate conferred). If he infracts this compact, it follows, of course, that such a violation deprives himself of the only basis on which his authority is founded. He engages to take the state as he finds it; and to make no alterations without the uninfluenced concurrence of the Deliberative Bodies. Many things are left to his choice to do, or not to do, as his discretion shall dictate, purposely, it should seem, to fathom the depth of his prudence, and measure the extent of his experience. But stipulations of a vast politi-

cal account, and of amazing importance to the higher orders of the state and an immense portion of the nation at large, have been propounded to, and ratified by, him, the infringement of which must inevitably produce a morose jealousy, and gloomy exasperation, that will speedily surround his throne with all the elements of a popular thunderstorm. He enters France. His *first* public act announces to the nation, that his intention to abide by the Treaty entered into with him, existed only in words. What *would* have been his situation *then*, had his sole dependence been on the attachment either of the *army* or of the *people*? A FOREIGN force abets the violation, and preserves him in his seat. Continuing to act under the same protection, he proceeds in the work of mutation. The foreigners continue in the capital till almost all the governmental posts are filled with his adherents. This done they depart, and flattered by what he deems the unchangeable success of part of his designs, he urges the fulfilment of the remainder with all the confidence of established authority. The Deliberative Bodies are changed in name and in constitution. The *émigrés* are thrust forward upon the public, invested with the honours of the state. The ambassadors to foreign realms are chosen out of the ancient families; the clergy begin to assume their former pomp and arrogance;* and all the disgusting pageantries of antiquated superstition are once more revived by unreflecting bigotry. The press is shackled. The dearly-bought glories of twenty years† are treated either with insulting indifference or witless sarcasm; and the exterior garb and political nomenclature of the state are *harlequinaded* into a resemblance of the old *regime*. The last and decisive measure is yet to come. Attempts are made and persisted in to obtain the revocation of the sales of National Property, and the smouldering embers of insurrection acquire additional heat and activity. In vain does Louis ring out his own panegyric linked with the praises of his venerated ancestor. The people distrust his every word, and behold in the descendant of the illustrious HENRY the despotism, but not the vigour of LOUIS XIV. In the midst of his obsequious courtiers, he trembles on the brink of ruin. Such is the state of things when the appalling news reaches him of the re-appearance of NAPOLEON. The secret of his own weakness,

* For the extreme insolence of the *émigré* priests, see the accounts of the funerals of *Mademoiselle Raucourt* and *Lady Hamilton*.

† A gentleman who was in Paris when the news of Napoleon's landing arrived, and who had resided there some time, informed us, that almost all the names of the new buildings (among others the BRIDGE of JENA) had been changed since the Abdication.

for the first time, glares fully on his sight. Decrees are passed to way-lay NAPOLEON—he advances—troops are dispatched to oppose his march—they join his standards! Grenoble is again an imperial city, and Lyons throws open her gates to the Hero of Lodi. Vain is every effort at opposition. The army, the nation, rally round the eagles. Louis flees from the capital: and, “at the head of two hundred thousand persons of all ranks,” NAPOLEON enters the metropolis.

The expulsion of the Capets was the necessary result of the despotic principles upon which they conducted their government, superadded to the hostile feeling entertained towards their family by the country they returned to at the reluctant invitation of a few persons under the controul of a military force.

What effect will the Restoration have upon the interests of the French Nation? Time only can resolve this most important and interesting problem. We look forward to the future conduct of NAPOLEON, for the accomplishment of mighty designs, the fulfilment of vast and hitherto impracticable plans of political amelioration. The manner in which he has been received in France certainly augurs favourably for the realization of all our speculations. The nation he places his ambition in to rule as an *elected* Prince, has been trained too long, and too seriously, in habits of sound political thinking, not to make it evident that the universal joy created by his return must have had deeper bases, and more instigating impulsions, than any arising merely out of an hatred to the Capets. It must have strongly and beneficially experienced the energies of the imperial government; and the state of France during NAPOLEON's former dominion must have been regarded by the people with an enthusiastic fondness correspondent to the rapture with which they hailed the Restoration. The only part of the Emperor's character which it was in the least to be apprehended would operate to his prejudice in the national mind, was the propensity to war, for which he has hitherto enjoyed so large a credit. But even here his good genius befriended him; and the recollection that the last campaign of NAPOLEON would have retrieved all the disasters produced by the inclemency of the seasons and the treachery of his Allies, had not the treason of one of his Generals marred his plans, operated doubly in his favour—it excited an indignant regret that the manœuvres of the Emperor should have been foiled; while the nation madened at the idea of thus losing the fruits of twenty years of victory. Subsequent reflection, we think, may have had a material influence both on people and sovereign; and the deep mortification caused by the misfortunes of 1814 have, very pro-

bably, by this time, given way to feelings more likely to operate to the improvement of domestic affairs and interior arrangements of the state. War is not the order of the day in France, yet let not the neighbouring kingdoms grow insolent on this ground. France and her monarch wish to be at peace; but their frontiers once invaded, the tocsin once sounded, and a career will commence of ruthless devastation and inexorable hostility, that will not leave, we apprehend, a single state of the Continent in a condition to enter the lists with the Empire for a period that will give NAPOLEON leisure to organize the whole of Europe into great and amalgamated monarchy. But this is a topic we shall presently treat more at length. We do think, that, if not assailed by any of the Congressional Powers, NAPOLEON will seriously engage in promoting the works of peace throughout the whole extent of his states. All his decrees and proclamations speak powerfully on this side of the question. He will, we think, impart an incalculable impetus to learning and art; and the science of politics, we apprehend, will receive a stronger and more spreading light from the victor of Friedland and Wagram, than from any personage since the days of Machiavelli. Two THINGS he has already done, which entitle him to the admiration of every friend of liberty and justice. France, through her Emperor, enjoys FREE PRESS, and the ABOLITION of the SLAVE TRADE has ortalized the benevolence of NAPOLEON.

[To be continued.]

B.

ART. VII.—*An Introduction to the Science of the Law; shewing the Advantages of a Law Education, grounded on the Learning of Lord Coke's Commentaries upon Littleton's Tenures, or, as they are called by way of Distinction, "The Institute;" with a View either to the Bar, the Senate, or the Duties of Magistracy. By FREDERICK RITSO, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. Clarke and Co. Pp. 241.*

THE present routine of legal education (to call it a *system*, would be an abuse of the term) is so lamentably inefficient and ill-digested, that no feeling of surprise can be awakened at the appearance of a publication, having for its object, its complete abolition, and the establishment of a plan, which promises all desirable facility to the attainment of a sound and comprehensive knowledge of our jurisprudence. Law, a science which, in preference to every other, may emphatically be styled a *public* one, (since the guardianship of the lives, the liberties, and the

rights of the whole community, constitutes the great end of its institution) should, undoubtedly, be exercised by those only, who, besides the possession of distinguished natural endowments, have acquired a mastery of the reasoning basis on which it is founded, the principles on which it operates, the spirit as well as letter of its regulations, and have traced from the most authentic records the mutations which have successively marked its progress, together with their causes and results.

How is this necessary information to be obtained? What means are to be employed, what process of research is to be adopted, in order to store the mind with intelligence so indispensable? Is the diligence of the law-student to be directed to no deeper sources than the elementary commentaries of Blackstone, the lectures of Woodeson, Eunomus, Hale's History of the Common Law, &c. &c.? After gleaning from these useful but superficial productions, the prominent rules and precepts of our legal polity, and surveying the general outline of his profession, shall he be deemed to have filled up the measure of his education, by having superadded whatever knowledge of the practice of the courts his assiduity could collect in the course of two or three years' attendance in a special pleader's office? Such slender acquisitions, it is obvious to the plainest capacity, are totally inadequate to form a profound and enlightened lawyer. Yet, this is the prevailing mode in which the aspirers to that elevated title, are instructed to attain it! These are the auxiliaries by which they are flattered with the hope of reaching professional eminence, through paths of embarrassment and perplexity! What course of study, then, we repeat the question, ought to be pursued to gain the wished-for object? In the first place, we have no hesitation in declaring, that, though the works already mentioned are merely elementary, and far from being undisfigured with inaccuracies, much advantage may be derived from their perusal. Generally speaking, they exhibit a tolerably faithful sketch of the principal features of our civil code, and are well calculated to prepare the way for exploring more recondite authorities, and penetrating the profounder recesses of our legal system. These should be the subjects of primary study. But the student must not rest here. He must not imagine that, when he has imbibed the whole mass of information transmitted through these channels, he has done any thing more than worked such an improvement in his intellectual faculties, as will enable him to enter upon and comprehend the doctrines, flowing immediately from ampler and remoter sources. In the second place, therefore, it will be necessary that he devote his attention to those authors

who have distinguished themselves in elaborately investigating, and minutely expounding, the canons, principles, and *rationale* of the science, in which it is his purpose to become proficient. By directing the full vigour of his understanding, now sufficiently competent to the task, to the close and intense examination of "Littleton's Tenures," "The Institute," Sir Martin Wright's "Treatise on the Feudal System," Hale's "Pleas of the Crown," and other estimable works of the same stamp, he will not only obtain a vast fund of intelligence, but be capable of taking a correct and expansive view of the groundwork and superstructure of our statute and common law. From the three first of these reservoirs of legal learning, he will collect the whole doctrine of the law, as it regards *real* and *personal* property; he will become familiar with the maxims which have regulated the *descent* and *purchase* of estates, since our jurisprudence became systematized; he will acquire a thorough insight into the artificial reasons for distinguishing between *moveable* and *immoveable* possessions, and the rules which govern the ownership and disposal of them respectively; and from the last, he will gather abundant information of the precautions taken to prevent, and the penalties attached to, the commission of every species of offence, comprized in the long catalogue of crimes. Having adopted this course of research, and, by so doing, stocked his mind with a large accession of *fundamental* knowledge, it will, in the third place, be the duty of the student to peruse reports of adjudged cases. These furnish so many *practical* illustrations of the theoretical axioms of the law. They reflect on them a powerful and highly useful sight. They display with precision and perspicuity their individual application, the mode in which they operate, and the effects of a scrupulous adherence to them. And the decisions pronounced by the judges, together with the arguments of which they are the result, will be found to amply repay the most rigid attention; elucidating many intricate points, and imparting superior quickness to the powers of perception and ratiocination. In the fourth and last place, an intimate acquaintance with the "Art of Pleading," and with what is technically denominated the "Practice of the Courts," is absolutely indispensable. For the *professional* lawyer will find, that, without these species of information, all the learning deduced from the multifarious authorities to which we have referred, is little better than a dead letter. Unaided by these acquisitions, his science will be almost nugatory, his argumentation often misdirected, and his efforts frequently experience defeat, from judgment and penetration far inferior to his own.

These are the main features of that system of education, which we think alone adequate to form a liberal and deeply-read lawyer. We venture to recommend it, not because it is free from difficulty, (for what, even the best devised method, can lay claim to such description?) but because, as it appears to us, it abounds in many exclusive advantages;—it unfolds, with the least possible obscurity, the rudiments and foundations of the law; it develops a comprehensive prospect of its exterior fabric and internal machinery; and, though the student must ever meet with inevitable impediments in his course, it opens to him numerous facilities by which they may be overcome, and conducts him to the object of his labours, by the clearest and most authentic lights.

The work now under review consists of four parts. The *first* part is devoted to the consideration of the great utility of legal acquirements, the “dignity and responsibility of the professional character,” “the reasoning theory of the law,” the demonstrable nature and systematic connection of legal theories, and the utter insufficiency of the prevailing practice of “reading and common-placing Blackstone’s Commentaries, transcribing precedents,” &c. &c. to convey any thing that approximates to a rational and enlightened view of English jurisprudence. The *second* part contains an accurate detail and exposition of the profound learning embodied in “Lord Coke’s Commentaries upon Littleton’s Tenures,” and an earnest recommendation of them, as the treasury whence the student should derive the largest portion of his information. Exemplifications of the “method of illustrating and common-placing the Institute,” constitute the subject-matter of the *third* part: and the *fourth* and concluding part presents a train of well-digested observations on the value of the proposed course of study to “gentlemen who do not intend to follow the law as a profession.”

In the execution of the task which the author has assigned to himself, it affords us real pleasure to remark, that he exhibits talents every way qualified for the undertaking. His plan is judicious, and developed with dexterity: his legal knowledge extensive, and displayed with precision: and his arguments and observations are the genuine offspring of sound thinking and unperverted sagacity. He has, it is true, received his education on the plan which he unequivocally condemns; but he has become familiar with it, only to expose its errors, to shew its imperfections, and adopt himself, as well as point out to others, a new and a better path. But our applause must not be confined to the system recommended, and the address with

which it is set forth. The author merits a more exalted encomium. He contemplates juridical science, as well with the liberal wisdom of a *philosopher*, as the technical acuteness of a *lawyer*. Tracing its effects on the intellectual and moral faculties, he shews that its *reasoning theory* furnishes abundant materials for improving the understanding, disciplining and strengthening the native powers of the mind; and that its *precepts* possess, in an eminent degree, a tendency to meliorate the propensities of the heart, and inculcate correct ideas of the relative duties of men in civilized society.

We subjoin a specimen of the author's abilities in this mode of treating the subject. After expatiating on the utility of an elementary knowledge of the law, to individuals in general, and the bounden duty of those to be well skilled in it, whose situation in life may place them among its administrators, or render them eligible to the higher dignities of the state, he proceeds :

“ But there is, likewise, another point of view in which the proposed lucubrations have a much more extensive influence than we are apt, at first sight, to be aware of, and may be attended with the happiest advantages. They eminently invigorate and fortify the mind's noblest faculty—the power of attention; they discipline the understanding, excite discrimination, give activity and acuteness to the apprehension, and correct and mature the judgment. They teach us to think and to reason in our youth, and will serve to employ us, and to render us useful to others in old age. In prosperity, they grace and embellish; in adversity, they afford us comfort and support. There is no profession, no situation in life, in which they do not, at some time or other, come into use: they proceed with us through every vicissitude, attend us in every walk, and imperceptibly nourish in our minds that virtuous self-dependence which is the foundation of whatever is dignified in character, and the parent of all great and noble resolutions.

“ Neither is it in the improvement of the understanding alone that we experience the advantages to be derived from this course of study; it tends to improve the heart equally, and has a visible influence in meliorating and determining the moral character. We insensibly awaken to better feelings, and conceive a livelier and higher sense of all our social and civil duties, from being impressed with the evidences of truth and reason, upon which the knowledge of the science of the law depends. Perhaps the truth of this remark, in which there is neither prejudice nor enthusiasm, may be thus accounted for: in the study of the mathematics, for example, if we take any primary maxim or received truism, as ‘*that two things which are equal to a third, are equal to each other; or, that equals being taken from equals, equals will remain,*’ the conviction which it produces operates merely upon the intellect, and has no

immediate influence upon us in our views of men and things, as members of society. But the principles upon which the science of the law depends are, in this respect, widely different: the perception, for instance, of the degree of *civil* obligation we are under, 'to live honourably, to do wrong to none, and to render to every man what is due to him,' (which are three fundamental maxims* in the theory of judicial or legal reasoning,) not only enlarges and informs the mind, but tends, at the same time, to meliorate and determine the moral character. In the progress of this interesting investigation, and the resulting conviction to which it leads, of the equitable policy of each decision or rule of law, the student will, therefore, not only have his understanding enlightened and his mind improved, but will infallibly become, at the same time, both a better man and better citizen. I conclude, that the course of study which possesses these peculiar advantages, is rather to be esteemed and attended to, for the purposes of education in general, than all the learning in the world besides. *For I regard not the most exalted faculties of the human mind as a gift worthy the Divinity, nor any assistance in the improvement of them as a subject of gratitude to my fellow creatures, but from a conviction, that to inform the understanding corrects and enlarges the heart.*"—Part I. p. 7.

The author now enters on the first and, certainly, not the least important, topic of discussion—the inefficiency of Blackstone's Commentaries as an "institute for educating and forming lawyers," and the "absurd" and "unscientific" plan of "copying precedents." By way of introduction, he explains the benefit accruing from a minute acquaintance with our history—the close connection subsisting between historical and legal learning—and their mutual assistance and elucidation. This is precisely the view which every man of sense must take of the subject. History is alone competent to develop the true causes of the establishment of the great body of laws. For, with the exception of those fundamental rules, which are nothing more than a confirmation of the principles of rectitude, interwoven with the very frame and constitution of the human mind, all regulations of civil conduct are purely artificial, and have their rise in the mutations and exigencies of society. Nations in the infancy of civilization, though conscious of, and punctiliously following, the primary laws of nature, necessarily possess very crude, imperfect, and unwise ideas of remedial jurisprudence. As they gradually become illuminated by useful and intellectual acquisitions; as their moral as well as political

* *Juris præcepta sunt hæc,---honestè vivere, alterum non cedere, et suum cuique tribuere. Inst. Civ. Jur. L. 1, c. 3.*

condition progressively improves, their scheme of laws soon participates in the general melioration. Oppressive and injudicious doctrines are insensibly exploded,—the rights and liberties of man are better understood and better defended,—the tenure of property is rendered more secure,—and the dictates of civil justice become accurately ascertained and firmly settled. History, then, by unfolding the progress of nations through the successive stages of knowledge and civilization, by following them in their course from comparative darkness to light, brings before our eyes the chief events which wrought the introduction of those artificial maxims of law, by which these objects are secured, and the causes subsequently operating to give them stability and permanence. If, therefore, the student in the *laws of England* be ambitious of attaining to a sound and enlightened acquaintance with them,—if he be not indifferent whether that acquaintance be superficial or theoretical,—if, in short, he indulge a wish to know *why* they were established as well as *what* they ordain,—what auxiliary can he call in more useful to his pursuits, than the instructive pages of *English history*? to what sources of illustrative intelligence can his attention be better directed?

Mr. Ritso enforces with considerable earnestness the necessity of enquiring into the “philosophy of the reason or common sense of the law,” and perspicaciously shews the demonstrability of a legal proposition. He observes, that,

“Every proposition is said to be demonstrable in its nature, when the mind can certainly perceive the agreement or disagreement of the ideas of which it consists, whether immediately, as in the case of intuitive perception, or through the medium of those intervening ideas which are called proofs. Now there is, generally speaking, this perceivable agreement or disagreement to be found in all our common-law doctrines; that is to say, so far as they are capable of being put into general propositions, however difficult those propositions may be to the unprepared reader, or how artificial soever in their construction. Let us take, for example, the three following rules or maxims: 1st, ‘that the father shall not be heir to the son;’ 2d, ‘that lands descended or devised, shall not be charged with the simple contract debts of the ancestor or devisor, although the money may have been laid out in the purchase* of those very lands;’ and 3d, ‘that lands shall rather descend to a remote relation of the whole blood, or even escheat to the lord, in preference to the owner’s half brother.’

* With the exception of traders within the bankrupt laws, since the stat. 47 Geo. 3, s. 2, c. 84.

We have here, then, three distinct propositions, in which, upon the first view of them, there is nothing like plain reason and common sense to be discovered, without the help of those intervening ideas from which we learn, first, that under the feudal system, (as it formerly subsisted in this kingdom, till about the middle of the 17th century,) there were certain personal military services to be performed, as the price or condition upon which all lands were held, and to which, therefore, the father, from his more advanced age, was reasonably supposed to be less competent; and, secondly, that it was equally matter of policy, during the same period, that the freeholder, by whom the feudal services were to be performed; should not be distracted, by civil suits, from the discharge of so important a duty; and, thirdly, that the right of succession of the whole blood was only admitted upon questions of adjudication of title, as a mere *rule of evidence* to supply the frequent impossibility of proving a descent from the first purchaser, without which (according to a fundamental maxim of our law) no inheritance was ever allowed, and, consequently, that this was an indulgence to which the demi-kindred could have no reasonable pretension; the descendants of one ancestor being much less likely to be in the direct line of the purchasing ancestor, than those who are descended from the same couple of ancestors.

"And what, then, do I mean to conclude from hence? I answer, that the occasion of the difficulty (if any) which occurs in the foregoing propositions, arises from a want of due knowledge in ourselves, of the extent to which the principles of the feudal polity have been engrafted into our established system of remedial jurisprudence, and the consequent distinction which the common law has taken between *feudal* and *commercial*, with respect to the descent or alienation of real or landed property.

"From the period of the establishment of the feudal polity in England, in the reign of William the Norman, there seems to have been kept up a sort of constant struggle between the spirit of *commercialism*, on the one hand, and that of *feudality* on the other; and the consequent operation of these two grand principles is to be traced in every part of our law of landed property. The construction of testamentary alienation, for example, was originally adopted upon a purely commercial principle, and in relaxation of the rigour of the feudal system, which had a direct tendency to take lands out of commerce, and to render them inalienable. But here, again, the operation of a feudal principle interferes, and requires a *seisin* in the deviser, analagous to that of the feoffor or grantor in the case of alienation by deed; so that, by the law of England, a will or devise of lands does not operate by way of appointment of an heir generally, as in the Roman law, but by way of legal conveyance of the lands themselves; and, consequently, cannot operate on any freehold lands, of which, at the time of making the will, the party have not this species of *seisin*. It is the same in the proposition, secondly above mentioned,

respecting the heir ; when lands were allowed to be freely aliened ; for the sake of commerce, (for which property is chiefly valuable,) it seemed to follow, as a necessary consequence, that they should also be attached for the debts and other incumbrances of the ancestor, upon the same principle ; but here, again, the operation of the feudal law interfered, and, upon the principle ' that the heir claimed nothing from the ancestor, but came in under the original feudal grant,' it was held that he should not be *generally* liable, like the executor, to the ancestor's debts of every kind, but only to debts of record, and debts of speciality, in which the heir was named ; and the same distinction continues, under certain qualifications, to prevail even to this day. And so in the two other examples which have been mentioned. The feud was made ' generally' heritable in *relaxation* of the rigour of the feudal system ; but the restriction that the father should not succeed otherwise than collaterally, and the total exclusion of the half-blood, were the consequence of *purely feudal principles*." P. 19.

We have already stated our opinion of the purposes to which Blackstone's Commentaries are properly adapted. That they possess distinguished merits, and prefer indisputable claims to admiration, it would be doing violence to our judgment to deny. Indeed, considered in the light in which we view them, we scruple not for a moment to assert, that they hold a station far more elevated than that to which any similar production, with which we are acquainted, can possibly aspire. The learned judge evidently brought to the execution of his design, a mind amply prepared with natural and acquired requisites,—a mind inherently gifted with quickness of apprehension, and an ardent love of scientific pursuits,—a mind enriched with abundant stores of artificial knowledge, enlarged by a sound and sagacious acquaintance with the doctrines of English jurisprudence, and adorned with an unrivalled capacity to array them in chaste, elegant, and luminous diction. But it should be remembered by all, and more especially by those who are his warmest eulogists, that the circumstances which gave rise to his valuable work, as well as the object to the attainment of which it was prosecuted, demanded neither a display of the latent and arcane subtleties of the law, nor any very elaborate exposition of their theory and application. Elected to fill the Vinerian chair in the University of Oxford, not appointed to dispense instruction to the students of the Inns of Court, it was the prime purpose, nay, the exclusive duty of this eminent professor, to take such a survey of the prominent and striking features of our legal polity, to give such a concise, yet explicit, detail of its general principles and practice, as might tend to inform the minds and

liberalize the ideas of his unprofessional audience, without burthening the memory with a multitude of minute distinctions, the retention of which would prove impossible, and without perplexing the understanding with occult niceties, an insight into which was neither necessary nor desired. *This* was the plan,—the *sole* and *simple* plan of the commentator. It is manifest, therefore, that to expect from a work, undertaken and conducted with this view, a disclosure of the whole, or any but a very small part of what constitutes the body and substance of English law, is equally unwarrantable and delusive:—unwarrantable, because totally inconsistent with the nature of the work, and directly implicatory of an obligation on the part of the author to have performed *more* than he promised to fulfil; delusive, because founded on misconception, and supported only by error. If this be admitted, as we think it must be by all impartial and reflecting persons, it is almost needless to add, that there is a grievous self-deception in adopting Blackstone's Commentaries as an *institute* for *professional* education. To the man of general reading, who aims at mental refinement by skimming the *surface* of science, and indeed to the law-student in his *incipient* labours, they are at once useful and inviting; but the latter, whether his object be to reach a well-earned celebrity, or merely to attain to a respectable footing in his profession, must take a far wider range of research; he must gather materials much more ample and solid, consult authorities eminent for copiousness of matter and profundity of remark, and, by the help of their light, endeavour to acquire that fund of information, which is indispensable to the gratification of his praiseworthy ambition.

But we have a further, and, perhaps, not less important observation to offer. It has already been said, that the limited design of the learned commentator admitted not of an explanation of the abstruse rules and reasoning of the law. This is not the whole sum of its deficiencies. In touching on those points which lay *within its compass*, he was compelled to omit the greater part of the learning they involve, and, in consequence, to forego any extended disquisition on their principle and operation. Hence, in perusing his pages, we meet with some of the most obvious doctrines, loosely and incorrectly defined, and apparent contrarieties unadjusted and unaccounted for. This, then, forms an additional reason, if any be wanting, for rejecting the work in question as an authoritative basis of legal education, and imposes on the student an absolute necessity of converting it to that use *only*, to which we have affirmed it to be exclusively applicable.

But it is incumbent upon us to substantiate these observations by proofs. This we shall do in the language of Mr. Ritso, whose diligence in examining these celebrated commentaries, with a view to expose the prevailing plan of instruction, by which they are injudiciously "forced into an element which is not their own," merits and receives our warmest commendation. He says—

"It is usually understood, I believe, that of the four volumes which form the subject of our present consideration, the second (upon the rights of things) is that in which Blackstone principally excels; not only in the selection and arrangement of his materials, but also in the propriety and perspicuity of his manner of treating them. And yet, with respect to the doctrines which confessedly fall under this division of inquiry, how extremely difficult is it for the student to form to himself a clear and precise notion of those ordinary common-place distinctions between droit-turel and tortious conveyances, between descendible freehold and fee-simple qualified, and between estates limited in contingency by deeds and by devise. How difficult is it, from what is said in explanation of the nature of our common-law leases, together with their several enlargements and restrictions, to collect even the primary distinctions between void and voidable, for years and for life, and between things in grant and in livery. The operation of a fine too, as it differs from that of a recovery, (where the tenant in tail has the reversion in himself, and there are no intermediate remainders) is by no means distinctly elucidated; nor why a recovery cannot be had of an estate-tail with single voucher, but only with double voucher at least.

"In the same manner, again, in distinguishing between contingent remainders and executory devises, he omits to point out that which is the principal and essential difference, namely, that 'the former may be barred and destroyed, or prevented from taking effect, by several different means, while an executory devise, on the contrary, cannot be prevented or destroyed, by any alteration whatsoever, in the estate out of which, or after which, it is limited.' And upon this ground it is, that executory devises are required to be limited, so as not to exceed the stated time of lives in being and twenty-one years and nine months; but not so contingent remainders, because in the latter case there is no danger of a perpetuity. Indeed, from the very terms in which an executory devise is afterwards exemplified, we are naturally led to confound executory devises with contingent remainders, and contingent remainders with conditional limitations. I allude to the words where a devisor *devises his whole estate in fee, but limits a remainder thereon to commence, &c.*;* for, in this case,

* 2 Bl. Comms. 173.

the entire fee, or whole quantity of the estate, having been originally disposed of, there was evidently no longer any residuary part, or remainder over, for further disposal, but only a secondary or springing use.* Wherever a preceding executory limitation carries the whole interest, a subsequent limitation is not to be considered as a limitation upon the preceding, and to take effect after it, but as an alternative substituted in its room, and only to take effect in case the preceding estate should fail, or never take effect at all.† It follows, that the subsequent limitation, in the present instance, is no *remainder*, but only a concurrent possibility, which is not barrable by fine or recovery. But, if the subsequent limitation had been after a preceding estate-tail, instead of a preceding fee-simple, it would have been otherwise; for then it would have been rightly named 'a remainder.'

"Secondly, it is the quality of a remainder to wait the expiration of the preceding estate, and then to vest in possession, as the corresponding part or portion of the same fee; but here, on the contrary, the estate which was limited in contingency to B and his heirs, was limited so as to vest in possession, in extinction, and defeasance of the preceding estate, and consequently is not a remainder."

"Again we read, that 'contingencies and mere possibilities, though they may be released and devised by will, or may pass to the heir or executor, yet cannot (it hath been said) be assigned to a stranger, unless coupled with some present interest.'‡

"But, independently of thus confounding contingencies and mere possibilities, as if they were in *pari ratione*, which they certainly are not, there is here a great mistake; first, in describing mere possibilities to be such as may be released or devised by will, &c.; and, secondly, in supposing devisable possibilities to be incapable of being assigned to a stranger. For, in the first place, there is this wide difference between contingencies (which import a present interest of which the future enjoyment is contingent) and mere possibilities (which import no such interest), namely, that the former may be released in certain cases, and are generally descendible and devisable; but not so the latter. Suppose, for instance, lands are limited (by executory devise) to A in fee; but if A should die before the age of twenty-one, then to C in fee: this is a kind of possibility or contingency which may be released or devised, or may pass to the heir or executor, because there is a *present interest*, although the enjoyment of it is future and contingent. But, where there is no such present interest, as the hope of succession which the heir has from his ancestor in general, this being but a *mere and naked possibility*, cannot be released or devised, &c. §

"Secondly, contingencies or possibilities, which may be released

* Fearn, Cot. Rem. p. 419, last edition.

† Ibid, p. 523.

‡ B. C. 2. 390.

§ Fearn, p. 366.

or devised, &c. are also assignable in equity upon the same principle; for an assignment operates by way of agreement or contract, which the court considers as the engagement of the one, to transfer and make good a right and interest to the other. As where A; possessed of a term of one thousand years, devised it to B for fifty years, *if she should so long live*, and after her decease to C, and died; and afterwards C assigned to D; now this was a good assignment, although the assignment of a possibility to a stranger.* Pp. 45—9.

Mr. Ritso proceeds in the same clear and argumentative style, to examine other objectionable passages relative to the law of real property. Before the statutes 8 Ann, c. 14, and 5 Geo. 3, c. 17, no action of debt was maintainable for the recovery of a freehold rent till after the lives ended, or, in other words, as long as there was a continuing relation of lord and tenant; "for," observes Blackstone,† "the law would not suffer a *real* injury to be remedied by an action that was merely *personal*." But then, as Mr. Ritso very pertinently enquires, how comes it, that the action of debt was maintainable after the lives ended? The *real* nature of the injury continued the same and unchangeable; the determination of the lives, therefore, could not impart to it a different complexion. The *true* reason of this doctrine of the common-law is to be traced to the principles of the feudal system. "Under that system, all lands, tenements, rents, commons, and hereditaments, in fee-simple, fee-tail, or for term of life, were held to be feudal property, and were consequently required to be recovered as such by their proper feudal remedies;" or, as our old law books indifferently term them, "*real actions*." The non-permission of the law, then, to institute an action of debt, (which is a *personal* action,) for the recovery of a freehold rent, till after the lives ended, cannot properly be attributed to the *real nature of the wrong*, because that necessarily remained; but it must be ascribed to the "*feudal quality of the freehold*, or continuing relation of lord and tenant." The *lives ended*, the *feudal relation* became extinct; "and, therefore, the rent arrear was suffered to enure, as a debt incurred, and to be recovered like any other debt, by a *personal* action, as a matter of mere contract between the parties."

Passing over the investigation of the remaining similar

* The same point was determined in the case of Theobald v. Duffay, in the House of Lords, March, 1729—30.

† Comment. 3. 232.

topics, we now conduct our readers to Mr. Ritso's animadversions on the learned commentator's delineation of the law of libel.

"We read," he remarks, "that no action will lie for slander or libel, where the defendant can prove the facts to be true. As, if I can prove the tradesman a bankrupt, the physician a quack, the lawyer a knave, and the divine a heretic, this will destroy their respective actions. For, though there may be damage sufficient accruing from it, yet, if the fact be true, it is *damnum absque injuria*; and where there is no injury, the law gives no remedy. *Eum qui nocentem infamat, non est æquum et bonum ob eam rem condemnari; delicta enim nocentium nota esse oportet et expedit.**

"That the truth of a libel may be *pleaded specially*, in justification, is said to be warranted by the opinion of the profession, and the practice of the present day; but this is to be understood with certain restrictions; and the defendant cannot, upon the general issue of 'not guilty,' prove the facts to be true in *justification*, but only in *mitigation of damages*.† On a motion for an information in the Court of King's Bench, for a libel, (Mich. Term. 8 G. 2.) Lord Chief Justice Hardwicke expressly declared, *that it was a mistake to suppose that if an action were brought, the fact, if true, might be justified; that he had never heard of a justification in an action for a libel ever hinted at; that the law was too careful in discountenancing such practices; and that the only favour which the truth afforded in such case was, that it might be shewn in mitigation of damages in an action, and of the fine upon an indictment or information.*

"I presume, then, with submission, that the law is much too generally stated, when it is said, that *no action will lie* if the defendant can prove the facts to be true; but that which I principally object to, in the present instance, is the general tenor of the reasoning from the dictum of the civil law.

"It is true, that where there is damage without injury, *ubi damnum absque injuria*, the law gives no remedy. But then it is to be understood, that the act from which the damage arises, is itself perfectly innocent and lawful. For example, suppose I have a mill, and my neighbour builds a mill upon his own ground, by which the profit of my mill is diminished, yet no action lies against him; for, in building the mill upon his own ground, he does a lawful act.‡ And so if one set up a school in the neighbourhood of an ancient school, by which the ancient school receives damage, yet no action lies; for this is a lawful act, and the public are benefited by the competition in such cases.§ But, with respect to defamation of character, which is the ground of an action upon the case, for slander or libel, the conclusion is widely different;

* 3 B. C. 125.

† Selwyn's Nisi Prius, p. 935. Buller, N. P. p. 9.

‡ 1 Roll. Abridg. 107. Noy's Max. 84. § 1 Roll. Abridg. 107. Noy's Max. 84.

for, in order to support the action, the defamation must be shewn to be *from malice*, and unconnected with the ends of public justice, and, consequently, in no point of view, can be said to be an innocent and lawful act.* On the contrary, the very essence of this offence is the *manus animus*, the malicious and wicked intention to defame and vilify, which is no more capable of being justified by the eventual truth of the suggestion, upon the general issue 'not guilty,' than the act of wilfully and maliciously killing an attainted or outlawed felon or traitor, is to be justified by the production of the record of his attainder or outlawry.†

"But, although it is strictly *no justification* of the defamer, that the alledged matter is true, yet the law having, in this particular, a respect to the weaknesses and frailties of human nature, allows him either to *plead specially some traversable fact*, which, by disproving the *falsity* of the accusation, is tantamount to a *justification*, (and that indeed has only been settled by very late decisions) or to give evidence to that effect upon the general issue, not in *justification*, but in mitigation of the *damages* to be rendered by way of compensation to the party aggrieved; for it is evident, that this must always depend, in a great measure, upon the relative innocence and credit of him to whom the compensation is to be made. And though, as a general proposition, it is no doubt expedient that offences should be made known, it is not so by means of slander and libel; not by defamatory accusations promulgated in malice, and unconnected with the ends of public justice."—P. 57—60.

This is, unquestionably, a true statement of the law, as it regards libellous publications; and fully refutes the doctrine set forth by Blackstone. We have, however, a few farther observations to make on this interesting subject.

In the first place, we think the *plurality of the means of redress* liable to serious objection. By the law, as it now stands, an individual conceiving himself aggrieved by the sentiments or language contained in a literary production, may exercise his discretion in choosing one of three remedies; viz. civil action, indictment, and criminal information. Now this, it is manifest, is injudicious on the part of the law; ministers too much to the vindictive passions of the complainant; and to the alleged offender presents a cruel uncertainty of the punishment which awaits him. It is extremely injudicious on the part of the law, because it unequivocally demonstrates that a given and specific wrong is visited, not with penalty *uniform and invariable* in its nature, (the converse of which we contend ought to be the case, and should constitute the governing principle of all reme-

* 1 Lev. 82. 1 Roll. Abridg. 58. Finch, L. 186.

† 1 Hal. P. C. 497.

dial and criminal jurisprudence,) but with a penalty indefinite, because uncertain;—a penalty which may totally change the real aspect of the wrong, give to it an air of malignity which is not its own, and *vice versa*. If a certain act or line of conduct be considered inimical to the interests of society at large, or detrimental to public morals, it is solely a proper object for the retributive justice of criminal law; and thus it is regarded in this country: if unwarrantably offensive, and groundlessly prejudicial, to the feelings or character of a private individual, the remedy should proceed exclusively from the civil constitutions of the state, and be alone administered by civil tribunals; thus it is *not* in this country. But this duplicate construction of defamatory publications, affecting private persons, has no other tendency than to confound all rational distinction between criminal delinquencies and civil injuries. It betrays a vacillation reproachful to the law, because legal remedies should be as specific as the nature of the grievances they are intended to cure; and evinces an indecisive, a camelion-like policy, having no distinct view of the object, and, in consequence, treating it not merely injudiciously, but, we will say, absurdly.

It were well, if this blemish were discoverable in the theory only of the law, but we have no need of evidence to shew, that it is calculated to lead, and does daily lead, to the most pernicious practical consequences. Do not the pages of our law reports teem with accounts of criminal prosecutions for libel, nominally, indeed, at the suit of the crown, but, in truth, at the instance of the parties traduced? Does not the experience of even the most careless observer furnish him with conclusive testimony of this fact? And why is this the case? Is it because individuals moving in the ordinary circles of society, conceive their honour will be better vindicated from calumny by an appeal to a criminal, than to a civil, court of judicature? Is it because they tenderly and compassionately regard the errors and frailties of human nature? Or because they imagine that proceeding by indictment, is incalculably more lenient and humane than suing for pecuniary reparation? The *first* of these reasons *cannot* be the true one; for the honour of the injured party is as effectually vindicated in a civil as in a criminal court; the process, indeed, is not precisely the same, but in either case, let the circumstances be what they may, the issue of the question depends on the verdict of the jury. That the *two last* are *not* the real causes, we should waste time in proving. To what cause, then, is the frequency of this species of prosecution to be referred. The answer must be, we apprehend,—to the permission, granted by the law, of considering the offence in

either a criminal or civil point of view; by which a temptation is held out too strong to be resisted,—a temptation to gratify to their fullest extent, the powerfully excited passions of hatred and revenge. How seldom does it occur, that an individual, conceiving himself the object of unmerited ridicule, or his character vilified and aspersed, is satisfied with the means of redress afforded by a civil tribunal? The law inconsiderately empowers the complainant to make his despotic election of the mode of reparation or punishment, and the cruel but usual result is, the adoption of those proceedings which promise a wider scope for the exercise of impassioned feelings and vindictive animosity;—proceedings which begin with throwing a factitious odium on the conduct of the defendant, by compelling him to appear at the bar of criminal justice; terminate in consigning his person to a prison cell, and in depriving him of the possibility of self-support. Certainly, such capricious power ought not to vest in any one. And the *folly* of viewing the offence in question in two opposite lights, is equalled only by the *impolicy* and *wickedness* of making the nature and extent of the penalty depend on the arbitrary will of an interested party.

Our third objection is so necessarily deduced from these reflections, that we forbear troubling our readers with a recital of the arguments which corroborate it.

In the second place, (and this will be our final observation) we think the process by indictment or information exposed to an objection not incident to the remedy by civil action. It is now the settled practice of the courts, in cases where the truth of an alleged libel may be wholly or partially substantiated, to permit the proof to be adduced “in mitigation of damages in an action, and of the fine upon an indictment or an information”*. Now, in the first case, that of civil action, the palliating circumstances are submitted to the consideration of a jury, who, having ample opportunity of balancing the credit of the witnesses, of duly appreciating the importance of the facts testified on either side, are competent to take an impartial and accurate revision of the particular character of the injury, and, therefore, to award such pecuniary compensation as shall satisfy the merits of the case. The whole cause is confided to their judgment. And it is their province as well to apportion the damages, as to decide upon the cogency or weakness of the evidence. Not so in the case of indictment or information. The *same accusations*, the *same testimony*, in its support, are, it is true, urged upon the attention of the jury; but they are de-

* Bacon's Abridg. 3. Tit. Libel, s. 5.

barred from hearing facts which might qualify or extenuate the conduct of the defendant, and are strictly and rigidly bound to pronounce a verdict upon a statement, which, to say the least of it, must be *ex parte*. This is the limitation of their functions. It is then reserved for the discretion of the judicial body to assign a punishment to the offence; an offence over which they before had no jurisdiction; and thus that, which in one case is justly deemed the most valuable prerogative of a jury, and the best security of the accused, is in the other (though the subject-matter be undeniably the same) transferred to persons, who, whatever may be their claims to respect, ought never to supply an office so distinct from their own.

We return to the volume before us.

The second part commences with recording the opinion of Lord Chief Justice Reeve, as to the most efficient plan of legal education. "The best," said his Lordship, "the easiest, and the shortest way for a man to be educated and formed to be a lawyer, is to make himself master of Lord Coke's *Commentaries on Littleton's Tenures*." The recommendation of this plan is the principal object of the author. Our limits do not allow us to follow him through his very long though interesting disquisition, but we shall give one extract as a specimen of his style and argument.

To the objection, that "there is a great deal of what was law in Lord Coke's time, which is not the law now," Mr. Ritso thus responds:

"Certainly, the revolutions that have taken place in our civil liberties, from the commencement of the seventeenth to that of the present century, have necessarily produced a corresponding revolution in our legal polity, and many material alterations have been since adopted in the administration of private justice. These, however, are of so recent a nature, as to be attended with no serious difficulty to those who would be at the pains of collecting them, for, in effect, they are part of the history of our own period; while they also lie within so small a compass, that, taking the Institute for the parent stock, they are such as may be easily and speedily engrafted upon it at any time. Indeed, to speak accurately, our system of laws has undergone no revolution, but only an alteration in these instances; and with respect to what the law was before these alterations were adopted, and more particularly in what relates to the forms of proceeding in real actions, this species of information is indispensably necessary to the student, in order to enable him to apprehend the reasons and principles of many of the subsisting proceedings in modern practice; it is the foundation which is required to be first laid, before we attempt the superstructure.

"The proceeding by writ of entry, for example, (which is now disused in practice, excepting that the form only is preserved in common recoveries) is it not the key to the subsisting doctrine of remitter? If the tenant who had right to the land, but was out of possession, had afterwards the freehold cast upon him, by some subsequent defective title, and entered by virtue of that title, he was liable to be evicted in a writ of entry; for the writ of entry did not meddle with the right of property, but only went to *disprove* the title of the tenant, by shewing its unlawful commencement; and, in that case, the tenant would have been driven to his writ of right, to recover his just inheritance; to avoid the inconvenience of which the law gives him remedy by remitter. In the same manner, again, it is in the disused proceeding by writ of assize, in which the demandant was required merely to *shew his own title*, and not to disprove that of the tenant, that we must look for the principles of the more modern mode of proceeding by ejectment. And although, perhaps, there are few recent instances to be met with, of the prosecution of real actions by writs of entry, assize, formedon, writ of right, or otherwise, yet, as these actions are still in force, and still part of the law of the land, they will, consequently, still form a necessary part of the education of the law student: there are precedents to be found of their having been more than once resorted to, within the last fifty years; and, as it is naturally to be expected that cases will again occur, in which the proceeding by ejectment will be an insufficient remedy, we cannot say how soon we may not have further occasion for them." Pp. 83—4.

After evincing, by incontrovertible arguments, the great utility of making the Institute the basis of education, Mr. Ritso closes this section with explanations and corrections of certain phrases in Lord Coke's work, which the student will find highly useful. He then proceeds to the third division of his subject, and clearly unfolds his method of illustrating the Institute. We subjoin a specimen. The first paragraph is cited from the text of Lord Coke: vide Co. Litt. 266. a.

"R brought an *ejectione firma* against E, for ejecting him out of the manor of D, which he held for a term of years of the demise of C. E, the defendant, pleaded that B gave the said manor to P, and Katherine his wife, in tail, who had issue E, the defendant, and after the douces infeoffed C of the manor, upon condition that he should demise the manor for years to R the plaintiff, the remainder to the husband and the wife, &c. C did demise the land to R, the plaintiff, for years, but kept the reversion to himself. Wherefore, Katherine, after the decease of her husband, entered upon the plaintiff, &c. for the condition broken, and died; after whose decease the land descended to E, the issue in tail, &c. now defendant; judgment *si action*. Exception was taken against

the plea, because E, the defendant, maintained his entry by force of a condition broken, and shewed forth no deed; and the plea was ruled to be good, because the thing was executed, and therefore he need not shew forth the deed. Note: the defendant being issue in tail, was remitted to the estate-tail."

"You have here, I would say," (observes Mr. Ritso) "the case of a title by remitter. A and B, husband and wife, were tenants in tail of certain lands, of which they made a feoffment to D, upon condition 'to lease to E for years, and to limit the remainder to them, A and B.' Upon this, D made the lease to E for years; but, instead of limiting the remainder to A and B, he kept the reversion to himself, which was, therefore, a breach of the condition. A died. Then B, the widow, entered upon E, the lessee, for the condition broken, and died; and then the issue in tail entered; and now, upon an action of ejectment being brought against him by the lessee, for the remainder of his term, he (the issue in tail) sets forth these facts in a special plea in bar, and thereupon prays judgment according to the usual form, 'if the plaintiff shall have and maintain his said action thereof against him.' To this the plaintiff demurs, and alleges, for cause of the demurrer, that the defendant had pleaded the condition broken, without having produced the deeds to prove it; which is contrary to an established rule in pleading, 'that whenever deeds are relied on, they must be regularly produced in court,' and that for two reasons: first, that the court may be able to judge, whether there are sufficient words to bear out the construction which has been put upon them; and, secondly, that they may be proved by the witnesses, or other proof if necessary, which is matter of fact.* But the demurrer was over-ruled, and the plea of the defendant was adjudged to be good, because the remitter was taken to be the gist or substance of the plea, and not the breach of the condition, which was only narrative and matter of inducement to the defendant's title, and consequently not material; for, he being issue in tail, the estate-tail was immediately executed in him by the descent of the freehold; that is to say, from the moment the freehold in law was cast upon him, by the descent, he was instantly remitted to his more ancient droit in tail." Pp. 131—3.

Many other passages in the Institute are elucidated with equal precision and clearness. Indeed, in the investigation of every, even the most complex theorem, our author proves himself well versed in the intricacies of law, and fully adequate to unravel them with skill and facility. He takes an extensive but accurate prospect of the diversified scheme of our jurisprudence, examines the grounds upon which various important maxims are founded, and fortifies the conclusions he draws by references to authorities, still regarded as the great lights of the

* Co. Lit. 121. b.

science. Moreover, the general texture of the reasoning is close and ingenious, and reflects much credit on the logical subtlety and critical acumen of Mr. Ritso.

Of the literary merits of the work, our readers shall judge for themselves. The following paragraph is extracted from the fourth part, which contains many examples certainly of similar, if not superior, excellence.

"The expediency of an application to this course of study," (the study of Lord Coke's Commentaries) "on the part of those who have no intention to follow the law as a profession, is not only incumbent upon every gentleman in the kingdom, as a private duty; it is also matter of general concern, and is founded in the highest political considerations. The melioration of men, in their social state, has been always the infallible result of the combined activity and talents of those who constitute what may be called the 'thinking aggregate' of the community. From them the sense of duty is derived, which informs the 'conscience' of a nation, and gives to public opinion its proper tone and energy; they insensibly enlighten and enlarge the public understanding; they cherish and invigorate the feelings of patriotism, communicate activity to the wheels of government, and are at once the main spring and rallying point of whatever is calculated to promote the common weal and interest. We have here, then, a distinct point of view in which the dissemination of instruction, and especially of that most useful branch of it, 'the knowledge of the laws and constitution of our country,' contributes powerfully to influence our political condition and well-being in the rank of nations. Liberty, like empire, is maintained by the same arts by which it was acquired. This noblest inheritance of mankind has been transmitted to us by our ancestors, to be by ourselves transmitted, if not augmented and improved, at least without deterioration, to our posterity. And how, but by diligently looking into the nature and condition of the trust, can we be ever qualified to act with fidelity in the execution of it? (This is an obligation which, in conscience, and upon every principle of honour and honesty, we are all bound to perform." Pp. 156—7. U.

ART. VIII.—*A Review, and complete Abstract, of the Reports of the Board of Agriculture, from the Midland Department of England; comprising Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, Warwickshire, Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and a principal Part of Cambridgeshire. By Mr. MARSHALL, Author of various Works on Agriculture, and other Branches of Natural, Political, and Rural Economy, &c. &c. 8vo. Pp. 652. Longman & Co. 1815.*

[Concluded from p. 302.]

As our Review of these Reports is brief, we desired to have inserted the whole in our last Number; but it was not practicable. We have little to add, on a subject that must lose from partial investigation. But, as we think the volumes at large may be read with advantage by all classes of farmers, we subjoin two other extracts, which appear to us decided specimens of Mr. Marshall's claims.

" OXEN.—On this interesting topic we find a succession of pages, which comprise a few valuable passages. In the following observations of Mr. Tuckwell, of Cygnet, there is much good sense and evidence of experience. I transcribe them with much satisfaction.

" P. 291. 'In regard to the benefit of working them, he could not readily conceive how any one could doubt it (note :—it is the common husbandry around Burford, almost every man having them); that they are much more profitable than horses, he has not the shadow of a doubt: to keep one team of horses is useful, but all the rest should be oxen. Whenever they are not found useful, he thinks, from all he has observed, that the reason is their being improperly fed and driven. To make it so cheap a scheme as to work on straw, or any oxen that are not in good flesh, is the sure way to fail; they should be so well fed at all times, worked or not worked, as to be kept in good flesh; if they were always full half fat, it would be so much the better; they then are in heart, will work without losing flesh, and are always ready to fatten in proper time: an ox should be fattened, not so much by change of food, as by merely resting from labour. Thus managed, they are as strong as any horses, and will work just as well; or at the most, the difference is not more than as four horses to five oxen: but with him, four oxen have all this summer done more work than four horses. To turn them to straw because they do not work for a month or two, he holds to be very unprofitable; and while at work, they should never lose flesh, and always thrive though worked. To let them go back in winter, and feed just when they work, is utterly unprofitable. The worst food he gives when they do not work, is cut straw, with a mixture of ordinary hay. If they are hard worked in barley sowing, he gives them a little barley meal night and morning, the quantity small; but, at all events, does not let them lose flesh, as that is much more unprofitable than improving their food. Driving is another object of much consequence; they want more attention than horses to keep them equally in work. All plough at length, both horses and oxen, and in harness. In health, and general freedom from disease, they are superior to horses; he does not even recollect having a lame ox.'

" P. 293. 'Mr. Pinnal, of Westall, near Burford, one of the greatest farmers in the county, keeps more oxen than horses, and has one farm of 300 acres without a horse upon it; and he has

not the least doubt, but that oxen are, upon the whole, as cheap again as horses. Upon a farm at Westall, of 600 acres, he keeps ten horses and twelve oxen: the country is all stonebrash, and upon above 2000 acres, he and Mr. Bagnall have not more than twelve acres of meadow; so that the common idea, that oxen can only be kept profitably where there is much good grass land, is completely refuted by the practice of this great and well-managed farm. They keep between fifty and sixty Hereford oxen, which is the breed they prefer.

“Again—Mr. Pinnal thinks that they cannot be in too high order for work, and that the reason why the use of oxen has in many cases failed, has been nothing more than bad feeding. They lie out in the yard in winter. All the farmers in this vicinity have more oxen than horses; and far more than they had, ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago. He is very certain, that five oxen will do as much work as five horses; yet two oxen do not cost more than one horse. (?)”

On WOODLANDS, extracted from Mr. Pitt's Leicestershire, that gentleman states—

“There is very little timber on the Melton Mowbray side of the county, till you reach the Duke of Rutland's estates, where there are very extensive plantations of oak and other forest trees, which, as they grow up, will be a great ornament to the country.

“But little or no great supply for ship-building, or naval purposes, must be looked for here, although Lord Moira has a profusion of timber of every kind in Donnington Park, of between 4 and 500 acres; oaks of all ages, from the young sapling to the old venerable oak, that has stood the blusts of four or five centuries, now past maturity, and verging to decay. I cannot help thinking but it would be a rational, desirable, useful, and much to be wished for triumph of utility over taste, if the great land proprietors would permit these to be culled out and sent to market, before they were too far decayed; their places might be supplied by fresh plantations; and interest, profit, and personal advantage, must strongly second the proposal; many of these would now, in a mild and moist spring, yield a good deal of bark (an article now of high price and in great demand), and some might produce useful timber, but many of them I fear are too far gone. A considerable quantity of excellent and capital oak is also there to be found, in high perfection and maturity, growing almost close to the Trent; and dispersed all over the park is elm, ash, lime, and beech, in great plenty, and of every stage of growth.

“Lord Moira has annual falls of timber and sales, in South Wood, Ashby Old Park, not by auction, but upon the following liberal principle: the timber is cut down by his lordship's agent, and the bark and appendages sold; it is then marked and valued by a proper judge, tree by tree, and the value entered in a refer-

ance book: an agent attends at stated times, and sells to any one who applies, farmer, dealer, or tradesman; whatever he fixes on; whether on one or more trees at this valuation, no abatement is made or advance put on. Mr. Dawson, his lordship's steward, thinks more money might be made by auction, but the tenants and the country are thus accommodated for their own consumption.

"The price and value of the different kinds of timber in the Midland counties, I have been well acquainted with for about forty years, the first twenty years of which it underwent but little advance; but within the last twenty it has advanced considerably: the following are the Leicestershire prices, at two periods of time:

"Price of Timber from Mr. Marshall.

IN 1786.					IN 1807.				
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
Oak in the round, per foot	-	-	1	6 to 2	0	2	6 to 3	0	
Ash, ditto	-	-	0	9	1 0	1	6	2	0
Elm and beach, ditto	-	-	0	9	1 0	1	8	0	0
Poplar, ditto	-	-	0	8	1 2	1	6	0	0
Inch oak boards, per sq. foot	-	0	0	0	3	0	6	0	0
Elm, ditto	-	-	0	0	0 1½	0	2½	0	3
Ash, ditto	-	-	0	0	0 1½		ditto		
Poplar, ditto	-	-	0	0	0 1½		ditto		
Ash axle-trees	-	-	3	3 to 3	6	4	6 to 5	0	
Six-inch felleys, a trine of 13	-	12	0	0	0	16	0	18	0
Narrow, ditto	-	-	8	0	0 0	12	0	0	0
Elm naves, per pair	-	-	4	0	0 0	7	0	8	0

"The value of growing oak, coppice timber, with the bark and all appendages, seems to be doubled within the last twenty years; the timber itself is advanced rather more than as two to three; but the value of oak bark in that time is advanced more than fourfold."

Mr. Marshall, throughout the whole of his Review, seems to be aware, that he has much to do, in combating *fashionable* agricultural opinions with the weapons of SCIENCE. A public report is a sort of state paper: it occupies a conspicuous rank in the annals of husbandry. But, if speculative individuals chance to give the name of temerity to his exertions, the more sober class of agriculturists will do him nobler justice.

It may not be improvident to conclude with the following lines, which the practical farmer would do well to hang always over his chimney-piece:

"One year's good weeding,
Will prevent seeding;
But, one year's seeding,
Makes seven years' weeding."

E.

ART. IX.—*The Pilgrims of the Sun; a Poem.* By JAMES HOGG,
Author of the Queen's Wake, &c. 8vo. Pp. 148. Murray. 1815.

A pupil in the many chambered school,
 Where Superstition weaves her airy dreams.

WORDSWORTH.

RURAL and romantic scenes are the natural birth-places of pure poetry. Their quiet, their seclusion; the unbroken contemplations of ideal beauty and excellence to which they invite the mind, are the genuine inspirers of melodious strains, and beautiful imaginations. Almost all the great poets have been born and educated in the bosom of rural retirement; or, being gifted with the poetic attributes and capabilities, yet compelled by circumstances to dwell amid the turmoils of the world, have resorted to nature for their most captivating pictures, their most enchanting delineations. The varied aspects, the rich combinations, the striking contrasts, she affords, (more especially when local superstition contributes the influence of its spells, and bestows something of a religious solemnity, an unearthly aerial charm, on her diversified and picturesque combinations) operate upon the sensibilities of the poet with a generating power, and, mingling with the visions of his fancy, engender those half-earthly, half-heavenly reveries, whose fixed and consolidated abstractions are the vivifying secretions of an exalted imagination, nourished into appreciable expansion by an intimate and prolific communion with the visible beauties of nature. The embodied results of this indefinable association are pure poetry; and so strong are its charms, so fascinating its appeals to the natural love in the human breast of the marvellous, that its impressions are always delightful, though such poetry is frequently devoid of the polished smoothness of verse observable in less animated productions. Such are the charms that kindle up and absorb the whole soul in those parts of the works of Shakespeare that contain the creations of his rich and flexible fancy,—that enchant in Ariel, appal in the Witches, and are so thoroughly interwoven in what (as far as regards free and exquisite imagination) we must call the first of his plays, as to involve the mind in one series of fairy intrigues, and elfin machinations; a play in which the human agents are, as to the business of the drama, merely secondary persons, and scarcely contribute to the delight received from the production, excepting as they serve to bring into action the delicate trickery of the supernatural characters. Such, too, are the charms in almost all the old ballads, of this and other countries, that have preserved them from oblivion in

spite of the rugged and broken texture of their metre. Such, also, in a very considerable degree, are the attractions of the composition to the consideration of whose merits this article is devoted. Reared in the sylvan solitudes of Ettricke, Mr. Hogg, in a region consecrated by the sorceries of a romantic superstition, and possessed of a very ardent and copious fancy, has felt the inspiration of the surrounding scenes, and produced some singularly beautiful, though light, poems, which reflect no small credit on the Scottish Muse, and place the author on a very conspicuous eminence in the world of poesy and imagination. In comparing his merits with those of the "*Dii Majores*" of the day, we are not inclined to place the Ettricke Shepherd on a level with Scott, Lord Byron, Campbell, or Moore. The voluptuous beauties of the latter he *need* not envy: the masterly measures of the Border Minstrel his pupil cannot in reason be expected to equal: so young a poet as Mr. Hogg must still regard the author of O'Connor's Child with ambitious veneration, and in the lays of a "shepherd" we must not hope the haughty energies and misanthropic reveries of the most powerful, and perhaps, after all, the most interesting poet of the age. No, this would not be reasonable. Mr. Hogg is evidently a man of genius. If the seclusion in which his earlier years were passed deprived him of the advantages of learning, nevertheless, considering him as a *destined* poet, this retirement has been peculiarly beneficial to him. His talents are unquestionably brilliant, but they want substantiality. This is observable even now, when the habits of his former life, his absence from the bustle and gaieties of society, and association with the retired beauties, and remote charms of romantic nature, (which, for the most part have a mixture of solemnity) might have been expected to have tinged his mind with a corresponding seriousness, and without detracting from the lustre, to have given a weight to the abilities which they certainly do not possess. It is not ill-natured to suppose, then, that if with the advantages of abstraction from the tumults of the world, and a residence amid the romantic landscapes of Ettricke, Mr. Hogg still retains too much of his original mercury, habitual intercourse and companionship with those classes of society, among whom alone, in all probability, the circumstances of his birth and condition in life could have procured him admittance, would have totally destroyed every finer propensity, and, by encouraging the natural volatility of his disposition, utterly ruined those brilliant poetical faculties of whose fair and shining fruits we profess our unequivocal admiration.

The most beautifully-imagined and airily-composed of the

tales contained in Mr. Hogg's first publication, the *Queen's Wake*, is, without doubt, the story of Kilmeny. The same recorded superstition that served for the basis of that very fanciful composition, is made the ground-work of the present poem. The detail of the story of the "*Pilgrims of the Sun*" will not occupy much time or space. It is simply as follows.

Mary Lee, of Carelha, (the only daughter of a noble lady, whether Duchess, or Baroness, we know not) the representative, of course, of all that is lovely and fascinating in woman, has been educated with greater care than fell to the usual lot of maidens of the times in which she lived, and this, conjoined with the natural seriousness of her temper, and the early habitude of perusing religious books, has awakened in her mind anxious and tormenting doubts of the truth of much of what her religious instructors had endeavoured to force upon her belief. In this disposition, she is accosted one beautiful evening by a supernatural being,

"With face, like angel's, mild and sweet,"

who invites her to accompany him to "where she longs to be." Mary Lee involuntary obeys the behest of her heavenly visitant; her soul quits its mortal mansion, and she rises in the air "a naked form, more lightsome, pure, and fair, than he," receives from him "a light seymar, not of earthly make," and away they soar through the regions of the air. Mary is conducted by her guide through the whole system of existence, whose centre and focus she discovers to be the SUN. All the wonders of the celestial spheres are displayed to her strengthened and astonished vision, she is conveyed by the angel (Cela) into the presence of the living tabernacle of God, and hears, with a transport that overpowers every feeling, the unutterable praises of her Maker chanted by the beaming assemblies of congregated seraphim. After some little farther stay in the "heaven of the Sun," Mary and her conductor make a tour of the worlds composing our system, beginning with that of Love, and ending with the region whose dark and rueful recesses are the ordained residence of mortal guilt, when summoned from the earth. Mary and Cela now descend upon the globe, when the virgin is suddenly abandoned by her celestial conductor, and left alone in the churchyard of Lindeen,

"With her fair guide, her robes of heaven are fled,
And round her fall the garments of the dead.

In the meanwhile, the mother of Mary misses her child, orders a search after her, and the body of the maiden is at length
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discovered stretched on the spot where Cela first accosted her. It is conveyed with grief and distraction to the halls of Carelha, where the afflicted mother watches over the cold remains of her darling child, with the fond hope of discovering that life yet lingers in the still lovely frame:—hope, at length, departs, and the body of Mary Lee is entombed within the precincts of Linddeen Abbey. For the remainder of his materials the poet is indebted to an old superstitious legend, common, we believe, to many countries. A monk, religious and rapacious as most of the tribe, had observed many precious ornaments reposed in the bier of the maiden supposed to be deceased, and remarked that the body was richly adorned with strings of pearl, and the fingers with diamond rings. He resolves to possess himself of these costly articles. At the dead of night he repairs to the grave, removes the inclosing earth, incloses the bier, and lays his sacrilegious hands upon that portion of his intended booty most easy to be removed. He then lifts the corpse upon his knee, and essays, but in vain, to unclasp the rings. Unshaken in his horrid purpose, he takes a knife from his baldrick, with the resolution of exciding the fingers. He gives one cut—when the soul returns from its aerial journey, enters the body, which resumes its vital functions, “the hoary thief” loses his senses through terror; and Mary, arrayed in her funereal garments, repairs at midnight to Carelha; her arrival produces considerable alarm, which changes into wonder upon the explanation given by Mary, and the recital of her heavenly voyage. Mary subsequently meets with her angelic conductor in a human form, and in the character of a harper. They are wedded; and the tale concludes with a very beautiful account of the manner in which they passed their lives, and of the persuasion long existing in the neighbourhood of Carelha, that their spirits continued for a considerable period, after their decease, to haunt the spot in which they had resided, and that the periods of their visitation were always the precursors of unexpected blessings.

The resemblance of the “*Pilgrims of the Sun*” to the story of Kilmeny we have previously urged: but we are happy to perceive; that, nevertheless, Mr. Hogg has contrived to give an air of considerable and elegant originality to the present effusion of his genius. The poem is divided into four cantos, the first and last in *ballad* metre, the second in *blank* rhythm, and the third in *rhymed* verse of ten syllables. The reason of so singular an aberration from poetic uniformity, though obvious, is not one which a rigid critic would commend. A relief is certainly produced by metrical mutation; but this advantage is, perhaps,

more than counterbalanced by the *patch-work* appearance of a poem thus constructed. Independently of this, too, a man of taste and talent should rest his claims to admiration on more solid and worthy foundations than the tricks of metre and rhyme. Mr. Hogg is, unquestionably, a poet of no common powers, and his productions have a very strong title to be classed among those works (few, indeed, in number) which we denominate *pure* poetry; a species of composition, which, as we explained at some length in the commencement of this article, by associating human feelings and interests with supernatural events and localities, feeds the appetite for wonders, while it appeals to the sentiments of nature. Not that we place Mr. Hogg precisely on a level with Ariosto—no, we do not altogether do this, any more than we should think of ranking the Ettrick Shepherd with David or Isaiah, because his subject compels his fancy into the same regions, and his harp into utterings, necessarily partaking the tone of inspiration. But he has a lithe and prolific imagination—a light, ready, and glittering diction. In the present poem he has tried all sorts of measures. In each we discover faults, yet we are pleased with him in each. Vanity, perhaps, the wish of showing that he was not confined to *one* species of metre, induced the display of his capabilities in all. The ballad-measure is, certainly, the most natural to him, as it is to the subjects he has hitherto chosen. In the ballad-measure his step is more firm and confident; and, notwithstanding he has acquitted himself with much dexterity in his blank verse and rhyme metre of ten syllables, it is discernible, that to wander from his accustomed track was an enterprize, whose success he did not rely upon with mathematical certainty. We are rather inclined to give it as our opinion, that Mr. Hogg will do well to keep to his old poetical habits. In the verdant alleys, and flowery by-paths of Parnassus, we are charmed with his roamings; but it is matter of doubt with us, whether he will be observed with equal approbation on its Flaminian and Appian Ways.

Mr. Hogg has prefixed to his poem a dedication to LORD BYRON—in a mixed strain of assumptive defiance, and admiring deference. We quote it.

“ Not for thy crabbed state-creed, wayward wight,
 Thy noble lineage, nor thy virtues high,
 (God bless the mark!) do I this homage plight;
 No!—’tis thy bold and native energy;
 Thy soul that dares each bound to overfly,
 Ranging thro’ Nature on erratic wing—
 These do I honour—and would fondly try

With thee a wild aerial strain to sing :
Then, O ! round Shepherd's head thy charmed mantle fling."

These lines certainly have their merits, but almost every verse is open to the anathemas of criticism. What does the Ettrick Shepherd mean by Lord Byron's "*crabbed state-creed?*" Does keen sagacity and political penetration, armed with the spear and buckler of misanthropic satire, really merit this rustic assault? We can ascribe it to nothing but a profound ignorance of human nature, or to a base willingness to truckle to the things in power, that our Caledonian Minstrel should thus unwarrantably, and without the slightest provocation, drive his Pegasus over the five-barred gates of political controversy. What absolute necessity, what irreversible decree of fate, compelled *him* to run a-tilt against his lordship? Is it through contemplation of the illustrious qualities of our Secretary for the F. D. and those of the amusing person who so genteelly prosed about our home-affairs in the self-representing House of Peers?—is it through doating reveries on the godlike attributes of the Lisbon envoy—or a grown-up admiration of the mellow morality of a certain Chief Justice of these realms, that Mr. Hogg so irrelevantly, and with such pointed impertinence, alludes to the "*virtues high*" of Lord Byron? Mr. Hogg, we discover, has yet to learn the impolicy of employing terms whose retorted stigma inflicts a severer wound than their original application;—the Bard of Ettrick and the "*wayward wight*" will in future be the doubles of each other. The fourth line is feebly true, but the two succeeding verses, "God bless the mark!" are not more characteristic of the noble author of *Childe Harold* than they would be of Gregory Nazianzen. All Lord Byron's poems are founded upon very substantial and rational bases, and it is in his consummate skill in exciting the stronger passions, joined to the splendour of his scenery, that the agitation of delight with which he affects his readers, has its origin. He "*overflies*" no *legitimate* boundary we are acquainted with. His lordship "*ranges through Nature*" in the same manner that every great poet has done before him, but not in the sense that Mr. Hogg would have the words understood;—i. e. he does not lawlessly wander into the regions of ecentric absurdity; therefore, when the Ettrick Shepherd says, "*these do I honour*," it is tolerably clear that he honours qualities of his own invention, and not those of his proposed prototype. "*The wild aerial strain*" Mr. H. fondly wishes to chant, accompanied by Lord Byron, would make, we doubt not, a most enchanting duett,—the *proslambanomenos* of

the Peer, and the *piano* of the Shepherd, would alternate in exquisite contrast and thrilling *crescendos* : yet, after so rude an invitation, Mr. Hogg, we think, will be under the necessity of singing his own ditties, without the invocated accompaniment of his noble tutelary. We dismiss the dedication, and hasten to lay before our readers more favourable specimens of Mr. Hogg's poetical talents.

In the description of his fascinating heroine, the poet has evinced considerable delicacy of conception. We feel her to be lovely, though this is rather to be inferred, than directly said ; and the attention is captivated more by the sweet, unsuspecting purity of her mind, than by glowing delineations of her personal charms.

“ — ne'er by Yarrow's sunny braes,
Nor Ettrick's green and wizzard shaw.
Did ever maid so lovely won
As Mary Lee of Carelha’.*

“ O! round her fair and slightly form
The light hill-breeze was blythe to blow,
For the virgin hue her bosom wore
Was whiter than the drifted snow.

“ The dogs that wont to growl and bark,
Whene'er a stranger they could see,
Would cower, and creep along the sward,
And lick the hand of Mary Lee.

“ On form so fair, or face so mild,
The rising sun did never gleam;
On such a pure untainted mind,
The dawn of truth did never beam.

“ She never had felt the stounds of love,
Nor the waefu' qualms that breed o' sin;
But, ah! she shew'd an absent look,
And a deep and thoughtfu' heart within.

“ She looked with joy on a young man's face,
The downy chin, and the burning eye,
Without desire, without a blush,
She loved them, but she knew not why.

“ She learned to read, when she was young,
The books of deep divinity;
And she thought by night, and she read by day,
Of the life that is, and the life to be.

* “Now vulgarly called Carterhaugh.”

"And the more she thought, and the more she read,
Of the ways of Heaven and Nature's plan,
She feared the half that the bedesmen said
Was neither true nor plain to man."

The second canto is one uninterrupted blaze of imagery, and description: it aspires to delineate the regions of the empyreum, and, considering that Mr. Hogg had at once to contend with, and avoid imitating, the genius of Milton and Dante, we think that the conception and execution of this portion of his poem, is equally honourable to the powerful brilliancy of his fancy, and his skill in the management of blank verse. The description of the inmost recess of heaven, the vivid and living ark of JEHOVAH, it is difficult to imagine could have proceeded from a shepherd's reed.

"At length they reached a vale of wondrous form
And dread dimensions, where the tribes of heaven
Assembly held, each in its proper sphere
And order placed. That vale extended far
Across the heavenly regions, and its form
A tall gazoon, or level pyramid.
Along its borders palaces were ranged,
All fronted with the thrones of beauteous seraphs,
Who sat with eyes turned to the inmost point.
Leaning upon their harps; and all those thrones
Were framed of burning chrystal, where appeared
In mingled gleam millions of dazzling hues!

"Still, as the valley narrowed to a close,
These thrones increased in grandeur and in glory,
On either side, until the inmost two
Rose so sublimely high, that every arch
Was ample as the compass of that bow
That, on dark cloud, bridges the vales of earth.

"The columns seemed ingrained with gold, and branched
With many lustres, whose each single lamp
Shone like the sun as from the earth beheld;
And each particular column, placed upon
A northern hill, would cap the polar wain.
There sat half shrouded in incessant light
The great archangels, nighest to the throne
Of the Almighty—for—O dreadful view!
Betwixt these two, closing the lengthened files,
Stood the pavilion of the eternal God!
Himself unseen, in tenfold splendours veiled,
The least unspeakable, so passing bright,
That even the eyes of angels turned thereon
Grow dim, and round them transient darkness swims."

The seraphic synod are *supposed* to join their harps and voices in celebration of the Supreme. With Milton's hymn in memory, Mr. Hogg has very judiciously confined himself to a description of the *effects* of the divine psalmody.

“ Now was the word
Given out, from whence they knew not, that all tongues,
Kindreds, and tribes, should join, with one accord,
In hymn of adoration and acclaim,
To him that sat upon the throne of heaven,
Who framed, saved, and redeemed them to himself !

“ Then all the countless hosts obeisance made,
And, with their faces turned unto the throne,
Stood up erect, while all their coronals
From off their heads, were reverently upborne.
Our earth-born visitant quaked every limb.
The angels touched their harps with gentle hand
As prelude to begin—then, all at once,
With full o'erwhelming swell the strain arose;
And pealing high rolled o'er the throned lists
And tuneful files, as if the sun itself
Welled forth the high and holy symphony !
All heaven beside was mute—the streams stood still
And did not murmur—the light wandering winds
Withheld their motion in the midst of heaven,
Nor stirred the leaf, but hung in breathless trance
Where first the sounds assailed them !—Even the windows
Of God's pavilion seemed to open wide
And drink the harmony !”

Circling the panorama of creation, Cela and Mary arrive at the WORLD of LOVE. We extract the description, from a respectful wish to gratify our *fair* readers. They will perceive that celibacy is abhorred even in heaven, and that angels *above*, as well as angels *below*, have connubial duties to perform,

“ The first they saw, though different far the scēnē,
Compared with that where they had lately been,
To all its dwellers yielded full delight;
Long was the day, and long and still the night;
The groves were dark and deep, the waters still;
The raving streamlets murmured from the hill:
It was the land where faithful lovers dwell,
Beyond the grave's unseemly sentinel;
Where, free of jealousy, their mortal bane,
And all the ills of sickness and of pain,
In love's delights they bask without alloy,
The night their transport, and the day their joy.

The broadened sun, in chamber and alcove,
Shines dally on their morning couch of love;
And in the evening grove, while linnets sing,
And silent bats wheel round on flittering wing,
Still in the dear embrace their souls are lingering.

“ ‘O! tell me, Cela,’ said the earthly maid,
‘Must all these beauteous dames like woman fade?
In our imperfect world, it is believed
That those who most have loved the most have grieved;
That love can every power of earth controul,
Can conquer kings, and chain the hero’s soul;
While all the woes and pains that women prove,
Have each their poignance and their source from love;
What law of nature has reversed the doom,
If these may always love, and always bloom?’

“ ‘Look round thee, maid beloved, and thou shalt see,
As journeying o’er this happy world with me,
That no decrepitude nor age is here;
No autumn comes the human blood to sere;
For these have lived in worlds of mortal breath,
And all have past the dreary bourn of death:
Can’st thou not mark their purity of frame,
Though still their forms and features are the same?’

“ Replied the maid: ‘No difference I can scan,
Save in the fair meridian port of man,
And woman fresh as roses newly sprung:
If these have died, they all have died when young.’

“ ‘Thou art as artless as thy heart is good;
This in thy world is not yet understood;
But wheresoe’er we wander to and fro,
In heaven above, or in the deep below,
What thou misconstruest I shall well explain,
Be it in angel’s walk, or mortal reign,
In sun, moon, stars, in mountain, or in main.

“ ‘Know then, that every globe which thou hast seen,
Varied with vallies, seas, and forests green,
Are all conformed, in subtilty of clime,
To beings sprung from out the womb of time;
And all the living groups, where’er they be,
In worlds which thou hast seen, or thou may’st see,
Wherever sets the eve and dawns the morn,
Are all of mankind—all of woman born.
The globes from heaven, which most at distance lie,
Are nurseries of life to these so nigh,
In those, the minds for evermore to be,
Must dawn and rise with smiling infancy.

" ' Thus 'tis ordained—these grosser regions yield
Souls, thick as blossoms of the vernal field,
Which after death, in relative degree,
Fairer, or darker, as their minds may be,
To other worlds are led, to learn and strive,
Till to perfection all at last arrive.
This once conceived, the ways of God are plain,
But thy unyielding race in errors will remain.

" ' These beauteous dames, who glow with love unstained,
Like thee were virgins, but not so remained.
Not to thy sex this sere behest is given;
They are the garden of the God of heaven;
Of beauties numberless and woes the heir;
The tree was reared immortal fruit to bear;
And she, all selfish chusing to remain,
Nor share of love the pleasures and the pain,
Was made and cherished by her God in vain;
She sinks into the dust a nameless thing,
No son the requiem o'er her grave to sing.
While she who gives to human beings birth,
Immortal here, is living still on earth;
Still in her offspring lives, to fade and bloom,
Flourish and spread thro' ages long to come.' "

B.

ART. X.—*A Practical Explanation of Cancer in the Female Breast; with the Method of Cure, and Cases of Illustration.* By JOHN RODMAN, M.D. One of the Surgeons and Medical Superintendants of the Dispensary, and House of Recovery, at Paisley. 8vo. Pp. 240. Underwood. 1815.

CANCER is a disease attended with fatal consequences to the human system—the glandular parts are most disposed to feel the malignant effects of its morbid influence, and the female mammæ are peculiarly liable to this painful and calamitous affliction which may truly be termed the opprobrium chirurgorum.

Whoever should be fortunate enough to discover the means of controuling the fatality or of resisting the progress of its malign virus, would well deserve a public and honourable distinction.

A multitude of authors have wrote largely on the subject, some of whom have pretended they have discovered a cure for the painful corroding cancer; but we are not yet informed that any remedy has been hitherto found successful, and many of

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the mystical nostrums daily published for the cure of this disease, have occasioned very mischievous consequences.

When we first looked at Dr. Rodman's treatise, we hoped to find, that he had broached a practical remedy for this horrible disease, which would have proved advantageous in the practice of surgery. And indeed we think it would have been laudable in our author when residing so near the meridian of medical intelligence, if he had borrowed a few scattered beams from that scientific seminary to enlighten his subject.

It would have proved gratifying to our feelings to commend this treatise, but we cannot discover any thing either to confirm or verify the assertion in the title page, that Dr. Rodman has illustrated a method of curing cancers. We have renewed our investigation, and found only a sterile discussion on an interesting subject truly; but, as treated in this pamphlet, we apprehend will prove of little importance to surgery, as a considerable part of it is occupied by prolix and nugatory details, without point or interest, and no proof to establish his general doctrine.

Our author seems to lay down a dogmatic opinion, that the cancerous disposition is incurred by the operative effects of cold or mental affections, and that it is not a virus pervading the system which occasions the distressing chain of its manifold and dangerous symptoms.

We here think proper to quote three cases of our author which includes in the detail his opinions and general mode of treatment; and the reader will then be able to judge if he has learnt any thing he did not know before.

“ CASE XIX.

“ When she was 60 years of age, a farmer's widow consulted me for a small circular tumor in the gland of the right breast, which arose without her knowing how, and was then of a recent date. It gave her little or no pain until she was alarmed by hearing of the misery which she was told it would yet occasion, and on that account, she allowed a surgeon to cut it out, along with the greater part of the mamma.

“ Her figure was robust; and having no experience of disease, she had long been inured to incautious habits, and efforts of strength that were rather of a masculine nature, regardless of the danger to which she thus exposed a female constitution.

“ When the symptomatic fever was over, and the wound was closed, she soon began to act as if safety had been secured because the tumor was extirpated. In the resumption of her former habits, her behaviour resembled that of many others whose errors occasion such distempers, not aware of the complaint originating

in thoughtless conduct, which may bring it on again, though removed for a time. Her frame was weakened by the operation; and fatigue, and the effects of cold, were therefore the more easily induced. Thus a new tumor grew at the same place, and I was consulted for it once more.

“ Common experience, if guided by the simplest reason, teaches that cold will act more powerfully on the tender parts of an old wound or sore, than upon another part of the body which is sound; and in this way it is the cause of many diseases. The former tumor was small, and probably arose from some neglected bruise. But this second tumor was large. The vessels of the part were more delicate, her system more debilitated, and consequently every injury from cold was greater. It was literally like a great collection of tumors adhering together, and forming one diseased mass. The contortion of the cuticular vessels was remarkable, and they were greatly distended. She was hoarse, and had a cough at the same time; but she spoke of these affections as trifling, saying she had become very subject to them, and though she lately got a severe cold, it would gradually wear off as the others had done.

“ She was now informed that unless she endeavoured to avoid these colds, they would certainly become her ruin; and also that the size of the vessels would increase each time a cough was brought upon her in the same manner; as likewise, that the number and bulk of the tumors would become greater, while the darting pains would come on violently from the same cause. All of these circumstances she readily believed, because they corresponded exactly with what she had both felt and observed; yet, although she recollected that the pains were stronger, and the vessels larger since the cough began, she did not think that cold would thus affect her breast.

“ She promised to be attentive in pursuing the directions given her, and for three months it was striking to observe what changes to the better were effected. When she was careful, the vessels were smaller, and the bulky mass was softened; when less careful, these affections were quite the contrary.

“ Twelve months after this I was desired to visit her, when she was applying powders and preparations of arsenic, which were corroding the parts, and causing unnecessary pain; and in this way all the morbid mass was hollowed by ulcerations that reached considerably into the axilla. The general state, characterizing what is said to be cancer, was truly complete. But the state of her temper was pitiable. Naturally peevish and irresolute, the incessant pain had roused the angry passions and rendered her extremely discontented. While the different things that had been applied for dressing the breast were occasioning this pain; they were deepening the sore, eating away the soft parts, adding to the excessive foster, and infecting the diseased system rapidly.

“ The acrimonious dressings were given up, the antiseptic

treatment already mentioned was instantly adopted, and, at next visit, I found her in a much happier situation. Comparatively, she was mild and affable. The pains were moderate, and the fester was gone. The surface of the wound was less irregular, and, surviving fourteen months, she died beyond the age of seventy."

" CASE XX.

"Sept. 1814.—An aged lady came to Paisley to be under my care, for the treatment of her left breast which was twice the bulk of the other. All the gland was condensed, and firmly attached to the surrounding parts, so that its body was immoveable, and its substance very solid. The projecting growths upon the whole external surface gave it a peculiarly knobbed appearance, and the indurated mass inclined toward the axilla, where two hardened glands were very bulky. It was five years since she had observed a pea-like tumor in the breast, and she knew of nothing that had occasioned it. Her health had been regularly good, and she had never experienced much uneasiness or pain from the affection. Possessing a remarkable steadiness and composure of mind, the agitation of alarm had at no time seized her; and, though the darting pains were sometimes smart, they were neither violent, at any time, nor lasting.

"The nipple was eaten away by an ulcer larger than a shilling, and the skin around it was very tender. Yet for one advanced to near the age of seventy, she still retained a good constitution. But the unavoidable frailty of that age had attacked her; and being accustomed to clothe herself thinly, and to cover her breasts still more so, the declining frame was not defended in proportion to the want of natural heat and vigour which was evidently considerable.

"Knowing that these circumstances were perfectly sufficient to keep up and increase the mammary distemper, the treatment was easy, and the ointment I used for the ulcer was simple. She was desired to drink small quantities of port wine diluted with water, to cover the breast with fur or cotton wool, and to add to the warmth of her clothing. The ulcer was dressed twice a-day, and sometimes the powder of galls, sometimes the powder of charcoal, was added to the ointment. The breast was rubbed once or twice a-day with soap-tincture; and at each dressing it was well soaked with tepid water.

"In this way the sore was covered over with skin in less than four weeks, and the diseased structure of the breast was completely changed. From a large mass of compacted induration, the unnatural bulk gradually decreased, till, by the end of that time, the arm side, and the inferior portion of the gland had acquired the original softness. Though the tumors in the armpit were not dispersed, they were lessened, and resolving to continue the same mode of treatment, she left the town with expressions of gratitude.

" Few patients enjoy the sedateness and regularity of temper which this lady manifested; and none could appear to be less disturbed with the pains so common to her complaint. When questioned upon what she felt, she generally declared that the pains were trifling; and that, although they sometimes passed through like a dart, every feeling of the kind was short, and only came on at distant periods. She was several days in town without feeling any of these pains. But being formerly accustomed to the open air, she was allowed to walk abroad, and thus her body was affected one day by the weather becoming wet. The first appearance of this affection was a tendency to the eruption of florid pimples on the diseased breast, while there was nothing of the kind to be seen on the sound one; and the darting pains commenced in the one that was so affected on the following night. However, they left her in the course of the day, and did not return till an occurrence of the same kind again took place.

" This case affords another instance in proof, that the mammary pains are moderate when the mind is habitually calm, that affections from cold are powerful in the production of darting pains, and that the diseased breast is easily disordered by cold, when the bodily sensations are scarcely altered."

" CASE XXI.

" Widow ——— had her right breast bruised by the sudden stroke of a man's elbow, in the year 1806, which introduced a tedious soreness of the gland, and occasioned a tumor toward the clavicle. As the soreness kept up a tender state, every new affection of the breast encouraged the disposition to plethora, and added to the growth of the tumor.

" She was good natured, the frame of her mind was calm, and she felt none of the painful sensations that arise from alarm. But she had a sister of an opposite temper, who sought after opinions, and urged her, early in 1813, to obtain consultations in Glasgow. The result of these was, that, although amputation had been too long delayed, it was the only alternative for life, and ought to be performed immediately.

" They applied to me in the following July, when her age was 44. All the breast was swollen, and the glandular substance was unnaturally firm—the induration was flat and angular, measuring two by two inches—it was more than an inch in thickness, with the cuticle attached to its surface, and considerably puckered—no axillary affection.

" Since the treatment may be seen as detailed at length in the preceding cases, it is the less necessary to mention every particular in this. The acute sense of what produced cold feelings in the breast had been neglected; and, from the deficiency of coverings required to defend it, a burning heat was frequently occasioned. The means for preserving a regular degree of warmth, and protecting from any sudden impressions of cold were adopted; the

breast was poulticed occasionally with flowers of camomile, and rubbed with various mixtures prepared with camphor, oils, and soap. She took medicines to increase the digestive functions, and to remove the constipation of her bowels. In the space of ten months this breast was soft and easy, and the induration was reduced to less than one-half of its former size.

"Three months after this, however, when the induration had become quite thin, the indurated surface became excessively inflamed; and, notwithstanding the use of various applications, the veins got more and more distended, till the surface broke out into an ichorous sore.

"Ointments and powders were applied without effect; for the sore was extending, the edges were thickening, and the watery discharge was beginning to excoriate the parts around it. But, from the commencement of these affections, she had been frequently employed at an exercise, in which her arms were moved with a swinging motion, and thus the diseased surface was subjected to such a degree of friction as to occasion them. For, on giving up this exercise, applying the powder of cinchona again to the sore, dressing it as before with saturnine ointments of different strengths, and surrounding the breast with a greater quantity of cotton wool, the cure of the part was soon effected, and the inflammatory appearances were done away."

It appears of little consequence to contend, whether this miserable disease is derived only from a susceptibility in the constitution of the patient, combined with a peculiar morbid vascular action of the part affected, or whether they are separate causes. All we enquire to know is, whether, if a blow on the sound breast of a healthy woman does not often produce the condition of a schirrous or indurated gland, which afterwards degenerates into an incurable malignant and fatal ulcer; although it has been treated judiciously by eminent surgeons, and on a patient not liable to hysteric or mental affections, this question, no doubt, must be answered in the affirmative. If so, it should appear, that a contusion on the glandular structure is not only capable of altering the natural secretions of the gland, but, proceeding in its progress of induration, the suppurative inflammation follows, and produces an ulcer, *sui generis*, extremely destructive to contiguous parts; from whose surface there issues an ichorous, malignant, and fœtid discharge, accompanied with an intolerable and peculiar odour. This discharge rather irritates the mouths of absorbent vessels, or they convey the matter to contiguous glands, through which it is received into the circulation of the blood; after which it commits irreparable havock on various parts of the system. This is the carcinomatous action, which so frequently on the part affected

exhibits a sudden and deplorable loss of substance; and such an ulcer may, properly, be denominated a cancer; and this is the disease which, we presume, has *never been cured*, without extirpation of the part affected.

We shall just observe, that in doubtful schirri, where the cancerous disposition is liable to prevail, the antiphlogistic treatment, with topical applications of liquor plumbi acetatis; moderately warmed, as Goulard advises, opening medicines, serenity of mind, with gentle exercise, have been the general treatment for indurated glands more than a century past, and no doubt has retarded many glandular indurations, by which the life of the patient has been preserved many years.

We do not think camphorated oil can have any beneficial effects; and, instead of camomiles, or other antiseptic applications, we beg leave to submit to Dr. Rodman's future attention, the carrot poultice with the charcoal, which he will find to subdue the foetor, and cleanse the ulcer far better than the method which is recommended in his pamphlet.

The queries proposed on the subject, in the Preface, with the answers to which they refer, we think, seem frivolous.

It appears that this treatise is a compilation selected from papers, preserved as a journal, composed from many years practice, investigating the nature and cure of cancer, and published, we imagine, in obedience to the request of the London Society. But, however respectable the source from which the publication has sprung, the CRITICAL REVIEW protests its independence; and, consonant to its professions, feels it an incumbent public duty to treat impartially all the articles which occupy their attention.

To conclude our observations, we humbly propose, that upon the subject of schirrus and cancer, there ought to be one point of primary regard, and which is not exceeded by any other which falls under a surgeon's consideration;—and that is, How long ought an indurated breast to be treated by palliative remedies, and the critical period when the extirpation should be determined on? By delay of the operation, the safety of the patient becomes equivocal; and it is almost of equal consequence to save the patient from this painful discipline, without the absolute requisition for it.

If Dr. Rodman had determined this perplexity of the surgeon, by marking the precise character of the symptoms which should decide his judgment, it would have proved a test of superior talents. Such an improvement of the practice would have been highly commendable; and he might then claim the public approbation, but most especially, the esteem and lively gratitude of the fair sex.

T.

ART. XI.—*Sinfonia*; performed at the Philharmonic Concert. Composed and arranged as a Duett, for the Piano-Forte, by WILLIAM CROTCH, Mus. Doc. Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. Pp. 41. Birchall and Co. 1815.

NOTWITHSTANDING there are so many valuable treatises on the theory of music, from which the modern musician may derive abundant instruction, and so many illustrious models in the practical department of the science, on which he may form his judgment and direct his taste; the barrenness of genius, and of anything approximating to it, and ignorance of even elementary principles, so generally characterize the compositions of the present day, that we seldom take one into our hands which we do not anticipate it will be our duty to visit with the stern anathemas of criticism.

We confess, however, when we first glanced at the title-page of the publication before us, we were not under the influence of such an ill-boding presentiment. Seeing the respectable name of Dr. Crotch subjoined, we imagined considerable delight and entertainment would attend our perusal of the ensuing pages, and that it would be our pleasing duty to speak of them in terms of unmixed and merited encomium. This favourable augury, we feel compelled, after diligent examination, to say, is but partially, very partially realized. Not that we mean to insinuate that the composition sinks to the level of the trite and inartificial effusions, already described; nor that the melody is utterly destitute of originality, and the construction devoid of ingenuity;—but that there is too little of the striking, too little of the fascinating and brilliant, to awaken the most ordinary of those emotions, which constantly accompany the performance of splendid instrumental productions.

Dr. Crotch (if we may judge from his present effort) has studied, very laudably, chiefly in the German school—a school which can justly boast of possessing the most perfect patterns in every branch of musical excellence. He has imbibed a knowledge, certainly extensive, of the theory of his art, and acquired much facility in the management and combination of the various instruments of an orchestra. But, whether insensible to the numberless beauties of style, melody, and arrangement, so conspicuously distinguishing the best music of Germany, or incapable of emulating them, he displays neither the sparkling genius which overpowers us in Hadyn, the rich fancy which enchants us in Mozart, nor even the flashes of imagination occasionally bursting through the misty eccentricities of Beethoven.

The *Sinfonia*, in conformity to the usual plan, comprises five

movements. The first is in common time of four crotchets in a bar, *andante larghetto*; the second in triple time, *vivace*; the third in common time with two crotchets in a bar, *andante*; the fourth in triple time, *molto allegro*; and the fifth in the time of the third, *vivace*. We proceed to analyze them.

The introductory movement does not appear to us to be very felicitously conceived. The four primary bars possess not a single trait of novelty. The oldest person in existence may recollect them to have been familiar to the ears of his childhood. And the passages which follow, "dragging their slow length" through nineteen bars, are mere repetitions or modifications of them, in which we discover much forced modulation unblended with any thing that can attract or charm.

The commencement of the second movement we do not remember to have seen in any other composition. It is therefore entitled to the epithet, *original*. But the originality is by no means captivating,—quite inadequate to the excitation of any pleasurable emotion,—at least in our mind. There are some two or three passages, however, interspersed through this movement, which may fairly lay claim to superior praise.

In his eagerness to astonish with abstruse modulation and unexpected transition, Dr. C. lapses into what we call an absurd vice,—the use of the *Enharmonic genus*. We have no hesitation in asserting, that this genus is wholly inapplicable to any legitimate purpose. What does it effect? What are the advantages to be derived from its employment? The effect is, an unlooked-for and, we will say, an *unmusical* transition from one discord to another, between which there is no mutual affinity;—an effect as shocking to any correct ear, as it is repugnant to the best principles of musical science. For, in the first place, whether the *diesis* or quarter tone be appreciable or inappreciable by the ear, it is an interval so nice and minute, that if made the cause of a total and abrupt change in the natural order of the harmony, the delicate faculties of that organ *must* sustain violence; and in the second place, Enharmonic modulation is necessarily uncouth and incoherent, and altogether indefensible upon any rules with which we are acquainted. We cannot, therefore, but enter our protest against such discordant evolutions as have met our observation in pages 10 and 11.

Much praise cannot be awarded to the *subject* of the third movement. It has little that is engaging. Its placidity approaches tameness, and its uniformity, dulness. Nevertheless, the adventitious matter in the major key, is gracefully conceived, and well arranged, and tends much to relieve the *ennui* which oppresses the auditor during the performance of the

first strains. The dexterity exhibited in the variations to the theme, and the general management of the parts, also demand commendation.

We have but few words to offer on the concluding movements. The first is vulgar, with the exception of the trio, and the last is spirited, but destitute of novelty.

We have thus freely and ingenuously expressed our sentiments with regard to this Sinfonia. If our praise fall short of our censure, the fault is not ours. And we can confidently assure our readers, that, in detecting the defects we have ventured to expose, we have made no very laborious search, nor exerted any extraordinary vigilance. U.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

NATIONAL PHILANTHROPY.

ART. 12.—*Memorial on the Behalf of the Native Irish; with a View to their Improvement in Moral and Religious Knowledge, through the Medium of their own Language.* 8vo. Pp. 80. Gale and Co. 1815.

THIS benevolent memorial is written by the Rev. Christopher Anderson, of Edinburgh. Its meritorious object is to draw forth the public sympathy* on behalf of this interesting class of people. It includes a statement of what has been done towards their instruction, through the medium of their native language, chiefly by means of the press, from the earliest to the present times—An account of the translation of the Scriptures into Irish, their printing and circulation—The latest calculations with regard to the prevalence of the language and the extent of the population to whom it is vernacular—Answers to the most plausible objections against its being taught systematically, in schools, like the other dialects in the United Kingdom—A plan is proposed, and to proceed in its support, various encouragements, founded on facts, are brought forward.

Besides the Native Irish, other dialects of the Celtic or Iberian

* Subscriptions and donations in aid of the Native Irish Circulating Schools, are received in London by the treasurer, Wm. Burls, Esq. No. 86, Lothbury; the Secretary, the Rev. Joseph Ivimey, No. 20, Harpur-street, Red Lion Square; and Thomas Clark, Esq. Bury-place, Bloomsbury. In Edinburgh, by the writer of the above Memorial, No. 5, Merchant-street: and, in Dublin, by Wm. Allen, Esq. Dame-street; and John Purser, jun. Esq. James's Gate.

language are incidentally mentioned, whether spoken in Britain, as the Welsh, the Gaelic, and the Manks, or on the Continent, as the Bas Bretagne, the Basque, and the Waldensian.

The population of Ireland is estimated, by Mr. Anderson, at six millions. Of this number, nearly two millions speak their native language, and are warmly attached thereto. It is melancholy to state, that our Irish brethren have been either forgotten, or neglected, among the splendid monuments of national charity that adorn our annals. We will hope the latter; and trust that the plan herein recommended for adoption, will cheerfully be extended to their relief.

Imploring the public favour in behalf of this interesting class of his fellow subjects, Mr. Anderson describes the native Irish to be a people, who will assuredly repay, with the warmest gratitude, the cultivation of their understanding, through the medium of a language, to which they cleave with an ardour approaching to enthusiasm. And, if this be the only language by which the native Irish can ever effectually be roused to a scale of moral improvement, it would be uncharacteristic in the wealthy classes of the United Kingdom, to forbear taking advantage of their natural attachment, and turning it to a moral and virtuous account.

We warmly submit this pamphlet to the consideration of our countrymen on both sides of the Irish channel. They will find the subject argumentatively treated upon a mature consideration proportioned to its importance, and not without doubts, lest prevalent and plausible opinions may interfere with the POLICY of the cause advocated.

May it surmount difficulty, and flourish!

THEOLOGY.

ART. 13.—*A brief Summary of Christian Principles; contained in a Sermon preached at Salem Chapel, Lynn, January 1st, 1815; being the Third Anniversary of the Opening of that Place of Worship: and published at the Request of the Congregation.* By THOMAS FINCH. 8vo. 1815.

THERE really are so many critical divisions and subdivisions in religious controversy, that ordinary casuists are without a chance of determining between this, that, and the other sect. This discourse defends the cause of the Unitarians, in terms of moderation and candour. Mr. Finch opposes *good works to good faith*; and argues, with much ingenuity, against the dangerous and unsophisticated tenets of the predestinarian. He extols the exquisite beauties of Christianity; and invites liberal discussion to correct any error in his opinions. We refer to the language of Pope—

“For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight:
He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.”

ART. 14.—*A Sermon, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, on Wednesday, Sept. 14th, 1814, the Anniversary of the Plymouth Public Dispensary.*

AN excellent orthodox discourse, eloquent in composition, powerful in argument, learned in scriptural allusions. It breathes the pure principles of religion; and invites charity, under the most agreeable auspices, to aid the cause it advocates.

POETRY.

ART. 15.—*An ODE.* 12mo. Pp. 18. Martin. 1815.

"Sed vides quanto trepidat tumultu
Pronus——" HORACE.

THIS short irregular ode possesses much poetic merit, exhibiting a moral as well as political picture to the reflection of the Lord's Anointed. It represents a vision, similar to the dream of Richard the Third on the night preceding the battle of Bosworth Field. From the awful groupe that "*come like shadows, so depart*,"* we extract the visit made, to the encouched monarch, by Terror—

"Terror advanc'd!

His cautious foot noiselessly touch'd the ground,
His large wild eye-balls glanc'd,
With hurried strength aside—above—around—
As if a danger in the air were found.
Pale, ghastly pale, were lips and sunken cheek,
His tottering limbs were weak;—
In quiet helplessness his arms hung down,
Bent was his body low;
And the aspen leaves that form'd his crown,
Trembled upon his brow.

"The restless monarch turn'd his full dark eye,
Terror was standing by!—

The restless monarch clos'd it, for the sprite
Blasted its light!—

He plac'd his hand upon his heart of care;
Terror had chill'd him there!

Shuddering and weeping, now Remorse drew near,

He paus'd, and gaz'd upon the monarch's bed;
The lamp's ray gleam'd upon the big bright tear,
That dropp'd upon his hand with blood dark-red,
He leant above the royal brow,
And told his tale of crimes and woe,

* Macbeth.

Which to the breast went heavily,
 And stung the monarch's memory;
 He told his crimes with sob, and sigh, and start,
 As inward torture wrung them from his heart.
 And oft the tremors went and came,
 In coldness o'er his wither'd frame,
 As he mutter'd wildly o'er the past,
 With quivering lip and look aghast,
 He said that silence breath'd of his despair,
 And that his guilt was whisper'd by the wind;—
 He heard the death-shriek in the midnight air,
 And sullenly look'd back on murder'd forms behind!"

The poem will be read throughout with interest.

EDUCATION.

ART. 16.—*Selections for Reading and Recitation; designed for the Use of Schools.* By JAMES HEWS BRAUSBY. 18mo. Pp. 424. Craddock and Co. 1814.

THIS style of publication is very frequent, and forms a pleasing association of the *utile et dulci*. It is difficult to determine a preference, when candidates are nearly equal in their claims; but we do not hesitate to pronounce this to be a tasteful and moral compilation, that will ornament any juvenile library.

ART. 17.—*The principal Events in the Life of Moses, and in the Journey of the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan.* By HENRY LEVY. 24mo. Pp. 112. Darton and Co. 1815.

THIS little tale, prettily interspersed with wood plates, is full of that species of marvellous, which always interests the youthful mind. The moral is most excellent. It awakens curiosity to become acquainted with sacred history, and impresses the heart with a conviction, that all good works result from a religious faith in the mercy of the Omnipotent—

"Who can plant pity in a heathen breast,
 And, from the depth of evil, bring forth good."

ART. 18.—*Exercises in French Grammar; more especially designed for the Use of the Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich.* By LEWIS CATTY, First French Master in the above Academy, and Author of the *Elements of French Grammar*. 18mo. Pp. 312. G. and S. Robinson. 1814.

THIS is a superior grammar. The pupil, in his progress, will encounter a variety of excellent maxims, that he cannot too highly prize; as well as historical traits, that will give emulation to his mind, and foster virtue in his heart. We recommend this work.

ART. 19.—*Elements of a French Grammar; more especially designed for the Use of the Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Academy at Woolwich.* By LEWIS CATTY, First French Teacher in the above Academy. 24mo. Pp. 200. G. and S. Robinson. 1814.

THIS elementary work, by the author of the preceding Exercises on French Grammar, is adapted to a junior class; and is compiled with equal care, accuracy, and judgment.

ART. 20.—*A Grammar of the English Language. To which is added a Series of Classical Examples of the Structure of Sentences, and three important Systems of the Tense of Verbs.* By the Rev. J. SUTCLIFFE, Author of Notes and Reflections on the Old and New Testament, Translator of the Seventh and Eighth Volumes of Saurin's Sermons, &c. &c. 18mo. Pp. 238. Cadell and Co. 1815.

We cannot enter into an exact analysis of a grammar; but we take pleasure to admit, that this is by no means an ordinary work. The author has been many years employed in collating the grammars of Lowth, Priestley, Blair, Lindley Murray, &c. and these are his reflections. That, notwithstanding the arduous labours of his predecessors, grammar, the companion of all sciences, how much-soever it may have been defined, still grasps at infinity, and aspires at perfection. It sees with the eyes of predecessors, and rises on their efforts. It follows in the train of national improvement, from simplicity of habit to the splendour of empire, which must ever be connected with a correspondent progress of literature. But the great error is, that at all our classical schools a mistaken notion prevails, that an intimate acquaintance with the rudiments of Latin Grammar, supersedes the necessity of studying English Grammar. Mr. Sutcliffe urges a correct and polished idiom to appertain to languages distinctly; and that they are inseparable from the beauties of literary composition.

"Study your own language," says Barron, "in its grammatical structures, with an attention similar to that you bestow in acquiring a foreign language." To this most desirable attainment, Mr. Sutcliffe's grammar offers concise and perspicuous rules, on the structure of sentences, illustrated by classical examples. His verbs are less contracted in their conjugation, than we have sometimes seen them; but, in our opinion, the very soul of composition exists in the delicate distinctions and critical appropriation of the moods and tenses. This grammar may be studied with peculiar advantage. We, therefore, recommend it.

NOVELS.

- ART. 21.—*The Wife and Lover; a Novel.* By Miss HOLCROFT. 3 vols. 12mo. Pp. 204, 293, 294. Colbourn. 1815.

GENERALLY speaking, our best novelists are females. Miss Holcroft, in this essay, does not class with the higher order, but certainly soars above mediocrity. Her narrative is without plot; but not without interest. The language is chaste, and so is the moral. The character of Mrs. Tabitha Wormwood, a proud, supercilious sprig of fashion, envious, censorious, and malignant, is well drawn and true to nature.

- ART. 22.—*Tales for Cottages, accommodated to the present Condition of the Irish Peasantry.* Pp. 227. Gale & Co. 1814.

No class of christian people in Europe—perhaps in the whole universe—are kept in such complete ignorance, and are so priest-ridden, as that part of our fellow subjects who form 'the bold tenantry' of Ireland. They still exist in the dark age of superstition; and were their representatives and landlords to circulate such tracts as this among their cottagers, it would tend to their comfort and render a service to the country.

- ART. 23.—*Ellen the Teacher; a Tale for Youth.* By Mrs. HOFLAND. 2 vols. 12mo. Harris. 1815.

THIS tale may with safety be put into the hands of the rising generation; indeed Mrs. Hofland's former works have given a sanction to her name with every parent. This 'teacher' points out the path of virtue; and adduces, particularly in the character of Ellen, instances of the reward of truth, and the happiness which awaits those who follow the precepts of religion.

- ART. 24.—*Rosanne; or a Father's Labour Lost.* By LÆTITIA MATTILDA HAWKINS. 3 vols. large 8vo. Rivingtons. 1815.

THIS tale will be found equally natural and affecting. We can safely recommend it to the attention of youth of either sex—for it is replete with morality, and pleasingly arrests the feelings.

- ART. 25.—*The Recluse of Norway; By Miss ANNA MARIA PORTER.* 4 vols. Longman & Co. 1815.

OF this work, we can only observe that it is equal to our fair author's former productions—no relaxation in invention—no

falling off in style, so frequently observed in many candidates for literary fame. In fine, the name of Miss Anna Maria Porter, as well as that of her sister, has long stood the test of fastidious criticism. In these volumes, we felt much satisfaction, yet we could have wished, that her selection of names to many well-drawn characters, had sounded more harmonious to an English reader.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 26.—*Itinerary of Bonaparte ; from the period of his Residence at Fontainebleau to his Establishment on the Island of Elba. To which is prefixed an Account of the Regency at Blois.* Svo. Pp. 420. Colburn. 1815.

THE interest of this narrative is gone bye. There are, notwithstanding, a variety of anecdotes contained therein, which equally amuse and astonish.

With what horror do we contemplate the French Nation ! On the humiliation of their ci-devant Emperor, the people scarcely permitted him to pass with safety to his Exile. He was insulted to the peril of his life ; and, eventually, escaped the fury of public indignation in the disguise of an Austrian officer. At the resurrection, however, of this HEATHEN DEITY, those who danced round his effigy, while it dangled from a gibbet, with shrieks of frantic exultation, now prostrate at his feet, to adore his greatness !!!

We do not propose to dwell on this subject, but we will gather an anecdote or two, *en passant*.

While Bonaparte delayed, by a variety of frivolous pretexts, his departure from Fontainebleau for Elba, after the signing of the treaty, the following scene is represented to have taken place :

“ ‘The army,’ said Bonaparte one day, ‘has dishonoured itself : I no longer wish to have any concern with it,—it is unworthy that I should command it.’ ‘Sire,’ answered General Dulauloy, who was one of the officers present, speaking in a tone of dignified resolution, ‘this army has fought for you to the last sigh, and when it has lost every thing else, do not deprive it also of its honour.’—‘I speak not,’ said Napoleon, ‘of the artillery of the guard.’—‘Nor is it of that alone,’ replied the courageous general, ‘tis of the whole army, tis of every individual corps that I speak. The number of generals present, ask with me, whether officers and soldiers have not all, and every where, rivalled each other in devotion to each?—have not all fallen in your cause with equal obedience?’ Bonaparte was silent ; he could no longer support his unjust accusation, and he was not disposed to modify it.”

Again—

"Proclamation of His Excellency Marshal Augereau to his Army.

" ' **SOLDIERS,**

"The senate, interpreters of the national will, weary of the tyrannical yoke of Napoleon Bonaparte, pronounced, on the 9d of April, his deposition, and that of his family. A new, strong, and liberal monarchical constitution, and a descendant of our ancient kings, replace Bonaparte and his despotism. Your ranks, your honours, your distinctions are secured to you. The Legislative Body, the great Dignitaries, the Marshals, the Generals, and all the corps of the Grand Army, have given in their adherence to the decrees of the Senate; and Bonaparte himself, by an act, dated at Fontainebleau, the 11th of April, has abdicated the thrones of France and Italy for himself and his heirs.

"Soldiers, you are released from your oaths: you are released by the nation, in whom resides the sovereignty; you are still more, if that could be necessary, by the abdication of a man, who, after having immolated millions of victims to his cruel ambition, did not know how to die like a soldier. The nation calls Louis XVIII. to the throne: born a Frenchman, he will be proud of your glory; he will with pride see himself surrounded by your chiefs: a descendant of Henry IV, he will have his heart, he will love the soldiers and the people.

"Let us then swear fidelity to Louis XVIII, and the Constitution which he presents to us; let us hoist the colour truly French, which will make every emblem of a revolution, now terminated, disappear; and you will soon find, in the gratitude and admiration of your King and your Country, the just recompense of your noble toils.

(Signed) "AUGEREAU."

"Head-quarters at Valence, 16th April, 1814."

Upon this occasion, the subjoined conversation is reported:

"You have betrayed me," said the ex-emperor, as he accosted him; "I have your proclamation in my pocket." "Sire," said the Marshal, "it is you who have betrayed France and the Army, in sacrificing both to a mad ambition."—"You are going to serve new masters."—"I am not responsible to you for my conduct."—"You have no soul."—"Go thy ways, it is thou that hast none," answered the Marshal indignantly, and with a tone that terminated the conversation and the interview, without allowing Bonaparte the possibility of a reply."

What will posterity say of the subtleties of the Marshals of France? These infernal camelions now contend for the privilege of deifying the crimes of the reinstated Bonaparte. They follow the maxim of the Persian poet:—"To combat the opinion of the king, is to dip your hands in your own blood: should the prince, at mid-day, say it is night, lose no time in declaring, that the moon is bright, and that the Pleiads are visible."

Crit. Rev. Vol. I. April, 1815.

3 K

LIST OF BOOKS.

NOTE.—bd. signifies *bound*—h. bd. *half-bound*—sd. *sewed*. The rest are, with few exceptions, in *boards*—ed. signifies *edition*—n. ed. *new edition*.

- Anecdotes Parisiennes, 18mo. bd.
 • Beauchamp's (M. de) Authentic Narrative of the Invasion of France, 2 vols. 8vo.
 • Berwick's (Rev. Edward) Lives of Pollio Varro and Gallus, with Notes, cr. 8vo.
 • Cambridge (the) University Calendar, for the Year 1815.
 • Campbell's (John) Travels in South Africa, second ed. 8vo.
 • Christopher and Jeannett's Catalogue, 1815.
 • Clan Albin, a National Tale, 4 vols. 12mo.
 • Clark's (Wm. Esq.) Thoughts on the Management and Relief of the Poor, 8vo. sd.
 • Conscience, a Tragedy, in Five Acts, by Joseph Aston, sd.
 • Considerations upon the Corn Bill, 8vo. sd.
 • Cooper's (Rev. Edward) Practical and Familiar Sermons, n. ed. 3 vols. 12mo.
 • Copeland's (Thomas) Observations on the Diseased Spine, 8vo.
 • Crosby's Builder's New Price Book, corrected to Feb. 1815, 8vo. sd.
 • Davidson's (David) Arrangement of English Grammar, with critical Remarks, and a Collection of Synonymes, 12mo. sd.
 • Devout (the) Communicant, according to the Church of England, containing an Account of the Institution, Prayers, and Meditations, before and after the Administration, and a Companion at the Lord's Table, royal 18mo.
 • Elliott's (George) Life of the Duke of Wellington, 8vo.
 • Geological (a) Essay on the imperfect Evidence in Support of a Theory of the Earth, deducible either from its general Structure, or from the Changes produced on its Surface by the Operation of existing Causes, by J. Kidd, M.D. 8vo.
 • Grimm's (Baron de) Memoirs and Anecdotes, between the Years 1753 & 1790; translated from the French second ed. 4 vols. 8vo.
 • Guide (a) to the Duty and Authority of Overseers of the Poor, with full and plain Directions to them in the Execution of their Office, &c. by Wm. Toone, 8vo.
 • Guy Mannering, or the Astrologer, by the Author of Waverley, second ed. 3 vols. 18mo.
 • Hill's (Samuel) New Law List, corrected to March, 1815.
 • History of the Secret Societies of the Army, and of the Military Conspiracy, which had for their Object the Destruction of the Government of Bonaparte, 8vo.
 • Ditto, in French, 8vo.
 • Hodgson's (Joseph) Treatise on the Diseases of Arteries and Veins, &c. 8vo.
 • Holland's (Henry, M.D. F.R.S.) Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, &c. during the Years 1812 and 1813, 4to.
 • Hooper's (J. A.M.) Sermon on the Death of the Rev. N. Hill, sd.

Introductory (the) Lecture for the Year 1815, exhibiting some of Mr. Hunter's Opinions respecting Diseases; delivered before the Royal College of Surgeons in London, by J. Abernethy, F.R.S. 8vo.
Journal (the) of a Mission to the Interior of Africa, in the Year 1805, by Mungo Park, &c. &c. 4to.

Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain, during the Years 1810 and 1811, by a French Traveller, 2 vols. 8vo.

Laing's Catalogue, 1815.

Lay of the Poor Fidler: a Parody on the Lay of the Last Minstrel, &c. by an Admirer of W. Scott, fc. 8vo.

Leach's (T. Esq.) Cases in Crown Law, 2 vols. royal 8vo.

Letters to a Friend on the Evidences, Doctrines, and Duties of the Christian Religion. By O. Gregory, LL.D 3d ed. 2 vols. 8vo.
Life Smooth and Rough as it Runs, 12mo.

Love and Suicide, or Letters of Ortiz to Lorenzo, 2d ed. to. 12mo.

Maria, or the Hollanders, by Louis Bonaparte, 3 vols. 12mo.

Ditto, in French, 3 tom. 12mo.

Moscow, or Triumphant Self-Devotion, a Poem, by the Rev. J. Holme, post 8vo.

New (a) Covering to the Velvet Cushion, with a Preface, second edition, royal 12mo.

Observant (the) Pedestrian Mounted, or a Donkey Tour to Brighton, a comic sentimental Novel, 3 vols. 12mo.

Observations on Animal Economy, 8vo.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall always be happy to hear from our elegant correspondent at CLIFTON; but we cannot enter into his arrangements.

MR. TRAPEZIUM abounds in acute angles. Our mathematical proficiency is too limited to square his problem.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM is pleased to aim at being facetious. We do hold the mirror up to Nature.

TICKLETOBY would make a most sarcastic Reviewer. We think he is a disappointed author; who, like the sick frog in the fable, wishes to turn physician. He would do well to apply the birch at home.—It is a sovereign remedy for his own disease.

CANDOUR shall be attended to with punctuality.

* * Cottle's *MESSIAH* is unavoidably postponed to our next. Campbell's *TRAVELS IN AFRICA*, undertaken at the request of the *MISSIONARY SOCIETY*, will also appear next month.

ERRATA.

Page 371 l. 31 after the word *art*, read *raised*.

— 372 4 for *that*, read *those*.

— 372 29 after the word *late*, read *beneficial*.

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.
Series the Fifth.

VOL. I.]

MAY, 1815.

[No. V.]

ART. I.—*The Cross-Bath Guide; being the Correspondence of a respectable Family upon the Subject of a late unexpected Dispensation of Honours. Collected by Sir JOSEPH CMEAKILL, K.F. K.S. &c. &c. &c. Fc. 8vo. Pp. 91. Underwood. 1815.*

MUCH has been *said*, and more has been *thought*, on this event, than we are at all disposed to canvass. Certainly, the DIGNITY of the Order of the Bath is not complimented by this extension, which appears to have been so sudden in its origin, and so immature as to its dispensation, that, where one officer has been gratified, a score has been disappointed. It would, we think, have been more advisable, had the new orders, respectively, glanced at futurity. An unpatronized hero might then exultingly have said in his old age, as he read the *Gazette Extraordinary*, "Had these distinctions existed when I served, I, too, should have worn my ribbon." There is a saving clause in the reflection, that would have soothed conscious desert, while it gratified self-love. It is not the order, therefore, that provokes ridicule to wield its goose quill; but it is the sort of harlequin's jacket into which the *wise-acres* have made it up, that licences scribblers to fancy they can play the fool around it with the imposing talent of a Grimaldi.

But ridicule is rough in its original nature, and can never be pleasingly current, until mellowed by humour, or polished by wit. Cicero tells us, that Plautus possessed a happy talent at ridicule, enriched by a peculiar delicacy of wit. The delicacy of wit, however, varies with the improved cultivation of society at large: hence, Horace, who flourished in the more refined court of Augustus, passed other judgment on the writings of Plautus. Yet, Rabelais and Butler have had their days of triumph; and, notwithstanding their manner is broad, and the political events on which their satire chiefly grounded, are either forgotten, or deprived of interest; their writings still preserve their keen and biting points.

CRIT. REV. VOL. I. May, 1815,

3 L

Pope was a satirist—Dean Swift a humourist: but the legitimate patentee of ridicule, in our day, has been Dr. Wolcott. The burlesques of *The Critic*, *Tom Thumb*, *All the Tailors*, &c. and even the Travesty of our immortal Shakspeare's Hamlet, give importance to ridicule. The Original Bath Guide was also a work of merit; but, really, this Cross-Bath Guide is the mere offspring of spleen, and a rickety bantling it is. The author has misconceived his talents, for he is not without mind, as his last letter evidently shews. We extract it, commending always when we can.

" LETTER FROM SIR THOMAS TO LADY HITCHINS.

" *Portsmouth, February, 1815.*

" FAREWELL, my Kate, but not for ever;
Fate must awhile our persons sever:
But, near the poles, beneath the line,
My heart still, every where, is thine,
Thine, and our children's; faith! 'tis strange,
I feel much more this wretched change,
Than when I used away to go,
In spirit strong, to face the foe.
Then, conscious of a sacred duty,
I check'd the sway of love and beauty—
One pressure, with averted eyes—
I rush'd to war, and sought the prize.
But now, a very coward grown,
From thee, and them, and all, I've flown.
The cruel cause I need not say,
'Tis shown in each returning day.
Oh! Kate, could I behold thee want,
And still my home; a sluggard, haunt?
Could I, sweet Kate, behold thy grief,
And lift no hand to force relief?
Could I behold thee, justly proud,
Push'd through the lowest of the crowd?
What are my wounds, and what each scar?
What their reward—that fatal Star?
But sources of protracted pain,
And more than mockery for my gain;
Unless the fates the means should spare
To solace these, and that to bear.
I wish'd for no luxurious meed,
But not for honours cramp'd by need.
Base is the hire, unblest the pelf,
Which man commands not through himself.
A father's weakness—not disgrace,
Ruin, which madness could not face,

Cloud all my views, obscure my fame,
 Doom me to want, but not to shame.
 Could I, accusom'd to command,
 In great men's halls obsequious stand?
 With heart and tongue for ever free,
 On folly fawn, and bend the knee?
 No; Kate, you know my haughty spirit;
 Such may our sons, though poor, inherit!
 And you yourself will let me fly,
 Rather than haunt corruption's sty.
 Then, cheer up, mate; I go to sea,
 For independence, children, thee.
 War's horrors cease to wound thy mind,
 Our foe is but the fickle wind.
 Risks just as great, and many more,
 Attend the paths of life on shore:
 Across th' Atlantic, with the day,
 I take—ah! not my willing way;
 A merchant vessel bears my flag!
 'Tis not for those, who toll, to brag—
 If some few qualms of pride arise,
 I try th' intruders to despise;
 I think of thee, of those most dear,
 And nothing, but your sufferings, fear—
 To cheer me, in my painful task,
 From Kate one boon—not much—I ask,
 At such a time I cannot leave
 One cause, to make thee further grieve;
 No slight reproof, but slightly press'd;
 I make it only a request—
 Shun the vain ways of worldly pleasure,
 By prudence ev'ry action measure;
 Forget those scenes, just view'd, not known,
 Think all a dream, at morning flown;
 From home, though humble, cease to range,
 'Tis wise, with change of means, to change;
 Contempt assails not those who mourn,
 Unless to want by folly borne;
 Though sudden ills our peace invade,
 None say that we ourselves betray'd;
 And none shall say but dearest Kate
 Still rose superior to her fate.
 That fate to affluence to restore,
 I tempt a distant sea once more,
 And sultry climes and western skies,
 And fickle winds, and all, despise.
 Should Fortune on my labours smile,
 I'll bless her, in my native isle.

Then that reward, whose pageant glare
 I've bled to win, and toil to wear,
 (Which mars, not quickens, youth's career,
 Placing the goal of fame too near).
 My age mature may aptly grace,
 And mark me in my rightful place;
 Still eager at my country's call,
 In war, to conquer or to fall,
 And stand from weighty debt relieved,
 Of honour, in advance received.
 Should fortune force me long to roam,
 Far from the blessings of my home;
 And should I—no, I shall not—die,
 Ere thou can'st catch my latest sigh—
 Nay, this is weakness—Love will urge
 My genius to its utmost verge; —
 Success attends on lofty deeds,
 And he who wills so, best succeeds.
 Some early morn, thy opening eyes
 Shall catch my form, with wild surprise;
 With joy shall I behold my wife
 Soothing my father's last of life,
 Our children, trained in virtue's ways,
 To honour our declining days,
 And thou, their tender friend and guide,
 Thy husband's comfort and his pride;
 Worth such as this my faith secures,
 And, whilst I live, I'm wholly yours,

“THOMAS HITCHINS.”

One word more as to this order. Every body has read Sterne's impressive story of “*LE PATISSEUR*.” He wore the Croix de Saint Louis, set in gold, appending from a red ribbon at his button-hole. He was begirt with a clean white apron, which fell below his knee, with a sort of bib that went half way up his breast; his basket of little *pâtés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom. “The king”—he said—“was the most generous of princes; but his generosity could neither relieve, nor reward every one: it was merely his lot to be among the unfortunate.”

At the close of a long and disastrous war, crowds of meritorious officers are always left to pass the remnant of their days in mean obscurity. May we add—that Bonaparte's Legion of Honour provides for the members it distinguishes. Pensions, from five hundred to five thousand livres per annum, enable the possessors to wear their honours with countenances of hi-

larity. A reformed officer, whose half-fed frame is cased in a thread-bare coat, cannot exclaim, "Long live the King," with a patriotic ardour that comes from the heart. When he has a family to suffer with him, perhaps, the attempt might choke him. We mean, that he could not, physically, give his loyalty utterance. It would stick in a throat parched by poverty. Nor could the constitutional temperament of a ribboned Englishman permit him, like the poor Chevalier de St. Louis, to deal in penny tartlets!

POSTSCRIPT.—The foregoing article was written for last month; but has been deferred for want of room. We since learn, from the public prints, that, at a late investiture of Grand Crosses, Commanders, &c. in this new order of knighthood, a card was presented to NINETY-FOUR Knights, individually, thus inscribed—

"The Lord Chamberlain's fees, £108. 2s."

These fees, in the aggregate, amount to upwards of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS. What a delicious pic-nic for the tid-bit dejeuner of a Lord and Lady Chamberlain!—The fruits of office are always in season.

We good-humouredly congratulate this worthy nobleman, in the uncourtly phrase of a poor Scotchman, who, finding himself accidentally in conversation with a great man, remarked—"In gude troth, Sir, 'tis weel to be you."

The red-book shews us, that the witching sex are, occasionally, patentees of government bon-bons—consequently, with their little appurtenances. Might not, we ask, a glorious shower of fees chance to fall within the virtuous lap of a court *Favorita? And, might it not invigorate those fading hopes, that almost ceased to gloat upon the dazzling vision of a superior coronet—politically deferred?

* * * *

The day wears a cloudy and a misty atmosphere: precisely such a sombre mantle as was auspicious, yet fatal, to the blooming Jo.

We are contemplative; and beg to digress a moment, from an imperative association of ideas, to ponder on the story of Jupiter and the GOLDEN SHOWER:

Our aroused reflections lead us to consider, that existing morals are full as *chaste* as those of the heathen deities. A fashionable mansion may become—auro nicante—an epitome of

* A celebrated sentimental writer has given a curious dissertation on the rights of "CUISAGE ET JAMBAGE."

Olympus; and a fashionable Dame—*auri appetens*—the representative of Danaë. Physical love will fondly cling to vigorous poverty; but mineral love can softly sigh to the flattered ear of an illustrious debauchée—

“Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest!”—*FOR.*

O, for an official key!—to see, and not to see, the pretty ins and outs of court intrigue. We are, however, delicate in our choice. We do not seek to titter like a Right Honourable Nude, when exhibited, by her moral husband, to her gay gallant, as she—fair emblem of Diana—sprang dripping from a Bath: nor, would we peep at a countess, without attendants, who dismounted her ruddy cheeked postillion in a bye-path: nor, at the preposterous loves of a decrepid General and the sportive Sylph, who called his regimental clothier,—husband: nor, at the substantial loves of the bearded baronet and his lovely sister-in-law; nor, would we skulk beneath the Ottoman, that murmured the sentimental picaroonings of Lady D*** and her all-conquering Colonel—

Ours is a fairer game. We would unmask the impotent depravity that nestles beneath a diamond star,* and arrogantly spurn exposure in our courts of law!

Satan, avant!—We will not dare to gaze upon forbidden fruit. Still, we may smile, and contemptuously too, under the covert of a blushing rose!

Alas!—how wildly does Imagination play the truant with our sober judgment! A rainy day is the thermometer of an Englishman's spirits; and we apologize for this gloomy digression, critically arrested in its mad career, or else—

And, after all, what is it? Every shower from the heavens is a GLORIOUS GOLDEN SHOWER—let statesmen, attorney generals, or philosophers, say what they may! *E.*

* Scene—HELL.

“And here, amid the same unhallow'd dome,
ADULTERERS, with the wilder'd visage, roam,
Starting, as ever, from the air: they dread
Some unseen foe, enraged, that on their head
Pours curses; whilst, at intervals unknown,
They feel an icy touch!—they hear a groan!
Preside to fiery darts; that, from on high,
Some secret Being hurls. Ah! now they spy
Their guilty paramour fast flitting by!”

MESSIAH.

ART. II.—*Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London; containing the Description of a Capital Town in that Northern Country, with an Account of some uncommon Customs of the Inhabitants. Likewise an Account of the Highlands, with the Customs and Manners of the Highlanders. To which is added, a Letter relating to the Military Ways among the Mountains, begun in the Year 1786. The whole interspersed with Facts and Circumstances entirely new to the Generality of People in England, and little known in the Southern Parts of Scotland. A new Edition, with Notes. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 273, 321. Gale and Co. 1815.*

THE editor, on the republication of these letters, professes to offer them to the public, as containing a correspondence written without prejudice or partiality, by a Scotsman, who has neither spared his country, nor his countrymen, when the one deserved his animadversion, or the other his acknowledgments. But, as these volumes were originally printed in 1754, and from a MS. between twenty and thirty years old, we have to consider them as descriptive of a people, such as they were, a century ago.

As far as relates to the *actual* character of the Highlander, therefore, we shall be as little informed, as if we consulted the history of the Feudal Barons, to ground our opinions on the characteristic nobility of our present virtuous and enlightened peerage.

What shameful portraits—exclaims the original editor—have been drawn for a Highlander!

But, may not these portraits be featured by satirists? Certainly, no! A true satirist is too delicate to lash with a flail. At all events, we will receive the circumstances and descriptions, contained in these letters as facts, and offer them as evidence against those, who, in the wantonness of invention, or aptitude at ridicule, set down constitutional poverty to be a vice; and, petulantly, quarrel with those whose natures, garb, or manners, differ from their own.

The editor to the present edition very properly observes, that the northern part of Scotland, which has lately attracted the attention of the statesman, the naturalist, and the philosopher, was little known at the early part of the last century. But—he adds—the uncultured state of society is always interesting: it can, however, only be studied by close observation. General views, or hasty sketches, must not be substituted for accuracy of delineation. Such sketches convey no idea of what a traveller really encounters in the Highland mountains; nor does it convey a just representation of the native character of its

rude inhabitants. Human manners, under every variety, must be drawn from life, and such is the object of the work before us.

It is true, we find a picture of manners and customs now no more; but this picture is highly curious. Mr. Walter Scott appears to have studied these letters in his poetical views of these interesting people; for he repeatedly quotes these "*curious letters*," for the sake, as he expresses it, of the descriptions they contain.

The letters are written without any studied attention to style; but they are not the less valuable. They are familiar; and present the reader with a view of man, not in a state of affluence and enjoyment—not surrounded by the comforts of civilization—not polished by the intercourse of improved society—but in a state of comparative poverty and suffering; of barbarism, privation, and the apathies of despair: of man, unacquainted with the arts of life, and conscious alone of a mechanical existence, doomed to precarious vegetation in a barren heath, under an inclement sky.

"The phantoms"—says Dr. Johnson—"which haunt a desert, are WANT, and MISERY, and DANGER. The evils of dereliction rush upon the thoughts of the beholder; he is made, unwillingly, acquainted with his own weakness; and meditation shews him only how little he can sustain, and how little he can perform."

The genius of a people is known by their native manners; and it must be recollected, that, until after the final extinction of the rebellion in 1745, that of the Highlanders was descriptive of the age of chivalry. They were vassals inviolably attached to the hereditary jurisdiction of the chiefs of their respective clans: they were distinguished by the variations in their plaids: they were habitually armed, and equally ferocious in mind and in appearance.

We pass over the local descriptions of the Lowlands of Scotland, to indulge more fully in a contemplation of the Highland mountains; the sublime scenery of which is so little known to the Lowlanders, that, according to our author, when some extraordinary occasion tempted the latter to brave the dangers and difficulties of travelling among these stupendous heights, it was a usual custom, with such hardy adventurer, to make his will, and solemnly take leave of his family, as if he were about to enter upon a voyage of discovery, and doubted whether he might survive the perils of the ocean.

I borrowed—says the author—a week ago, a book called "*A Journey through Scotland*," published in the year 1723; and

having dipped into it in many places, I think it might, with more propriety, be called "A Journey to the Herald's Office, and the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain."

Speaking of a Highland chief, our author observes, he found him walking alone, in his garden, armed at all points, with his dirk and pistol by his side, and a gun in his hand. In general, the chieftain of a clan, does not consider the present abject disposition of his vassals towards him to be sufficient. His tyrannical and detestable maxim is,—that to render them poor, will double the tie of their obedience; and, accordingly, he makes use of all oppressive means to that end. He dissuades (commands) from their purpose all such as shew an inclination to traffic; or to put their children out to trades. Such means, he considers, might remove great part of their slavish obedience to himself and family. He, therefore, cajoles them, by representing how their brave ancestors chose to live sparingly; and that it was their noble ambition to be revered as a martial race: that it only befitted the Lowlanders to creep into base and mercenary employments. A warlike temper was the proud distinction of a more ennobled Highlander.

This may be suitable—at least political—in clannish power; but it is contrary to reason, justice, and nature; that one person, from the mere accident of birth, should inherit the prerogative to enslave a whole community; for the gratification of his personal pride. Rightly considered, perhaps, this species of hereditary oppression is the most powerful of all incentives to sedition, rebellion, plunder, and massacre.

In prefacing our remarks on the awfully magnificent scenery of the Highlands, we have to observe that they occupy more than one-half of Scotland; extending from Dumbarton, near the mouth of the River Clyde, to the northernmost part of the island, which is above two hundred miles; and their breadth is from fifty to above one hundred. Now to their description.

"The Highlands are for the greatest part composed of hills,* as it were, piled one upon another, till the complication rises and swells to mountains; of which the heads are frequently above the clouds, and near the summit have vast hollows filled up with snow, which on the north side continues all the year long."

* Mr. Boswell thus describes Highland scenery; "From an old tower near this place (Ulinish) is an extensive view of Loch Braccath, and, at a distance, of the Isles of Barra and South Uist; and on the land side, Cuillin, a prodigious range of mountains, capped with rocky pinnacles in a strange variety of shapes. They resemble the mountains near Corté, in Corsica, and make part of a great range for deer, which, though entirely devoid of trees, is in these countries called a forest."—*Boswell's Tour*, 239.

" From the west coast they rise, as it were, in progression upwards, toward the midland country, eastward, (for on the east side of the island they are not generally quite so high), and their ridges, for the most part, run west and east, or near those points, as do likewise all the yet discovered beds or seams of minerals they contain; with which, I have good reason to believe, they are well furnished.*

" This position of the mountains has created arguments for the truth of an universal deluge; as if the waters had formed those vast inequalities, by rushing violently from east to west.

" The summits of the highest are mostly destitute of earth; and the huge naked rocks, being just above the heath, produce the disagreeable appearance of a scabbed head, especially when they appear to the view in a conical figure; for as you proceed round them in valleys, on lesser hills, or the sides of other mountains, their form varies according to the situation of the eye that beholds them.

" They are clothed with heath, interspersed with rocks, and it is very rare to see any spot of grass; for those (few as they are) lie concealed from an outward view, in flats and hollows among the hills.† There are, indeed, some mountains that have woods of fir, or small oaks, on their declivity, where the root of one tree is almost upon a line with the top of another: these are rarely seen in a journey; what there may be behind, out of all common ways, I do not know; but none of them will pay for felling and removing over rocks, bogs, precipices, and conveyance by rocky rivers, except such as are near the sea-coast, and hardly those, as I believe the York Buildings Company will find in the conclusion.

" I have already mentioned the spaces of snow near the tops of

* Limestone is found in every district of this county, approaching to the nature of marble. In Lochaber, near the farm-houses of Ballachallish, there is a limestone, or marble rock, of a beautiful ashen-grey colour, and of a fine regular uniform grain or texture, capable of being raised in blocks or slabs of any size, and capable of receiving a fine polish. Many of the mountains are composed of reddish granite. In the parish of Kingessie a rich vein of silver was discovered, and attempted to be wrought, but without success; and in other places, veins of lead containing silver have been discovered. Iron ore has also been found, but not in sufficient quantity to render it an object of manufacture.—*Beauties of Scotland*, vol. v. 300.

† The highest and wildest parts of this county have been found extremely well adapted for the pasture of sheep. The mountains of Lochaber are exceedingly fit for being stocked with sheep: even the high tops of them are green, and afford fine pasture. About mid-hill there is commonly moss, which is flat when compared with the steep slopes above it; and below that moss there is generally what is called a *brue face*, which, from the spouts issuing in consequence of the flat above, is much covered with sprouts, intermixed with tufts of heath growing upon the small heights formed by the little runs that are collected from the different springs. This pretty coarse grass is not easily killed by frost, and is therefore a great resource to the sheep in winter; and the tufts of heath standing high, and intermixed with it, are of considerable benefit in falls of snow.—*Beauties of Scotland*, vol. v. 297, 298.

the mountains: they are great hollows, appearing below as small spots of white, (I will suppose of the dimensions of a pretty large table); but they are so diminished to the eye by their vast height and distance, from, perhaps, a mile or more in length, and breadth proportionable. This I know by experience, having ridden over such a patch of snow in the month of June: the surface was smooth, not slippery, and so hard, my horse's feet made little or no impression on it; and in one place I rode over a bridge of snow hollowed into a kind of arch. I then made no doubt, this passage for the water, at bottom of the deep bourn, was opened by the warmth of springs; of which, I suppose, in dry weather the current was wholly composed.

"From the tops of the mountains there descend deep, wide, and winding hollows, ploughed into the sides by the weight and violent rapidity of the waters, which often loosen and bring down stones of an incredible bigness.

"Of one of these hollows, only part appears to sight in different places of the descent; the rest is lost to view in meanders among the hills.

"When the uppermost waters begin to appear with white streaks in these cavities, the inhabitants who are within view of the height say, 'The grey mare's tail begins to grow,' and it serves to them as a monitor of ensuing peril, if at that time they venture far from home; because they might be in danger, by waters, to have all communication cut off between them and shelter and sustenance. And they are very skilful to judge in what course of time the rivers and bourns will become impassable.

"The dashing and foaming of these cataracts among the rocks make them look exceedingly white, by comparison with the bordering heath; but when the mountains are covered with snow, and that is melting, then those streams of water, compared with the whiteness near them, look of a dirty-yellowish colour, from the soil and sulphur mixed with them as they descend. But every thing, you know, is this or that, by comparison.

"I shall soon conclude this description of the outward appearance of the mountains, which I am already tired of, as a disagreeable subject, and I believe you are so too; but, for your future ease in that particular, there is not much more variety in it, but gloomy spaces, different rocks, heath, and high and low.

"To cast one's eye from an eminence toward a group of them, they appear still one above another, fainter and fainter, according to the aerial perspective, and the whole of a dismal gloomy brown, drawing upon a dirty purple; and, most of all, disagreeable when the heath is in bloom.

"Those ridges of the mountains that appear next to the ether—by their rugged irregular lines, the heath and black rocks—are rendered extremely harsh to the eye, by appearing close to that diaphanous body, without any medium to soften the opposition; and the clearer the day, the more rude and offensive they are to

the sight; yet, in some few places, where any white craggs are a-top, that harshness is something softened.

“ But of all the views I think the most horrid is, to look at the hills from east to west, or *vice versa*; for then the eye penetrates far among them, and sees more particularly their stupendous bulk, frightful irregularity, and horrid gloom, made yet more *sombre*, by the shades and faint reflections they communicate one to another.

“ As a specimen of the height of those mountains, I shall here take notice of one in Lochaber, called Ben Nevis,* which, from the level below, to that part of the summit only which appears to view, has been several times measured by different artists, and found to be three-quarters of a mile of perpendicular height. It is reckoned seven Scots' miles to that part where it begins to be inaccessible.”

Those who take interest in this description, will amply gratify their curiosity by referring to a work† of infinite merit, which tastefully, as well as historically, describes the terrific scenery of the Grampian Range.

There are, in the Highland mountains, both red deer and roes; but neither of them in great numbers. The red deer are large, and keep their haunts in the heights; but the roe is less than our fallow deer, and partakes, in some measure, the nature of the hare; having no fat about the flesh, and hiding in the clefts of rocks, and other hollows, from the sight of hunters.‡ They keep chiefly in the woods.

* This is the highest mountain in the island of Great Britain: it is situated to the south-east of Fort William; its altitude is not less than 4370 feet. It is easily ascended by a ridge of the mountain towards the west, about a quarter of a mile up the Water Nevis, and affords a noble prospect of the surrounding country. Its upper half is wholly barren, consisting entirely of rock, without any mixture of earth. On the north-east side there is a perpendicular descent of four or five hundred yards, the appearance of which is truly terrific. The sound of a stone thrown over the cliff to the bottom cannot be heard at its fall. Ben-Nevis is covered by clouds and snow towards the top, which few travellers have perseverance enough to witness. A lady, who had reached the summit of this mountain, left there a bottle of whiskey; and, on her return, laughingly, mentioned the circumstance before some Highland-men, as a piece of carelessness; one of whom slipped away, and mounted to the pinnacle, of 4370 feet above the level of the fort, to gain this prize, and brought it down in triumph.—*Revenant of Scotland*, vol. v. 286.—*Murray's Guide*, vol. i. 299.

† Robson's "Scenery of the Grampian Mountains."

‡ Mr. Pennant gives the following interesting account of a royal hunt, from William Barclay's *Contra Monarchomachos*.—"I once had a sight of a very extraordinary sort. In the year 1563, the Earl of Athol, a prince of the blood royal, had, with much trouble and vast expense, a hunting-match, for the entertainment of our most illustrious and most gracious queen. Our people call this a royal hunting. I was then a young man, and was present on that occasion. Two thousand Highlanders (or wild Scotch, as you call them here) were employed to drive to the hunting-ground all the deer from the woods and hills of

The Highlanders are proudly desirous of being considered an unmixed people. They upbraid the English with being a composition of all nations. They are not generally, as described, of a superior height; but, at least the better sort, of the ordinary standard of Englishmen. The lower order, however, are small; nor is it probable, that beings, half starved in the womb, and never afterwards well fed, should be more gigantic than their fellow men. But they are very healthy, robust, and free from distempers.

Dr. Johnson has described the mode of forming their rude dwellings, as follows: "A hut is constructed with loose stones ranged, for the most part, with some tendency to circularity. It must be placed where the wind cannot act upon it with violence, because it has no cement; and where the water will run easily away, because it has no floor but the naked ground. The wall, which is commonly about six feet high, declines from the perpendicular a little inward. Such rafters as can be procured are then raised for a roof, and covered with heath, which makes a strong and warm thatch, kept from flying off by ropes of twisted heath; of which the ends, reaching from the centre of the thatch to the top of the wall, are held firm by the weight of a large stone. No light is admitted but at the entrance and through a hole in the thatch, which gives vent to the smoke. This hole is not directly over the fire, lest the rain should ex-

Atholl, Badenoch, Marr, Murray, and the countries about: As these Highlanders use a light dress, and are very swift of foot, they went up and down so nimbly, that in less than two months time they brought together two thousand red-deer, besides roes and fallow-deer. The queen, the great men, and a number of others, were in a glen when all these deer were brought before them. Believe me, the whole body of them moved forward in something like battle order. This sight still strikes me, and ever will, for they had a leader whom they followed close wherever he moved. This leader was a very fine stag, with a very high head. The sight delighted the queen very much: but she soon had cause for fear; upon the Earl's (who had been accustomed to such sights) addressing her thus,—'Do you observe that stag, who is foremost of the herd? There is danger from that stag; for, if either fear or rage should force him from the ridge of that hill, let every one look to himself, for none of us will be out of the way of harm; for the rest will follow this one, and having thrown us under foot, they will open a passage to this hill behind us.' What happened a moment after confirmed this opinion: for the queen ordered one of the best dogs to be let loose on one of the deer. This the dog pursues: the leading stag was frightened; he flies by the same way he had come there, the rest rush after him, and break out where the thickest body of the Highlanders was. They had nothing for it but to throw themselves flat on the heath, and to allow the deer to pass over them. It was told the queen, that several of the Highlanders had been wounded, and that two or three had been killed outright; and the whole body had got off, had not the Highlanders, by their skill in hunting, fallen upon a stratagem to cut off the rear from the main body. It was of those that had been separated that the queen's dogs, and those of the nobility, made slaughter. There were killed that day 360 deer, with five wolves, and some roes."

tinguish it; and the smoke, therefore, naturally fills the place before it escapes."

The following is an instance of the traveller's accommodation:

"When I came to my inn, I found the stable door too low to receive my large horses, though high enough for the country gar-rooms; so the frame was taken out, and a small part of the roof pulled down for their admittance; for which damage I had a shilling to pay the next morning. My fear was, the hut being weak and small, they would pull it about their ears; for that mischance had happened to a gentleman who bore me company in a former journey, but his horses were not much hurt by the ruins.

"When oats were brought, I found them so light and so much sprouted, that, taking up a handful, others hung to them, in succession, like a cluster of bees; but of such corn it is the custom to give double measure.

"My next care was to provide for myself; and to that end I entered the dwelling-house. There my landlady sat, with a parcel of children about her, some quite and others almost naked, by a little peat fire in the middle of the hut; and over the fire-place was a small hole in the roof for a chimney. The floor was common earth, very uneven, and no where dry, but near the fire and in the corners, where no foot had carried the muddy dirt from without doors.

"The skeleton of the hut was formed of small crooked timber; but the beam for the roof was large, out of all proportion. This is to render the weight of the whole more fit to resist the violent flurries of wind that frequently rush into the plains from the openings of the mountains; for the whole fabric was set upon the surface of the ground, like a table, stool, or other moveable.

"Hence comes the Highlander's compliment, or health, in drinking to his friend; for as we say, among familiar acquaintance, To your *fire-side*,—he says, much to the same purpose, To your *roof-tree*, alluding to the family's safety from tempests.

"The walls were about four feet high, lined with sticks watted like a hurdle, built on the outside with turf; and thinner slices of the same served for tiling. This last they call *diwet*.*

"When the hut has been built some time, it is covered with weeds and grass; and I do assure you, I have seen sheep, that had got up from the foot of an adjoining hill, feeding upon the top of the house.

"If there happens to be any continuance of dry weather, which is pretty rare, the worms drop out of the *diwet*, for want of

* The houses of the common people in these parts are shocking to humanity; formed with loose stones, and covered with clods which they call *diwets*, or with heath, broom, or branches of fir:—they look at a distance like so many black mole-hills.—*Pennant's Scotland*, vol. i. 131.

moisture; inasmuch, that I have shuddered at the apprehension of their falling into the dish when I have been eating."

The Highlander is ridiculously attached to his descent, which, like the Spaniard, he would not soil by labour, even at the expense of his existence. An English lady, in a bad state of health, was advised to go among the hills, and try the effect of drinking goat's milk. In a morning's ramble, she descried a Highlander in full dress, basking at the foot of a mountain, while his wife and her mother were hard at work in reaping oats. She asked the old woman, how she could be so contented to see her daughter labour so hard, while her son-in-law was an idle spectator? "He is a GENTLEMAN,*" she replied; "and it would be disparagement in him to do such work. My daughter and myself are sufficiently honoured by his alliance."

This is decidedly a burlesque upon *nobility* of birth. Dr. Johnson, in his Tour, observes, that the inhabitants of mountains form a distinct race, and are careful to preserve their genealogies. Men in a small district necessarily mingle blood by intermarriages; and combine, at last, into one family, with a common interest in the honour and disgrace of every individual. Then begin that union of affections, and co-operation of endeavours, that constitute a clan. Those who consider themselves ennobled by their family, will think highly of their progenitors; and those who, through successive generations, live always together in the same place, will preserve local stories and hereditary prejudices. Thus every Highlander can talk of his ancestors, and proudly recount the outrages they suffered from the inhabitants of the next valley.

We find very ridiculous anecdotes, however, relating to "gentlemen pipers," and "gentlemen alehouse-keepers," &c. who do not lose one atom of their hereditary rank by the meanness of their calling. These tales are decidedly at variance with what has been previously advanced on "*Slothful Gentility*." But it is certain, that frugality and poverty went hand in hand.

The lady of a laird, living in the vicinity of the Highland garrisons, was often seen on the ramparts, on a Sunday morn-

* An English soldier, who was a bird-catcher, and provided a Highland laird with small birds for the exercise of his hawks, relates the following anecdote:—He had observed, at his first coming, a parcel of dirty children half naked, whom he supposed to belong to some poor peasant; he, however, discovered they were part of the laird's family; and that, notwithstanding they were so disregarded, the young laird, about the age of fourteen, was going to the University; and the eldest daughter, about sixteen, always appeared genteelly dressed.

ing, going barefooted to kirk, with her maid carrying her shoes and stockings. The lady stopped near the kirk to make her toilet, assisted by the maid of honour; and, at her return, threw off her superfluous ornaments.

"The ordinary girls wear nothing upon their heads until they are married or have a child, except sometimes a fillet of red or blue coarse cloth, of which they are very proud; but often their hair hangs down over the forehead, like that of a wild colt.

"If they wear stockings, which is very rare, they lay them in plaits one above another from the ankle up to the calf, to make their legs appear as near as they can in the form of a cylinder; but I think I have seen something like this among the poor German refugee women and the Moorish men in London. By the way, these girls, if they have no pretensions to family (as many of them have, though in rags), are vain of being with child by a gentleman; and when he makes love to one of them, she will plead her excuse in saying he undervalues himself, and that she is a poor girl not worth his trouble, or something to that purpose. This easy compliance proceeds chiefly from a kind of ambition established by opinion and custom; for, as gentility is of all things esteemed the most valuable in the notion of those people, so this kind of commerce renders the poor plebeian girl, in some measure, superior to her former equals."

It might reasonably be supposed, that this proclamation of wretchedness would divest the chief of his proud superiority over his vassals; but that fatality is carefully provided against. The love of their chief is inculcated from the earliest dawn of perception in the infant mind; from which circumstance, our author observes, he is fully persuaded that the Highlanders are, at least, as fond of their chiefs, as a "*Frenchman is of the House of Bourbon.*" — *Tempora mutantur!*

"At the battle of Glenshiels, in the rebellion of the year 1719, a gentleman (George Munro, of Culcairn) for whom I have a great esteem, commanded a company of Highlandmen, raised out of his father's clan, and entertained at his own expense. There he was dangerously wounded in the thigh from a party of the rebel Highlanders posted upon the declivity of a mountain, who kept on firing at him after he was down, according to their want of discipline, in spending much fire upon one single officer, which, distributed among the body, might thin the ranks of their enemy. When, after he fell, and found by their behaviour they were resolved to dispatch him outright, he bid his servant, who was by, get out of the danger, for he might lose his life, but could be of no manner of succour or service to him; and only desired him, that when he returned home, he would let his father and his

family know that he had not misbehaved. Hereupon the Highlander burst out into tears; and, asking him how he thought he could leave him in that condition, and what they would think of him at home, set himself down on his hands and knees over his master, and received several wounds, to shield him from further hurt; till one of the clan, who acted as a serjeant, with a small party dislodged the enemy, after having taken an oath upon his dirk that he would do it."

Dalrymple, in his *Memoirs of Great Britain*, states, that the members of every tribe were tied to one another, not only by the feudal, but the patriarchal bond; for, while the individuals which composed it were vassals of their own hereditary chieftain, they were also descended from his family, and could count exactly the degree of their descent; so that the revolutions of time eventually converted these natural principles of connection, between the chieftain and his people, into the most sacred bond of human life. The castle of the chieftain was a kind of palace, to which every man of his tribe was made welcome, and entertained according to his station, in time of peace, and where they all flocked at the sound of war. There the meannest of the clan, believing himself to be as well born as the head of it, revered his chieftain in respect of himself.

Hence we take it for granted, that every Highlander is a genealogist. The first specimen of manhood* in a young chieftain was dexterity in hunting. The next, to make an incursion attended with extreme hazard on some neighbour, with whom he was at open variance, and to carry off, by force of arms, whatever cattle fell in his way. In this manner, conflicts and feuds were nourished, and kept constantly alive, among our Scottish Highlanders.

But these conflicts ceased almost entirely about the middle of the seventeenth century; and hereditary jurisdiction was abolished (as we have stated) in 1748, by an act of the British legislature. The solemnities, at the inauguration of a chieftain, are no more. The voice of the bard is silent in the hall. The deeds of other times are no longer recounted as incentives to emulate their forefathers. The system is altogether changed; and the manners of civilized Europe are rapidly prevailing in the remotest corners of the Highlands and the Western Isles.

Our author, it will be remembered, treats of customs prior to this legislative act of refinement: we merely offer occasional comparisons.

* Vide Campbell's *Journey*, vol. i. p. 185.

"When a chief goes a journey in the Hills, or makes a formal visit to an equal, he is said to be attended by all, or most part, of the officers following, viz.

The Hanchman.

Bard—His poet.

Bladier—His spokesman.

Gilli-more—Carries his broadsword.

Gilli-casfue—Carries him, when on foot, over the fords.

Gilly-comstraine—Leads his horse in rough and dangerous ways.

Gilly-trashanarnish—The baggage-man.

The Piper—Who, being a gentleman, I should have named him sooner. And lastly,

The Piper's Gilly—Who carries the bagpipe.

"There are, likewise, some gentlemen, near of kin, who bear him company; and, besides, a number of the common sort, who have no particular employment, but follow him only to partake of the cheer. I must own, that all these attendants, and the profound respect they pay, must be flattering enough, though the equipage has none of the best appearance."

The piper is an indispensable appendage to the dignity of a chieftain; he plays at meals; and, in an evening, diverts the company with his native strains. His gilly holds the pipe till he begins; and the moment he has done with the instrument he disdainfully throws it on the ground, as being only the passive means of conveying his skill to the ear, and not a proper weight for him to bear at other times. But the gilly snatches it up, which is, that the pipe may not suffer indignity.

The Highland dress consisted of a bonnet made of thrum, without a brim, a short coat, a waistcoat longer by five or six inches, short stockings, and brogues or pumps without heels; they cut holes in their brogues, though newly made, to let out the water when they had far to travel, and rivers to pass. This they still do, to preserve their feet from galling.

"Few besides gentlemen wear the *trouze*, that is, the breeches and stockings all of one piece, and drawn on together; over this habit they wear a plaid, which is usually three yards long and two breadths wide, and the whole garb is made of chequered tartan or plaiding: this, with the sword and pistol, is called a *full dress*, and to a well-proportioned man, with any tolerable air, it makes an agreeable figure. But this you have seen in London, and it is chiefly their mode of dressing when they are in the Lowlands, or when they make a neighbouring visit, or go anywhere on horseback; but when those among them who travel on foot, and have not attendants to carry them over the waters, they vary it into the *quelt*, which is a manner I am about to describe.

"The common habit of the ordinary Highlanders is far from

being acceptable to the eye: with them a small part of the plaid, which is not so large as the former, is set in folds, and girt round the waist, to make of it a short petticoat that reaches half way down the thigh; and the rest is brought over the shoulders, and then fastened before, below the neck, often with a fork, and sometimes with a bodkin, or sharpened piece of stick, so that they make pretty near the appearance of the poor women in London, when they bring their gowns over their heads to shelter them from the rain. In this way of wearing the plaid, they have sometimes nothing else to cover them, and are often barefoot; but some I have seen shod with a kind of pumps made out of a raw cow-hide, with the hair turned outward, which being ill made, the wearer's feet looked something like those of a rough-footed hen or pigeon: these are called *quarrants*, and are not only offensive to the sight, but intolerable to the smell of those who are near them. The stocking rises no higher than the thick of the calf; and from the middle of the thigh to the middle of the leg is a naked space, which, being exposed to all weathers, becomes tanned and freckled; and the joint being mostly infected with the country distemper, the whole is very disagreeable to the eye.— This dress is called the *quelt*; and, for the most part, they wear the petticoat so very short, that in a windy day, going up a hill, or stooping, the indecency of it is plainly discovered.

“ A Highland gentleman told me one day, merrily, as we were speaking of a dangerous precipice we had passed over together, that a lady of a noble family had complained to him very seriously, that as she was going over the same place with a *gilly*, who was upon an upper path leading her horse with a long string, she was so terrified with the sight of the abyss, that, to avoid it, she was forced to look up towards the bare Highlander all the way long.”

With the ordinary people, the plaid is a dress by day, and a bed by night. When constrained to lie among the hills in cold dry windy weather, they sometimes soak the plaid in a river; and then, holding up a corner of it a little above their heads, they turn themselves round and round, till they are enveloped by the whole mantle. They then lie down on the heath, upon the leeward side of some hill, when the wet, and the warmth of their bodies, make a steam like that of a boiling kettle. This adoption, by thickening the stuff, prevents the wind from penetrating, and keeps them warm.

ON AGRICULTURE—

“ The Highlanders have a notion, that the moon in a clear night, ripens their corn much more than a sunshiny day: for this they plead experience; yet they cannot say by what rule they make the comparison. But, by this opinion of theirs, I think they have little knowledge of the nature of those two planets.

" In larger farms, belonging to gentlemen of the clan, where there are any number of women employed in harvest-work, they all keep time together, by several barbarous tones of the voice; and stoop and rise together, as regularly as a rank of soldiers when they ground their arms. Sometimes they are incited to their work by the sound of a bagpipe; and, by either of these, they proceed with great alacrity, it being disgraceful for any one to be out of time with the sickle. They use the same tone, or a piper, when they thicken the new-woven plaiding, instead of a fulling-mill.

" This is done by six or eight women sitting upon the ground, near some river or rivulet, in two opposite ranks, with the wet cloth between them; their coats are tucked up, and with their naked feet they strike one against another's, keeping exact time as above-mentioned. And among numbers of men, employed in any work that requires strength and joint labour, as the launching a large boat, or the like, they must have the piper to regulate their time, as well as usky, to keep up their spirits in the performance; for pay they often have little, or none at all.

" Nothing is more common than to hear the Highlanders boast how much their country might be improved, and that it would produce double what it does at present, if better husbandry were introduced among them. For my own part, it was always the only amusement I had among the Hills, to observe every minute thing in my way; and I do assure you, I do not remember to have seen the least spot that would bear corn uncultivated, not even upon the sides of the hills, where it could be no otherwise broke up than with a spade: and, as for manure to supply the salts, and enrich the ground, they have hardly any. In summer, their cattle are dispersed about the *sheelings*, and almost all the rest of the year in other parts of the hills; and, therefore, all the dung they can have, must be from the trifling quantity made by the cattle while they are in the house. I never knew or heard of any limestone, chalk, or marl, they have in the country; and if some of their rocks might serve for limestone, in that case their kilns, carriage, and fuel, would render it so expensive, it would be the same thing to them as if there was none. Their great dependence is upon the nitre of the snow; and they lament the disappointment if it does not fall early in the season. Yet, I have known, in some, a great inclination to improvement; and shall only instance in a very small matter, which, perhaps, may be thought too inconsiderable to mention. Not far from Fort William, I have seen women with a little horse-dung brought upon their backs, in *creels*, or baskets, from that garrison; and, on their knees, spreading it with their hands upon the land, and even breaking the balls, that every part of the little spot might have its due proportion.

" These women have several times brought me hay to the fort, which was made from grass cut with a knife by the way side;

and from one I have bought two or three pennyworths; from another, the purchase has been a groat; but sixpennyworth was a most considerable bargain. At their return, from the hay-market they carried away the dung of my stable, (which was one end of a dwelling-hut) in manner above mentioned.

“ Speaking of grass and hay, it comes to my remembrance, that in passing through a space between the mountains, not far from Keppoch, in Lochaber, I observed in the hollow (though too narrow to admit much of the sun) a greater quantity of grass than I remembered to have seen in any such spot in the inner parts of the Highlands. It was in the month of August, when it was grown flank and flagged pretty much, and therefore I was induced to ask why the owner did not cut it? To this I was answered, it never had been mowed, but was left every year as natural hay for the cattle in winter, that is, to lie upon the ground like litter, and (according to their description) the cows routed for it in the snow, like hogs in a dunghill: but the people have no barns fit to contain a quantity of hay, and it would be impossible to secure it in mows from the tempestuous eddy winds, which would soon carry it over the mountains: besides, it could not well be made, by reason of rains and want of sun, and therefore they think it best to let it lie, as it does, with the roots in the ground.”

“ The advantage of enclosures is a mighty topic with the Highlanders, though they cannot spare for grass one inch of land that will bear corn; or, if they could, it would be a much more expensive way of grazing their cattle than letting them run, as they do, in the hills; but enclosures, simply as such, do not better the soil, or, if they might be supposed to be an advantage to it, where is the Highland tenant that can lay out ten shillings for that purpose? and what would he be gainer by it in the end, but to have his rent raised, or his farm divided with some other? Or, lastly, where are the number of Highlanders that would patiently suffer such an inconvenient innovation? For my part, I think nature has sufficiently enclosed their lands by the feet of the surrounding mountains. Now, after what has been said, where can this improvement be?

“ But, it seems, they had rather you should think them ignorant, lazy, or any thing else, than entertain a bad opinion of their country. But I have dwelt too long upon this head.

“ Their rent is chiefly paid in kind, that is to say, great part of it in several species arising from the product of the farm; such as barley, oatmeal, and what they call *customs*, as sheep, lambs, poultry, butter, &c.; and the remainder, if any, is paid in money, or an addition of some one of the afore-mentioned species, if money be wanting.

“ The gentlemen, who are near relations to the chief, hold pretty large farms, if the estate will allow it, perhaps twenty or thirty pounds a year; and they again, generally, parcel them out

to under tenants in small portions. Hence it comes, that by such a division of an old farm, (part of an upper tenant's holding) suppose among eight persons, each of them pays an-eighth part of every thing, even to the fraction of a capon, which cannot in the nature of it be paid in kind, but the value of it is cast in with the rest of the rent; and, notwithstanding the above-mentioned customs are placed in an upper tenant's rental, yet they properly belong to the chief, for the maintenance of the family in provisions.

Every year, after the harvest, the sheriff of the county, or his deputy, together with a jury of landed men, sets a rate upon corn provisions; and the custom of the country regulates the rest."

The following is offered by our author, as a genuine specimen, taken from a Highland rent-roll:

RENT ROLL.

	Scots Money.	English.	Butter. Sts. lb. ss.	Oatmeal. B. B. P. Lp.	Muttons.
Donald mac Oil vic } ille Challum }	£3 10 4	£0 5 10½	0 3 2	0 2 1 3 1 & 1½
Murdoch mac illi } Christ }	5 17 6	0 9 9½	0 6 4	0 3 3 1 & 1½
Duncan mac illi } Phadrick }	7 0 6	0 12 3½	0 7 8	0 0 3	0½..... 1 & 1

"I shall here give you a computation of the first article; besides which, there are seven more of the same farm and rent, as you may perceive by the fraction of a sheep in the last column.

	The money	The butter, 3 pounds, 2 ounces, at 4d. per lb.	Oatmeal, 2 bushels, 1 peck, 3 lippys, and ¼, at 6d. per peck	Sheep, one-eighth and one-sixteenth, at 2s.	Sterling.
	£20	0 1 1½	0 4 9½	0 0 4½	

The yearly rent of the farm is - - £20 12 1½ and 1½

But, this will not appear singular, when it is known that many of the Highland tenants maintain a family upon a farm of twelve acres, Scots, per annum, which is thirteen shillings and fourpence sterling, with, perhaps, a cow, or two or three sheep or goats. The rental is frequently still less. The gathering-in of rents is called *uplifting* them; and the stealing of cows they call *lifting*, as if it were only collecting their dues.

“Robroy M’Gregor”—says Pennant—“was a distinguished hero in the latter end of the last, and beginning of the present century. He contributed greatly towards forming his profession into a science. The Duke of Montrose, unfortunately for his Grace, was M’Gregor’s neighbour; for he frequently collected the Duke’s rents, which he extorted from the tenants, giving them formal discharges. One of the tenants being unable to pay his rent, the Duke’s factor ordered the cattle to be seized. Robroy, hearing this, sent the tenant money to pay his rent; but he afterwards waylaid the factor, took it from him, and presented it to the poor tenant. And it was not in the power of the Duke to bring the depredator to justice, so strongly protected was he by several great men, to whom he was useful.”

Robroy, however, had his good qualities. He spent his revenue generously; and was a firm friend to the widow and orphan. Theft and plunder, instead of being infamous, were reckoned the most wholesome exercises of youth in the days we treat of. The greatest robbers* were used to preserve hospitality to those who came to their houses; and, like the wild Arabs, observed the strictest honour towards their guests, or those who placed implicit confidence in them. The Kennedies, two common thieves, took the young Pretender under their protection, and kept him with faith inviolate, notwithstanding they knew an immense reward was offered for his head. They often robbed for his support; and, to supply him with linen, they once surprised the baggage horses of one of our general officers. They often went in disguise to Inverness, to buy provisions for him. At length, a very considerable time afterwards, one of these poor fellows, who had virtue sufficient to resist the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, was hanged for stealing a cow, value thirty shillings! The magnanimity of the Spartan boy does not excel that of these mountain robbers.

A Highland woman begged charity of a Lowland laird’s lady, who, among other questions, asked her petitioner how

* Vide Pennant’s Scotland.

many husband's she had had. "Three," was the reply.—
 "Were they kind to you?" continued the lady. "The two first," answered the poor woman, "were honest men, and careful of their family, for they both died for the law—that is, were hanged for theft. But, as to the last—hout, upon the fulthy peast! he dy'd at hame, like an auld dug, upon a puckle o' strae."

But, although there was not formerly a chieftain* who did not keep, in some remote valley in the depths of woods and rocks, whole tribes of thieves, in readiness to let loose against his neighbours, when found expedient, either from a real or an imaginary injury, the morals of the Highlands have now assumed a loftier character. Security and civilization now possess every part. From former habit it lost all appearance of criminality; they considered it labouring in their vocation—as Falstaff did: or, like Shakspeare, who followed the profession of his ancestors, and considered skill in deer stealing as honourable as skill at the Olympic games. Our author's anecdotes, on this head, are extremely curious.

A man was arraigned in a court of justice for stealing a number of cattle. The indictment set forth, that he, as a common thief, had lain wait, &c. &c. Upon which the Highlander exclaimed, "Common tief! common tief!—steal ane cow, twa cow, be common tief: lift hundred cow, dat be shentilman's trovers."

This recalls to our memory Dr. Aikin's scene between the "two ROMANS," Alexander the Great, and a Thracian soldier.

Alex. State, what art thou but a robber—a base dishonest robber?

Thrac. And, what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law—without justice—merely to gratify an insatiable lust of ambition? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined monarchs. If I have burnt a few hamlets, you have desolated whole kingdoms. What then is the difference, but that you were born a prince, and I a private man. You have been able to become a mightier robber—that is all!

The adage in the Lowlands, "Shew me a Highlander, and I will shew you a thief," is most illiberal. The Highlanders paid a sacred regard to their oath;† but, as superstition among

* Vide Pennant's Scotland.

† Ibid.

a banditti must infallibly supersede piety, each, like the distinct casts of Indians, had his particular object of veneration. One would swear upon his dirk, and dread the penalty of perjury, yet make no scruple of forswearing himself upon the Bible. A second would pay the same respect to the name of his chieftain: a third would be most religiously bound by the sacred book: a fourth regarded none of these three, and swore by his crucifix. All were equally inviolable.

Our author, however, accuses the Highlanders of being a revengeful, blood-thirsty people.

"Yet truth obliges me to confess, that in some parts there remains among the natives a kind of Spanish or Italian inclination to revenge themselves, as it were by proxy, of those who they think have injured them, or interfered with their interest. Out of many enormities I shall only mention two.

"The first was,—that being offended, though very unreasonably, with a gentleman even of his own name and clan, he, by horrid commerce with one who governed another tribe in the absence of his chief, agreed with him for a parcel of assassins to murder his vassal, and bring him his head, I suppose, as a voucher. The person devoted to death happened to be absent the night the murderers came to his house, and therefore the villains resolved not to go away empty handed, but to take his daughter's head in lieu of his own; which the poor creature perceiving, was frightened to such a degree, that she has not recovered her understanding to this day. The servant maid they abused with a dirk in a butcherly manner, too shameful to be described. To be short, the neighbours, though at some distance, hearing the cries and shrieks of the females, took the alarm, and the inhuman monsters made their escape.

"The other violence related to a gentleman who lives near this town, and was appointed umpire in a litigated affair by the chief and the other party; and, because this laird thought he could not, with any colour of justice, decide in favour of the chief, his cattle, that were not far from his house, were some hocked, and the rest of them killed; but the owner of them, as the other, was absent that night, in all probability suspecting (or having some private intelligence of) his danger. And when this horrid butchery was finished, the ruffians went to his house, and wantonly diverted themselves in telling the servants they had done their master a good piece of service, for they had saved him the expense of a butcher to kill his cattle: and I have been told, that the next morning there were seen a number of calves sucking at the dugs of the dead cows. But two of them were afterwards apprehended and executed."

I happened—continues our author—to be at the house of a

certain chief,* when the chieftain of a tribe belonging to another clan came to make a visit. After talking on different subjects, I told him I thought some of his people had not behaved towards me, in a particular affair, with that civility I might have expected from the clan. He started—and immediately, with an air of fierceness, clapped his hand to his broadsword, and told me, if I requested it, he would send me two or three of their heads.†

Adam Smith, in his *Wealth of Nations*, observes, that “the common people in Scotland, who are fed with oatmeal, are, in general, neither so strong nor so handsome as the same rank of people in England, who are fed with wheaten bread. They neither work so well, nor look so well; and, as there is not the same difference between the people of fashion in the two countries, experience would seem to shew, that the food of the common people in Scotland is not so suitable to the human constitution, as that of their neighbours of the same rank in England. But it seems to be otherwise with potatoes. The chairmen, porters, and coal-heavers, in London, and those unfortunate women who live by prostitution—the strongest men, and the most beautiful women, perhaps, in the British dominions—are said to be the greater part of them from the lowest rank of people in Ireland, who are generally fed with this root. No food can afford a more decisive proof of its nourishing quality, or of its being peculiarly suitable to the health of the human constitution.”

The Highlander, notwithstanding, walks nimbly and upright; insomuch, that the meanest among them, and in the most remote parts, are perfectly free from the clumsy stooping

* The chiefs, being now deprived of their jurisdiction, have already lost much of their influence; and, as they gradually degenerate from patriarchal rulers to rapacious landlords, they will divest themselves of the little that remains. That dignity which they derived from an opinion of their military importance, the law which disarmed them has abated. An old gentleman that delighted himself with the recollection of better days, related that forty years ago a chieftain walked out, attended by ten or twelve followers, with their arms rattling. That animating rabble has now ceased. The chief has lost his formidable retinue, and the Highlander walks his heath unarmed and defenceless, with the peaceable submission of a French peasant, or an English cottager.—*Dr. Johnson*.

† A Highland chief had occasion for three or four of his clan, at that time employed in another's service. When about to discharge them, he offered each sixpence a day, in consideration, not only of his labours, but of his being taken from other employ. This he considered great wages, even if the people had not been of his clan: but they were dissatisfied, and remonstrated, that they had been taken away, from sixteen pence a day to receive sixpence. “Formerly,” exclaimed the chief, “had these people dared to have said half so much, they would have been carried to the next rock, and precipitated.” The Tarpeian rock, if gifted with speech, could not parallel this boast of despotism!

gait of our English peasantry. They are stately in the midst of their poverty, which circumstance attaches to their fondly-cherished family pride.

A Highland town is composed of a few huts for dwellings, with barns and stables; very diminutive, and so irregularly placed, that they resemble heaps of mud, more than habitations. These are built in glens and straths, which are the corn countries, near rivers and rivulets; and also on the borders of lakes, where the inhabitants find arable land for the support of their families.

This is further corroborated in Garnet's Tour. Their cottages, he tells us, are in general miserable habitations, built of round stones without any cement, thatched with sods, and sometimes heath. They are generally, although not always, divided by a wicker partition into two apartments, in the larger of which the family reside. It serves, likewise, as a sleeping room for them all. In the middle of this room is the fire, made of peat placed on the floor; and over it, by means of a hook, hangs the pot for dressing their victuals. There is, frequently, a hole in the roof to give exit to the smoke; but this is not directly over the fire, on account of the rain, and very little of the smoke finds its way out of it. The greatest part, after having filled every corner of the room, issues out at the door: so that it is impossible for any one, unaccustomed to it, to breathe in the hut. The other apartment, to which you enter by the door, is reserved for cattle and poultry, when these do not choose to mess and lodge with the family.

This characteristic feature of native poverty is enlarged in Knox's View of the British Empire. That intelligent traveller informs us, that "during winter, when the grounds are covered with snow, and when the naked wilds afford them neither shelter nor subsistence, the few cows, small, lean, and ready to drop from want of pasturage, are brought into the hut, and share with the family in their slender stock of meal. The cattle, thus sustained, are bled occasionally, to afford nourishment for the children, after the blood has been boiled and made into cakes." Add to this catalogue of internal misery, that which the Highlander has to encounter from without. The war of elements—the impetuous torrent sweeping every thing before it—the thunder of the heavens reverberating in echoing peals throughout the mountains—the violence of the winds rendered terrifically furious by being confined by the narrow pent of deep valleys—and, the snow coiled up in heaps, that interrupt the intercourse of a whole district!

In heavy drifts of snow, the following desperate method is used to open a communication :

“ If the huts are at any distance asunder, one of them begins at the edge of the snow next to his dwelling, and waving his body from side to side, presses forward; and squeezes it from him on either hand; and if it be higher than his head, he breaks down that part with his hands. Thus he proceeds till he comes to another hut; and when some of them are got together, they go on in the same manner to open a way for the cattle; and in thus doing they relieve one another, when too wet and weary to proceed further, till the whole is completed. Yet, notwithstanding all their endeavours, their cattle are sometimes lost.

“ As this may seem to you a little too extraordinary, and you will believe I never saw it, I shall assure you I had it from a gentleman, who being nearly related to a chief, has therefore a considerable farm in the inner Highlands, and would not deceive me in a fact that does not recommend his country; of which he is as jealous as any one I have known on this side the Tweed.”

A drift of snow, like that above described, is alledged, by historians, to have been the ruin of the Swedish army, in the last expedition of Charles XII.

When a son is born—continues our author—to the chief of a family, there generally arises a contention among the vassals, which of them shall have the fostering of the child, when it is taken from the nurse; and, by this means, such differences are sometimes fomented, as are scarcely ever after thoroughly reconciled. The happy man who succeeds in his suit, is invariably styled foster father; and his children, the foster brothers and sisters of the young laird.

Our readers will have discovered, throughout these latter passages, so strong an affinity between the family affections in Scotch and Irish peasantry, that the same tale would characterize either people. And their national approximation is still more powerfully corroborated in their native languages. The Highland *ERSE* is a tongue unknown in the Lowlands of Scotland. This is either a corruption of the Irish, or *vice versa*. Certain it is, that an Irish traveller would converse freely with the inhabitants of the Highland mountains.

Their funeral ceremony of lamentation, or wailing a corpse, is nearly similar. The Scotch mourners cover their heads with a small piece of cloth, mostly green, and every now and then break out into a hideous howl, and Ho-bo-bo-bo-bo, precisely as they do at an Irish wake. This ceremony the Highlanders call *CORONACH*; it is the cause of excessive drinking, and often

leads to mischievous and bloody broils; for all who have arms in their possession attend, fully accoutred, at the CORONACH.

Our author dwells upon the *second sight*, and belief in witchcraft, so prevalent in the Highlands, which he strongly enforces by a variety of well-attested anecdotes, tending to confirm the assurance, that ignorance and bigotry are often companions through life.

We will not extend our review, presuming we have already been sufficiently diffuse; but we cannot resist to add, that the perusal of this work has afforded us great pleasure. The detail is perfectly free, simple, and natural. No affected efforts to stamp it with conviction; on the contrary, a general flow of candour pervades the whole correspondence, which is, perhaps, its best recommendation. The editor's notes, some of which we have brought into action, are collated with much care, and are illustrative of his text. The customs and manners of the Lowlanders, as narrated in the first volume, are considerably divested of interest by the refinements of time. Many anecdotes are told of their (we believe still prevailing) filth. We will give one extract, from the city of Edinburgh, and conclude.

“ Some few years ago he thought it would be his lot to continue long in the Lowlands; and, accordingly, he took a house, or floor, within half a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh, which was then about to be left by a woman of distinction; and it not being thought proper he should see the several apartments while the lady was in the house, (for he might judge of them by those beneath) he, immediately after her removal, went to view his bargain. The floor of the room where she saw company was clean, being rubbed every morning, according to custom; but the insides of the corner cupboards, and every other part out of sight, was in a dirty condition. But, when he came to the kitchen, he was not only disgusted at the sight of it, but sick with the smell, which was intolerable. He could not so much as guess whether the floor was wood or stone, it was covered over so deep with accumulated grease and dirt mingled together: the drawers under the table looked as if they were almost transparent with grease; the walls, near the servants' table, which had been white, were almost covered with snuff spit against it; and bones of sheep's heads lay scattered under the dresser. His new landlord was, or affected to be, as much moved with the stench as he himself; yet the lodging-apartment of the two young ladies adjoined to this odoriferous kitchen. Well, he hired two women to cleanse this Augean part, and bought a vast quantity of sweet herbs wherewith to rub it every where; and yet he could not bear the smell of it a month afterwards: of all this I was myself a witness.

“ You know very well, that a thorough neatness, both in house

and person, requires expence; and, therefore, such as are in narrow circumstances, may reasonably plead an excuse for the want of it. But when persons of fortune will suffer their houses to be worse than hog-sties, I do not see how they differ, in that particular, from Hottentots; and they certainly deserve a *verbal punishment*, though I could very willingly have been excused from being the executioner. But this is only to you; yet, if it were made public, (reserving names) I think it might be serviceable to some, in whatever part of this island they may be." E.

ART. III.—*Travels in South Africa, undertaken at the Request of the Missionary Society.* By JOHN CAMPBELL, Minister of Kingsland Chapel. 8vo. Pp. 582. Black and Co. 1815.

SPARRMAN, Vaillant, and Patterson, have published their interesting accounts of the Hottentots, who inhabit a part of of South Africa. Insensible to their rank as human beings, they clothe themselves with the skins of bunted animals, and grease themselves all over with fat.

Few objects are more imperative over the benevolence, or distressing to the sensibility, of a cultivated mind, than the contemplation of fellow man wandering in the mazes of intellectual darkness; either unconscious of his Maker, or pursuing religious errors, undirected by civilized society to the light of reason, and an awful comprehension of the divine majesty of God.

When the Portuguese originally discovered the passage of the Cape of Good Hope, they met a most friendly reception from its rude inhabitants. Hospitality is an evident proof of a susceptible mind: it is the presage of a profitable soil, and it becomes the duty of a Christian world to strew it with the good seeds of religious hope and faith. This, or something like it, was the *alleged* motive of the Portuguese visit to this savage people. They were promised an amicable intercourse with the mother country. Missionaries were to be dispersed among them; they were to be instructed in religious principles; and their children were to be educated in Europe, and to become disciples of the church of God, and ministers of grace, throughout the wilds of Africa. These fair promises, however, like all political engagements, died away with the specious breath that gave them utterance.

The Cape has since, at different periods, been subject to Dutch, French, and English governments; and it is most honourable to the British character, that societies have established themselves in the kingdom, denominated Missionary Societies,

to disseminate the principles of religion throughout these regions of darkness.

It appears, that, on the demise of Dr. Vanderkempt, Mr. Campbell, at the request of this society, undertook a voyage to South Africa, in aid of the humane purposes of that noble institution. This good man, "the active labourer in the vineyard," took an affectionate leave of his wife, his children, and his friends, to explore the interior of a country, every way inimical to the comforts of life, and little, if at all, known to Europeans.

Our worthy adventurer sailed from Portsmouth, accompanied by Mr. George Thom, a missionary for India, and arrived in November, 1812, at Cape Town, the seat of the British government in South Africa. Mr. Campbell's predecessor was an enthusiast in his religious hopes. Dr. Vanderkempt* had formerly lived in good professional practice in Holland; but, impelled by the noblest suggestions of humanity, he came to England, and solicited to become an agent to the Missionary Society. To facilitate the progress of his sanguine hopes, he submitted to acquire the knowledge of several useful arts; among others, that of brick-making, which he learned in Hackney fields.

At Cape Town, Mr. Campbell visited Mr. Kitchner, the minister, with whom he consulted as to his future mode of proceeding. He found Mahomedanism very prevalent at Cape Town, where they have no less than five mosques for public worship. The wealthy part of this sect use every artifice to seduce the slaves to become partizans in their faith; and they succeed to an alarming degree. The hatred of a Mussulman to a Christian is proverbial. This innovating system is very injurious to the interests of slave-holders, whose supremacy here is like that of other countries, where man is permitted, by state policy, to be the property of man. The general treatment of slave-owners is, however, merciful.

Our author's first visit, in his missionary capacity, was to the Moravian settlement at Groene Kloof, thirty-five miles from the Cape, through a beautiful country. He there found about

* Dr. Vanderkempt is represented by M. Alberti and Professor Lichenstein, who lately travelled in South Africa, to have been a very eccentric character. The Professor, indeed, rather censures his mission, contending that a promulgation of the mechanical arts is the first step towards civilization, which had been neglected. Mr. Campbell admits the Doctor to have been eccentric, but refutes the subsequent charge. The Doctor was zealous in his cause; and, on Mr. Campbell's arrival, he found almost every necessary trade established among the Hottentots at the principal missionary stations.

a hundred Hottentots decently assembled in the chapel; the males sat at one end, and the females at the other. Divine service was performed by Mr. Smit: the Hottentots were apparently devout, and joined in singing hymns. One of them, a young female, wept; and, being asked the reason, she said, "she could not but weep, when she thought of people coming from a far distant country to see poor Hottentots."

Mr. Smit thus relates his narrow escape from a tiger on a neighbouring hill:

"Forty Hottentots, about a year before, had gone to hunt wolves, which had committed various depredations among the sheep. While searching for them, a tiger sprung from a bush, and seized one of the Hottentots by the forehead. I could not leave the Hottentot to be killed; therefore, I went with my gun to kill the tiger. On observing me, he left the Hottentot, and attacked me. My gun was useless, for he caught my arm in his mouth in a moment, having directed my elbow towards him to defend my face. I held his throat down with the other hand, with my knee on his belly, and called out to the Hottentots to come to my assistance. When they heard I was in danger, they ventured their lives to save mine; they came running, and one of them shot him dead, and we brought home his skin."

The horses at the Cape appear excellent. They galloped up a high and sandy hill, as is customary, with the vehicle which carried the missionaries. The farm-houses are good, but the crops so indifferent, that they would not be gathered by an English farmer.

At Stellenbosch, the party found good houses and gardens; the former ornamented with carved work, and painted white as snow, like those of Cape Town. At Mr. Bakker's slave meeting there were one hundred and eighty natives, the majority females, who were very attentive to the discourse—one in particular. The preacher addressed him about Jesus; he answered with a pleasing smile on his sable face. The slaves sang as well as the white Christians. A female slave spoke with particular fervour; but Mr. Campbell only understood her actions, which were expressive.

Our traveller next presents us with the effects of an earthquake, which, differing from those in Europe, we transcribe:

"From Mr. Burroughs, minister of Stellenbosch, I received the following account: 'The church of Paarl, about eight miles distant, was then vacant. The governor desired me to preach once a month. On a Saturday before setting off to that place, I felt extremely dull and indolent. On sabbath morning my wife

and I went to Paarl. On reaching it, I felt very feeble, and asked for some water, but could not drink it, for it was luke warm. I sent my own slave (we are sorry to find a missionary a slave holder) to the fountain; but what he brought back was warm also. I went myself, and found it the same. We could not account for this. While preaching, I found myself so dull, I hardly knew what I said. I mentioned my feelings to some of the people after the sermon, who said they felt in the same way. Next morning we returned to Stellenbosch. All my family, myself, and slaves, and even the dogs, were unwell. At ten o'clock at night we were all alarmed with a noise resembling that of a thousand waggons running along the streets. We did not know what it was, but my family were terrified. A great light shone into the room. Supposing it had been thunder, I told them not to be afraid, for the danger was over, the lightning being gone. While talking, the same noise as before was repeated, and every thing shook. Oh! said I, it is an earthquake: come all out of the house into the garden. We felt as if there had been no life in us, as the scripture expresses it. There was a shock, which was inferior to the former two. The noise was not only awful, because of its loudness; but also from the nature of the sound, it was a kind of melancholy groan or howl. The dogs and birds shewed, by their noise, that they were terrified, which added to the terror of the night. The night was very still: there was no wind; but I observed a number of little fiery meteors. I noticed some little clouds, in different directions; like thunder clouds; but they had something new in their aspect. The people came all flocking to me in the garden, much alarmed. I said what I could to support their minds. At length, we ventured again into our house, when we tried to get a little sleep to refresh ourselves, but we tried in vain."

After several days weary travelling, through cultivated fields of little promise, the missionaries were cheered with a distant view of the large church of Caladon. The Hottentots around this settlement were civilized, and dressed in loose sheepskins. The houses of the missionary brethren were built upon a pleasant spot; and the consideration that all was a barren wilderness when they came there, gave a zest to their enjoyments. After dinner, which was plentiful, and served with as much propriety by Hottentots as it would have been by English servants, our author, attended by the missionaries, made a circuit of the settlement. The houses were neat, some with four apartments, others very mean, but all with good gardens, well stocked with fruit trees.

"In our walk we passed the house of a man who is a leper, but his mind is supported by the comforts of the gospel. His

body was dark brown, but the leprous parts were white. We viewed also the burying ground. They pointed out the spot allotted for the missionaries, another where the sisters were interred, another for the baptized male Hottentots, another for the females, and likewise a separate place for the children. As there will be no distinction between male and female, young or old, at the resurrection, I am at a loss to conceive, and I forgot (strange omission) to inquire their reason for separating them now."

We have already remarked, that the missionaries have their slaves—their fellow men—to wait at their table, and perform other domestic services. When death has removed master and servant to one common level, the remains of the slave are not suffered to moulder near the dust of his earthly tyrant. This is a sad derogation from the precepts of our Redeemer; but, perhaps, the missionaries found this custom indispensable in Africa, notwithstanding the laws of their native country had abolished the infamous traffic.

We are, however, glad to find that, in this barren and hitherto little explored region, the missionaries sustain neither hunger nor thirst; nor do they want clothing, or a suitable roof to shelter them from the extremes of an African climate.

We have all, when children, read of the eagle taking the tortoise into the air, and dropping it on a rock, by which the hard shell was broken, and the substance became a prey to the king of the feathered race. Mr. Campbell ascribes this instinct to the crow, which is both black and white in Africa; and he describes a smaller bird that engrafs the bark of trees, by making an incision with its beak, and dropping a seed therein, which system produces a large branch teeming with medicinal properties. This is quite new.

The travelling party having procured a scorpion, made an experiment, on the assertion of naturalists, that this insect, when surrounded by fire without hopes of escaping, will sting itself to death. The scorpion, however, suffered without any other effort than that of darting out its sting, as it would have done to oppose an ordinary assailant.

In various parts of our author's narrative, he describes the country as swarming with poisonous insects, which creep about children while rolling on the ground; yet they seldom sting. Mrs. Sass, a missionary's wife, found twelve scorpions in her house in the course of a month; and once a centipede, another very venomous reptile, in her bed; but she was not stung by any of them. A curious account is given of a fight of scorpions.

"They dug a hole, into which they put four of them. They soon began to fight, until they killed each other. Having two

claws like a crab, with these they attempted to seize each other by the head. When one happened to be thus caught, he seemed sensible of his danger from his opponent, and cried out; but the other, regardless of his cries, turned round his tail, and gave him a sting: the one that was stung, as if aware of its mortality, resisted no more, but lay down till he died; the other, as if aware of the same thing, gave himself no further trouble. They had all the same method of fighting, and all the vanquished acted in the same manner."

The natives, when stung by scorpions, apply a living frog to the wound; the poison being transferred, the frog dies. They try a second, which also dies: a third is only rendered weakly; a fourth is not affected. They then conclude the poison extracted, and the patient cured. Another method is to apply a scarlet kidney, or other bean, which swells from the effects of the poison: this is repeated, until, like the frog, the bean ceases to be impregnated.

At eleven *a. m.* the thermometer stood at 92 in the shade; and at three *p. m.* 94. This extreme of heat is often as great in some of the southern parts of the United States of America. At Boston, in New England, many degrees north, the thermometer will point at $92\frac{1}{2}$.

The missionaries (for Mr. Campbell was attended by one or more of the society) had now proceeded a considerable distance from the Cape. They found the Hottentots, who had opportunities, anxious to attend divine worship, and eager in their enquiries for teachers.

"On naming my intention to the Hottentot captain (who had now joined our party) of visiting his kraal, he dispatched two of his people for horses to carry me and Brother Bartlet, who was to act as my interpreter. At one *p. m.* we set off, the captain and the others having gone forward on foot. On arriving, we collected the people in and about the captain's hut, which was small, and composed of rushes and branches of trees. The furniture consisted of two low stools, and two or three pails for containing water. A very aged man, almost destitute of clothing, came into the hut, sat down at my side, kissed my hands and legs, and by the more significant gestures, expressed the greatest joy and gratitude that a missionary was to be sent them. We asked him if he knew any thing about Jesus Christ. His answer almost petrified me: 'I know no more about any thing than a beast.' Could I have brought the great missionary meetings of the month of May to this kraal, to witness the scene that passed, I think they would have thrown in handfuls of gold to aid the missionary funds, till the directors should be alarmed, and cry like Moses at the tabernacle in the wilderness, Stop, brethren, you are giving more

that is necessary. Six or eight and twenty of us were packed into a small hut; a crowd at the door; every eye and ear watching the motion of my lips, to know when I should assure them that a missionary would come among them. The captain offered to go to Zwellingendam for Brother Pacalt, which is a fortnight's journey. They offered the largest house they had for his present accommodation, and promised immediately to begin building a better. After farther conversation I assured them he should come, and wrote a letter to Mr. Pacalt in their presence, which I gave to their captain, who engaged to go with it so soon as his waggon returned from the mill, where it was sent for some meal. We then got all the young people under twenty years of age collected before us. There were about forty, many of them interesting figures: they all expressed their desire to be taught to read, which not one in the kraal can at present. We then walked to a rising ground, to which we were accompanied by almost the whole kraal, men, women, and children. The young people played around us with uncommon cheerfulness. I doubt if they had ever witnessed so happy a day in their kraal. I trust this is a people prepared of the Lord for receiving the gift of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

During their tedious and often dangerous progress, our travellers were constantly supplied by the inhabitants with the loan of oxen, cattle, sheep, bread, cheese, wine, spirituous liquors, and vegetables, for their support.

On one occasion, the boots of Sneuberg, of whom they had purchased fifty sheep for a hundred rix dollars, sent our author intimation by Mr. Kitchener, on his return to Cape Town, that they designed to return the money, through him, to the society. Such is the characteristic of this race of our fellow creatures, who, from the most abject and ferocious ignorance, are becoming civilized, through the persevering piety of the missionaries, and the blessings of the Christian religion.

Our author found the country romantic and luxuriant; the cooler parts of the day, healthy and agreeable; but the nights were very cold. The following is a specimen of our author's descriptive talents:

"During a suspension of the rain two of us walked to a neighbouring wood, where every thing appeared to be in a state of nature, never having experienced human interference. The apparent disorder in which the trees and shrubs stood, was far more enchanting to the beholder than any human arrangement could have made them, like the unequal fingers on the hand, whose inequality is an ornament. Many trees of antiquity, rendered feeble by lapse of time, were unable to support themselves; and therefore reclined, in various positions, on those that were able to support

them; and as they had lost all their own ornaments of leaves and flowers, other plants, such as ivy and wild vines, were supplying this defect. Many beautiful myrtles were growing to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. The wood lay between two mountains, and a river flowed between them; but so tall are the trees, and so abundant their foliage, and so thick are shrubs on each side, that even at mid-day the river runs in an agreeable obscurity. With great pleasure we walked along the left bank of this concealed river, under the shade of healthy evergreens. No place could be more retired. But while enjoying this sublime gratification, I observed a scorpion, which we killed. Cupido preached to about sixty people in the evening."

Cupido was a converted Hottentot, and zealous in his new faith. He became a preacher among his countrymen, and was a useful guide to the missionaries throughout their tour. Our author observes—

"They were frequently saluted by the barkings of numbers of dogs where they halted; that they were useful watchers; but that one English shepherd's dog would have given more assistance in driving cattle, than a thousand of the African breed; and that it would be well if these were sent over to instruct African dogs to be more useful to their masters. On proceeding to another settlement the dogs were meagre, and made various attempts to plunder the waggons of the travellers. Here Cupido again preached of every thing coming from God. He asked, Who made the trees? You will say, they came from other trees. Well then, said he, who made the first trees. It could not be man—it must be God."

Could our bishops give a stronger proof of the divinity? According to Alberti, the Caffres have no idea of a divinity, or any invisible being to whom they might attribute the exertion of any influence over them. Other uncivilized nations render a species of worship to the sun, or other object, real or imaginary, by which they discover certain notions of a cause for the ordinary and extraordinary phenomena of nature, and acknowledge, in a general way, the existence of a power from which they await either good or evil: but no trace of any such belief is found among the Caffres. They have neither priests, nor religious ceremonies. Sometimes, indeed, they seem to attribute an unfortunate event to the influence of some inexplicable power, displeased or angry with them. On such occasions they endeavour to appease the supernatural wrath, by submissions; but it does not appear that they believe in a supreme agency, either corporeal or spiritual. Occasionally, for instance, they regard sickness as the consequence of some offence

given to a river, from which their horde has been accustomed to draw water. In this case they fancy they can appease the river, by throwing into it the entrails of some beast from their herd, or a certain quantity of millet. A Caffre died accidentally, some days after he had carried away part of the anchor of a vessel which had been wrecked on the coast, and his death was regarded as a punishment for his offence committed against the anchor. Since that period no Caffre passes by the broken anchor without saluting it, with a design to avert danger from himself. Their ideas of religion go no further.

Our author proceeds—

“The ground sparkled with glow worms, like the starry heavens. Naturalists suppose that the females are furnished (only) with this luminous appearance, to discover to their mates where they may be found. I cannot refute this supposition. I imagine it may answer another purpose, viz. that of self defence. Providence has kindly given to every living creature some means for defending its own life: to some he has given stings; to others, horns or sharp claws, or coats of mail, or wings, or swiftness, or tusks, or power to make a terrifying noise, or muscular strength, or a strong castle to retreat into, like the tortoise and other shell animals; and, perhaps, God has given this little star to the glow worm to frighten away some particular foe. It is certain, that the light of fire in the night frightens away the most ferocious animals. Hence, when God promises the utmost protection to the church, he says he will be as a wall of fire around, where neither lions nor tigers will penetrate. Perhaps many inferior animals are equally afraid of that element.”

Of the aloe, our traveller says, he counted a groupe of twenty-nine in flower, some of the stalks measuring thirty-eight inches in circumference: they were the growth of a single year. The Africans laugh at our gardeners, who pretend that the aloe blossoms only once in a century. There must, however, be great distinctions made in the different climates where the aloe is propagated. In Africa, it seems to be indigenous: in England, it is an exotic. The former climate is represented to be so congenial, that large geraniums, and other luxuriant flowers, grow around the banks of streams of water.

“The aborigines of this country, are nearly extinct; a few kraals only remaining within the limits of the colony. They are far from being a barbarous race as supposed by Europeans—there being nothing more savage about them than the peasantry in England.”

Among the variety of insects abounding in Africa, Mr.

Campbell particularly notices the ants. He paid minute attention to their numbers, to their industry, and to their superior art in amassing food for the winter. So ample is their stock, that the natives sometimes break into their little granaries, and plunder the contents. Their nests resemble a baker's oven: they are from two to three feet high. These industrious insects have their enemies, especially one about the size of a fox, who, after piercing a hole through the side of the nest, pushes in his tongue, when the unwary ants rush towards it in disorder, until the tongue being covered with his prey, he swallows the whole. This he repeats until he has devoured millions.* The bees sometimes covet and take possession of the house the ants have reared with so much labour. The boors also clear out these nests, and use them as ovens for baking bread. One of these nests appeared about five feet high, and twelve in circumference.

At Bethelsdrop, one of the principal missionary settlements, our author found the houses mean in the extreme—the ground barren—neither trees nor gardens to relieve the eye—the settlers indolent; all from the total want of good water; a strange choice for a missionary settlement, as it appears that at a distance of a mile and half farther, on little Zwartkop's river, there is more cultivated land than in any part of Africa through which Mr. Campbell had travelled. He says it is the "metropolis" of oxen: he had never seen so many together except at Smithfield.

Our missionaries next proceeded to the residence of Colonel Vicars, the commandant, and Major Cuyler, the landdrost, who received them in the most friendly manner. The wretched state of Bethelsdrop was discussed, when it appeared that there existed causes which the missionaries could not controul.

Returning to Bethelsdrop, they found between twenty and thirty children, who came voluntarily and regularly every evening to divine worship; they were waiting for Mr. Read, their instructor; and, of their own accord, they sang a hymn together. This early sense of their duties to the Almighty among this rising generation of savages, is truly surprising; and proves how man, in the most abject state, may be made sensible of his dependance on his Creator.

The boors are represented as lazy and arrogant; (a counter-

* Patterson says, that, in Caffraria, the white ants, termed termites by Smeaton, swarm abroad during the rainy weather, and that they are winged. The natives collect them for food; and they are by no means disagreeable to the palate.

part of the Virginia planter) never content but when they have twenty or thirty Hottentot slaves about them, for whom they have little employment, agriculture in general being greatly neglected.

"Many of the boors have four or five stout sons, who, in consequence of the crowd of Hottentots about the house, have no occasion to put their hands to any work: they sit with their legs across the greater part of the day, or indulge in sleep. In this way their days and years pass in miserable idleness. Perhaps, the only thing which a Hottentot will have to do during a whole day, is to bring his master's whip from the next room; another will have to bring his mistress's fire-box, and place it under her feet; a third to bring, two or three times, wood from the fire to light her master's pipe. Having nothing to do, or talk of, and feeling themselves miserable, they endeavour to derive pleasure from making others miserable also."

Owing to this hereditary slothfulness, the government are under the necessity of sending corn from Cape Town to their small distant garrisons. The number of Hottentots received at Bethelsdrop since the commencement, were 2547; and when Mr. Campbell visited it, April 1st, 1813, there remained 1052. Thus it appears, allowing for casualties, which indeed are numerous, this settlement does increase in population. The residents are tractable, and improving in christianity.

"Labour and civilization are not to be forced on any set of people, but must be effected by gradual progression. The Spaniards in South America had so intense a spirit for the golden ore, after its discovery and conquest, that they had not patience to lead forward the feeble natives of that region by degrees to labour in their mines; but compelled them to work like men that had been long enured to hardship. The result was, the almost entire depopulation of the country."

This settlement exhibited many traits of industry. There were among the Hottentots smiths, carpenters, waggon makers, blanket makers (of sheep skins), tobacco-pipe makers, sawyers, turners, hewers of wood, carriers, soap boilers, mat manufacturers, stocking makers, tailors, brick makers, thatchers, and lime burners; likewise an auctioneer and a miller. Many industrious people, who were not mechanics, had accumulated wealth: some natives, who had joined in abject poverty, had acquired oxen and waggons. The gentle and indefatigable preacher, Cupido, was the owner of a waggon and ten oxen—a considerable reinforcement to our traveller's caravan.

We next find our travellers examining a cave. For about two hundred yards they walked, under the direction of their guide, on projecting rocks, where they were obliged to take off their shoes and stockings, to prevent their sliding down. It was very difficult to climb to the mouth of the cave. Striking a light, they ventured into it with three candles. On the roof, which resembled a cathedral in miniature, hung hundreds of bats fast asleep. The lights awoke many of them, whose sudden flight threatened their visitors with darkness. The explorers sunk half way up the leg into their dung, which probably had been collecting many centuries. The bats hung by their feet so close together, that at first sight it appeared to be a carved work on the roof. After viewing different apartments, they found considerable difficulty in returning.

We extract Mr. Campbell's account of the lion.

"Two of our horsemen came hastily towards our waggon; on which the driver said they had seen a lion. We enquired how he knew it: he said, by their faces. But, like all other Hottentots, he had good eyes; for not one of us could, at that distance, distinguish one feature in their countenances. On reaching us, they informed us that two lions were crouching among the reeds below. All the waggon drew up on an ascent immediately opposite the place where they lay; and the wheels were chained, lest the roaring or appearance of the lions should terrify the oxen, and make them run off, which frequently happens on such occasions. Thirteen men then drew up, about fifty yards from the lions, with their loaded muskets; and we, who were only to be spectators, stood upon a heap of rocks about fifty yards behind them, guarded by three armed men, lest the lions should either not be wounded, or only slightly, and rush upon us. When all was in readiness, the men below poured a volley of shot towards the lions. One of them, the male, made off, apparently wounded; but the other was disabled, so that it remained. The dogs ran towards her, making a great noise, but ventured no nearer than five or six yards. She was a large and fat lioness, with a furious countenance. She was dragged from the reeds while yet warm, and skinned directly. A bullet was found under the skin, within a few inches of the tail, which she must have received long ago, as the wound was healed. She had received many wounds from our people, particularly a severe one in her mouth.

"During supper, while talking of the lions and lion hunters, we heard a lion roaring at some distance; and a little after, the roar was heard more distinctly, which probably was the male lion come in search of his mate. If he found her carcase, the boors said he would eat it, and asserted (what is very horrid) that the Bushmen often throw their children to the lion to preserve themselves, which has greatly increased the desire of these animals.

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after human flesh, especially the flesh of the Bushmen; so much so, that were a lion to find a white man and Bushman asleep together, he would attack the Bushman, and leave the white man. At present, these ferocious animals are said to kill more Bushmen than sheep."

Though we place much confidence in Mr. Campbell's narrative, yet we may be allowed to doubt this discrimination in a hungry beast of prey.

"Caffreland,* being near, Caffres are often lurking among the bushes; but the soldiers have never been able to seize one, they are so expert in pushing through what to others is impenetrable underwood. They wrap themselves up in their carosses or skin cloaks, which is their only dress, and leaping into the closest thickets, will get through without a scratch, where none can follow so as to overtake them. Now and then they listen to hear if their pursuers are near, when they dart forward in another direction, and always escape."

Passing through the Caffres in safety, our enterprising traveller entered the Bushman's country, so called from the natives firing on travellers, unseen through bushes. They are designated by the appellation of *tame* and *wild* Bushmen. The former are such as have visited the Cape, or attended to the instruction of the missionaries: the latter are, perhaps, the most ferocious of mankind. Upon the borders is a missionary settlement.

"Some of our stragglers brought to us three young Bushmen, whom they had met on a journey. They possessed more lively and interesting countenances than the Hottentots. Their father, an old man, they said, was lodging in a hole among the rocks at a little distance. We informed them that we had come from a distant country, had taught the Hottentots many good things, and designed also to send teachers to their nation. They said they were glad to hear it; and one of them offered to accompany us to the Great River. The other went off with the food we had given them for their father; they carried along with them pieces of lighted wood to frighten away the lions!

"The Bushman's family came to us at eight in the morning, consisting of the father, his two sons, with the wife of one carrying

* Caffraria commences at the great Fish river, which divides it from Albany in the Colony, and runs along the Indian ocean, in a north east direction, to the river Bassee, which divides it from the Tambookie country. It does not extend more than seventy miles up the country, or to the west; at least at the south end of it, being separated from the Colony and Bushman country on that side by a chain of mountains.

a child about ten months old. When we went to prayer, (the nature of which had been explained to them) they lay prostrate on the ground, in imitation of our Hottentots. The woman had, rather an interesting appearance; her eyes indicated natural talent, and her child looked well, notwithstanding its copper colour. She gave me three rings, made of cord, which the child wore on its arm, and I presented her with some beads to put in their place. The child wore nothing more than some strings of berries, as substitutes for beads, interspersed with circular pieces of the ostrich egg. When preparing to shave, I held my looking glass before each of them. All expressed astonishment at beholding their faces, which they knew to be their own, by opening their mouths wide, and holding out their tongues, which they perceived to be done at the same time in the glass. They all turned away their heads, and held up their hands before their mouths when they first saw themselves, as if disgusted with the sight. The woman, in order to be quite certain that it was herself she saw in the glass, turned round her babe that was tied to her back, and on seeing it also, she seemed satisfied. At ten A. M. two lions appeared at a little distance, which were first noticed by the Bushmen, who are much afraid of them; we dispatched a party to drive them away, which they effected. They told us, that some time ago, a lion came and dragged a man out of his house, and then devoured him.

"These strangers sat the whole time they were with us without once moving. They were employed in cooking and eating meat till we separated. Our Hottentots remarked, that Bushmen would eat constantly for three days, and then fast three days. Not one of them had a name except the father, whom they called *Old Boy* in their language. I advised the woman to wash her face, which was extremely dirty; but by a significant shake of her head, she expressed aversion to such an operation; upon which our Hottentots, by way of apology for her, said, that Bushmen thought dirt upon their skin kept them warm. Each of them had a jack-all's tail fixed on a stick to wipe the sweat from their faces in hot weather. They had also a quiver of poisoned arrows. This season may be called the Bushman's harvest, for the ground being softened by the rain, they can easily pull up the roots. In summer they are supplied with locusts, which they dry and pound into powder, and which serves as a substitute for flour."

One of the young Bushmen, providentially, accompanied our travellers some distance; for without a guide they would neither have found grass nor water, nor firewood for the night. This part of Africa, says Mr. C., though its general appearance is charming, can never be inhabited, for want of water. The thermometer here (the winter season) at two o'clock in the day was 86—but the evenings were very cold.

"In the evening (continues our missionary) I asked our young

Bushman to come into my tent, with his interpreter, to have some conversation with him. I enquired what he thought to be the worst thing a man could do? It was some time before we could make him understand the meaning of a *bad* thing, for he never heard that one thing was worse than another. When he appeared to form some idea of the meaning of *bad*, I asked him what he thought the worst thing he had ever seen done in the kraal. He said they often quarrelled, and when any of those quarrels ended in killing one another, it was fine, good sport. He said that all their quarrels were about their wives: one was for having the other's wife, which he did not think was bad. Being asked if he would consider it bad if any of the kraal were to take his wife while he was with us, he answered, Bad, bad. He said it was fine to take others wives, but not to take his. He said he never stole. He acknowledged it was bad to quarrel, steal, murder, and commit adultery. On being asked which was the worst, he said he could not tell. I then asked him what he thought the best thing a man could do? His reply to this question was extremely affecting. 'All my life,' said he, 'I have only seen evil, and never any good, wherefore I cannot tell what is best.' The questions appeared to him, however, as mere sport; for in the midst of the conversation he complained that he had a bad cap. He informed us, that a boor once came and attacked their kraal, and they knew not why; but he and those with him killed ten men, women, and children of the kraal. We asked if his father had given him any good advice before he left him to come to us. He replied, 'My father said I was going with strange people, and must be obedient, and perhaps I should get something; and while with them, he would take care of my wife and child; and when I had been educated and returned, I should be able to teach them.'

" Their day of grace has begun to dawn! The work of piety triumphs! Under the auspices of legitimate christianity, protected by the most enlightened and greatest monarchs on the earth, their chains lie broken, and the scourge falls to the ground."*

A.

[To be continued.]

ART. IV.—*A Treatise on the Abuses of the Laws, particularly in Actions by Arrest; pointing out numerous Hardships and Abuses in the different Courts, from the Commencement of an Action to its Conclusion; and the various Extortions, from the High Sheriff to the Bailiff's Follower. Together with the System of the King's Bench Prison, and the Spunging Houses, in London, Middlesex, and Neigh-*

* Vide Miss Hatfield's Theology and Mythology of the Ancient Pagans.

bouring Counties. Shewing also the enormous Expense Parties are put to on small Debts, the cruel Practice of bringing numerous Actions, only to increase the Costs; and the Necessity for establishing a Court, in which the Tradesman can recover his small Debt. The whole tending to shew, that the Arrest, on common or mesne Process, as now carried on, is equally oppressive to the Plaintiff and Defendant. By JAMES PEARCE, Gent. an Attorney of Twenty Years' Practice in London, and who has served the Office of Undersheriff of London and Middlesex. 8vo. Pp. 184. Sherwood and Co. 1815.

THE good wishes of every honourable and philanthropic member of society are decidedly due to Mr. Pearce, for having pointed out, in the course of his progress through this benevolent work, the extortions, hardships, cruelties, and abuses, which disgrace the execution of our laws, and call imperatively for redress.

We do not attempt to allege any want of integrity in our judges, who translate the laws between citizen and citizen; but we contend, that oppression too frequently arises out of the execution of them, by means of the crafty machinations of a class of *admitted* attorneys, who equally disgrace their profession, and the character of humanity.

Formerly it was a common practice with attorneys to article their footboys, by which detestable subterfuge they ensured their services for a term of five years; and the latter, after a regular slavery, were legally admitted to practice. That the laws of arrest should have suffered perversion under the controul of such legitimate harpies, and that power should be strained to its most baleful purposes, none will dispute. Now, indeed, the case is altered. A stamp of one hundred guineas is required to every indenture of clerkship, which must eventually give respectable members to that branch of the community.

It has been affirmed by that sturdy moralist, Dr. Johnson, that the motive of credit is the hope of advantage. Commerce can never be at a stop, while one man wants what another can supply; and credit will never be denied, while it is likely to be repaid with profit. He that trusts one, whom he designs to sue, is criminal by the act of trust. It seldom happens that any man imprisons another, but for debts which he suffered to be contracted in hope of advantage to himself, and for bargains in which he proportioned his profit to his hazard. He that once owes more than he can pay, is often obliged to bribe his creditor to patience, by increasing his debt. Worse and worse commodities, and at a higher price, are forced upon him: he

is impoverished by compulsive traffick; and, at last, overwhelmed, in the common receptacles of misery, by debts which, without his own consent, were accumulated on his head. It is in vain to continue an institution, which experience shews to be ineffectual. We have now imprisoned one generation of debtors after another; but we do not find their numbers lessen. We have now learned, that rashness and imprudence will not be deterred from taking credit: let us try, whether fraud and avarice may be more easily restrained.

Again—"The misery of gaols is not half their evils: they are filled with every corruption which poverty and wickedness can generate between them; with all the shameless and profligate enormities that can be produced by the impudence of ignominy, the rage of want, and the malignity of despair. In a prison the awe of the public eye is lost, and the power of the law is spent; there are few fears, there are no blushes. The lewd inflame the lewd; the audacious harden the audacious. Every one fortifies himself as he can against his own sensibility, endeavours to practise on others the arts which are practised on himself, and gains the kindness of his associates by similitude of manners. Thus some sink amidst their misery, and others survive only to propagate villany. It may be hoped, that our lawgivers will at length take away from us this power of starving and depraving one another: but if there be any reason why this inveterate evil should not be removed in our age, which true policy has enlightened beyond any former time, let those, whose writings form the opinions and the practices of their contemporaries, endeavour to transfer the reproach of such imprisonment from the debtor to the creditor, till universal infamy shall pursue the wretch whose wantonness of power, or revenge of disappointment, condemns another to torture and to ruin; till he shall be hunted through the world as an enemy to man, and find in riches no shelter from contempt. Surely, he whose debtor has perished in prison, though he may acquit himself of deliberate murder, must at least have his mind clouded with discontent, when he considers how much another has suffered from him; when he thinks on the wife bewailing her husband, or the children begging the bread which the father would have earned. If there are any made so obdurate by avarice or cruelty, as to revolve these consequences without dread or pity, I must leave them to be awakened by some other power, for I write only to human beings."

And my Lord Moira, with Sir Samuel Romilly, have been benevolent advocates for the imprisoned debtor. It is in the contemplation of Parliament, at this moment, to new model

the laws, as they affect the insolvent debtor; and we rely on their wisdom impartially to determine between the real claims of plaintiff and defendant. But when is the warning voice to pour into the ears of our legislature, our judges, and others concerned, the policy, as well as the justice, of amending the practical operation of arrest? and the more so, as the question of holding persons to bail upon common or mesne process has been lately much canvassed by public opinion—not to enumerate the heavy law expenses which fall upon individuals who either sue, or are sued, for the recovery of debts. It deserves to be remembered, that these costs, at least for the most part, must fall upon the former, when the latter surrenders to prison, after having gone through the whole process, from a bail bond to a justification of bail, and then to final judgment. The consequence of which is, that the plaintiff becomes additionally enraged against his prisoner; and the lack of humanity, which originally urged him to hostile proceedings, assumes the character of tyranny, which he exercises despotically over his victim.

Aware, from his respectable practice of twenty years as an attorney, that the abuses of the law were manifold, Mr. Pearce originally proposed merely to point them out for redress; but when he sat down seriously to explore these evils, he confesses that one abuse branched out into another, and the torrent came upon him with so much rapidity—betraying such a SYSTEM of corruption, extortion, perjury, and all things base—that he found he had, in reality, undertaken an Augean labour: he found—he emphatically expresses himself—that the stronger every abuse pressed upon him, the stronger was the impression on his mind, that the laws in themselves were good and wholesome, and that the defect was in the administration; that as the charges had increased imperceptibly, corruption had increased in an equal degree; that he was attacking no man's character; that he was doing no man an injury; that he was only combating a system, which had got to an alarming height; that if he succeeded in a small degree, he was benefiting society at large—and no part of society more, than the fair and liberal practicer of the law; that every fact he should state was capable of proof; that he could establish the whole before any tribunal in the kingdom; and, finally, that he had no occasion to state an exaggeration, much less a falsehood.

On these broad principles of equity, he proceeds to shew that the arrest itself, on common or mesne process, as it now is, and for many years has been, carried on, is INEXPEDIENT, and equally OPPRESSIVE in its consequences to the plaintiff and to the defendant.

" But how is this to be done ?

" By going through the existing abuses and hardships minutely, and showing how they operate oppressively and how beneficially on each, and by weighing the whole ; by showing that there is no court in this commercial, and I may say happy, country, (where the laws are administered with equal justice to the rich and the poor, provided the poor man can get into court) in which the butcher, the baker, or any other tradesman, can recover a just debt, of £15, for goods sold and delivered, without the risk of losing the enormous sum of £100, in law expences, and all his debt ; and that so tedious is the job ; in consequence of the writ of error, and various other fictitious processes, which have, from time to time, crept into use, though never intended by the legislature, or the court, that the plaintiff frequently gets into a prison for the law charges of his own suit, whilst the defendant is out, laughing at his folly ; by showing that the tradesman has found out, and particularly since Lord Redesdale's Insolvent Act, that it is not worth his while to hold the defendant to bail, considering that his own interest is best promoted by leaving him at full liberty.

" If, notwithstanding I show this, and show also that the principal part of these heavy law charges arises from the arrest itself by mesne process, the plaintiff should still cling to his arrest, under an idea of benefit ; give him a Court, to be hereafter established, with benefits tantamount to it ; he cannot be expected unless he is satisfied upon that point to give it up quietly. Let him have a more rapid mode of recovering his small debt and at one tenth part of the risk, and, from the moment this new system is established, it will be his interest to relinquish it.

" If this can be accomplished, indeed, who will oppose the arrest on mesne process being discontinued ? no member of the House of Commons ; they themselves feel the benefit of their liberty. No man in the House of Lords ; they feel the benefit of it also. Where then is the individual to be found who would hold up his hand against it ?

" All the defendant says is, ' Don't imprison me upon my plaintiff's simple affidavit. I deny I owe the money, I cannot find bail, but I am not going to run away. When he has got a judgment against me, let him take my body or my goods.'

On the EFFECT OF ARREST, Mr. Pearce states, that when one man arrests another, the object, generally, is not the obtaining two good bail for the defendant's forthcoming, although that would appear to be his only benefit, for he is not afraid of any running away ; on the contrary, a man being enabled to get bail, is the daily reason why the plaintiff will not arrest him. But the arrest is made for the purpose of compelling, or rather of extorting, payment in various ways and shapes.

Under these circumstances, desperation sometimes leads the debtor, who chances to have the money of others in his possession, to obey the frenzied impulse of the moment, and to obtain his release by fraud. We will suppose this money is intended to be replaced; but once broken into, the probability is, that the certain ruin of the party follows.

The plaintiff may say, "What is that to me? I have a right to take all legal means to secure my debt. I don't care who pays it, so long as it is paid by somebody."

"All this may be very plausible, and the operation of the statute may bear as hardly on one as another; but why should any law be so severe as to plunge a man, who does not mean to run away, without a moment's notice, into that distressing situation?"

The next object is—the defendant being liberated on bail—to fix the sheriff with the debt: an event often brought about by the chicanery of an attorney, when it is the defendant's fixed principle to surrender his person in discharge of his bail. What is the consequence? The following extract will clearly shew it.

"A young man, just of age, was indebted to his taylor £15 or £20, and he was entreated by him to call at his house, to make some arrangement for payment: he did so, and while conversing on the subject, a Middlesex officer was introduced to him, and arrested him for £36, at the taylor's suit. This included his own debt and the debt of a friend of his he had recommended to the taylor, but which he said he had neither undertaken nor promised to pay. It is sufficient, however, to say, a considerable part of the debt was disputed: he was conveyed to a spunging house, where he remained three days, for want of bail.

"The defendant had lately married, and it was known to the plaintiff, that he had some money he was entitled to receive, in right of his wife on her coming of age. The defendant became anxious to procure bail, with a view to dispute the debt, and particularly so, from the unhandsome treatment he considered he had met with from the plaintiff. A person, at the house where he was, after three days had elapsed, informed him, he could recommend him to a man who, he thought, could find one bail, provided he could find another. The defendant having already procured one friend, the offer was accepted; and the person introduced agreed to get him out for £10; and, that it might be expeditiously done, he sent for a friend of his, another Middlesex officer, of the country, to give a receipt to the one in whose custody the defendant was, and he was then liberated. The bail introduced by the officer happened to be a coffee-house keeper, who considered his own house would be as convenient a situation as any for the defendant, to pass his time away, till the return of the writ; he therefore

introduced him to his attorney, and a list of other friends, who were to be bail for him, if wanted, to any amount. A pretty long account was, however, run up, between the time of the liberation from the spunging house and the return of the writ, when it became necessary for him to make additional calls for money, and which he did, viz. four guineas for putting in bail above, four guineas to procure bail to justify, and six or eight pounds more to get them justified. These calls and the enormous expenses induced the young man to think he had been made a complete prey of, and he thought it best to employ an attorney of his own. It happened, some how or other, between the two, that the bail were not justified by the time limited by the rules of the court. The defendant, however, was informed it was necessary for him to render himself to the Fleet prison, to save his bail, which he immediately did; but he was too late, for an attachment was obtained, of course, against the sheriff, and sent into the office for £78. The officer disputed the regularity of it, but the Court determined the attachment was regular. The plaintiff's attorney then applied and received from the Sheriff the amount of the attachment, with £9 more, for additional expences, to the tail of it, making together £87. During these proceedings, the defendant was confined in the Fleet, at the suit of the plaintiff, where he remained for near ten days. The plaintiff's attorney having received the debt and costs, the defendant got discharged a second time. The officer who gave the receipt and who had paid the money, now made his appearance, and immediately commenced three separate actions, in the name of the Sheriff, by their attorney, upon the bail-bond, all of whom were served with writs, notwithstanding repeated overtures had been made to the officer for the securing the repayment of the debt by a joint warrant of attorney, and appointments actually made to execute it, at which the defendant and his friend, the real bail, duly attended, but the hired bail did not, and it turned out afterwards, that this was a mere amusement, in conjunction with his friend the officer, that the sheriff's attorney might get a judgment and execution against the defendant and his friend; for as soon as this was effected, another appointment was made at the officer's, who keeps a lock-up house, to sign the warrant of attorney, where they went together, when, to their great mortification, they were given to understand they were in execution at the suit of the sheriff of Middlesex; and that from that place they could not proceed farther, until the debt and all the costs, together with the sheriff's poundage, officer's fees, and all other expenses were paid. Here some altercation took place as to the regularity of the proceedings, as no other notice had been given than by the service of a writ, it being necessary they should have notice of a declaration also; but the only satisfaction they could obtain was, that proper notices of declaration could be proved to have been given.

“ The parties remained there for a fortnight. The distress of

the defendant and his wife, who was with him, was great for their own situation; but it was nothing to what the defendant felt for the situation he had brought his friend, the bail, and his wife into, who was also there. He resolved, therefore, and by the consent of his wife, it was immediately carried into execution, to contract for the sale of a little property he was entitled to, through her, in the county of Kent, provided she attained twenty-one. They agreed to sell for £459, what he had considered was worth double the sum. It was not the place, of all others, certainly, for a man to conclude a contract for the sale of his property. He received £150 down, and the remainder he was to have at the expiration of a certain period.

" Having got money, he paid £130 to the sheriff's attorney, exclusive of the officer's civility fees and house expenses; and, for the third time, effected the liberation of himself and his friend. They now concluded the matter was at an end: that, however, was not the case; for a short time only afterwards they were both arrested, at the suit of the hired bail, and locked up together in the same spunging house in the city, for £58 and upwards. Here they were again detained a week for want of bail, which at last they with great difficulty obtained; and after paying the usual expenses of officer's fees, bail-bonds, &c. the defendant was, for a fourth time, liberated, as well as his friend, the bail.

" The poor man now became very much dejected, and almost broken down with grief and illness. Term time, however, nearly approaching, he was contemplating what to do, when, unfortunately for the bloodhounds, he went to his last home! At the return of the writ, the survivor made his appearance in court, by putting in and justifying his bail; and, on enquiry, it was found that the hired bail had defended the action on the bail-bond, and that the arrest was for the law expenses of it, and a bill for wine, dinners, &c. at his house. The cause is now at issue between the hired bail and the real bail, who is quite ignorant how any responsibility can attach on him.

" I will now sum up the expenses which were run up, in a very short time, upon this small disputed debt of £35.

Paid officer for civility fees, house, &c. on getting discharged from the first arrest	£ 6 0 0
Paid bail	10 0 0
Paid officers' fees, &c.	2 12 6
Paid putting in bail above, and expenses in justifying	7 0 0
Paid costs of render to the Fleet	5 0 0
Paid expenses of getting discharged from the Fleet	6 5 0
Paid debt and costs of attachment, and also costs upon the bail-bond to the sheriff of Middlesex, on being discharged when taken in execution	130 0 0

Carried forward 166 17 6

	Brought forward	166	17	6
Paid officer for civility fee, and spunging house expenses for both whilst in custody	- - -	20	0	0
Paid sheriff's officer and secondary's fees, bail-bonds, and house expenses, &c. on getting discharged from the spunging house in London	- - -	10	0	0
His own attorney's bill of costs during this business, (part paid and part not)	- - -	35	10	0
		<hr/>		
		£232	7	6

"If the plaintiff recover the debt and costs now at issue, the defendant will have at least £200 in addition to pay. If not, he will be at the loss of his own costs only, which will be £60 or £70."

Various other cases are recited to prove the oppression incidental to bailable process. Mr. Pearce explains minutely the whole history of an arrest, comprising the delays, extortions, and other incidental evils, attending a spunging house confinement, which, to persons unaccustomed to such scenes, will appear fabulous. They are, nevertheless, strictly true; and might be read with advantage by unfeeling affluence, or upstart insolence. We will take a case of arrest, wherein the defendant is able to get good and immediate bail; and then contemplate his situation with all the train of vexations that will attend it.

"Suppose the defendant is arrested for £15, no less a fee is ever taken than one guinea by the officer, as his regular civility fee, and 5s. man and search. But that is not sufficient; he tells the defendant that another officer arrested him, and that he cannot turn him out without a fee for him, though no responsibility whatever attaches upon that officer, the officer at the spunging house having taken it off his shoulders; nor has he shewn the defendant the smallest accommodation; perhaps he has taken him out of his bed, and carried him there, without allowing him even time to button the knees of his breeches.

"This is an extortion and oppression in every point of view, although at present treated only as two regular fees, instead of one. But that is not the worst of the grievance, for the defendant is always taken off to the spunging house. The officer who arrested him, unless something very tempting is offered by the defendant, would rather have his regular fee and no responsibility.

"It must, however, be complied with, and why? Because the officer is a customer of his, and locks up, as the term is, at his house; and if he lets a man out, without taking care of his brother officer's fees, the next customer goes elsewhere. The charge

of the house, the searches, the letters, and messengers, and what defendant has spent in the house, amounts to another pound.

" I will point out now what the defendant pays. The writ, as is very commonly the case in term time, is returnable the next day, or the same day of arrest, in which case the expenses increase daily, like an overwhelming torrent; and the defendant is compelled to use all his exertion the next day to pay the debt and costs, which are as follow:—

Debt	-	-	-	-	£15	0	0
Lock-up house	-	-	-	-	1	0	0
Two officers and men	-	-	-	-	2	12	0
Attorney	-	-	-	-	1	0	0
Boad, (if in London)	-	-	-	-	1	3	6
Cost of writ	-	-	-	-	4	4	0
Ditto, declaration, rule, &c.	-	-	-	-	5	0	0

£29 19 6

An attorney is, in his own person, exempted from sharing in the miseries he so unceremoniously inflicts on others. The supposition is, that, by his confinement, his client might become an innocent sufferer. Would not the same rule apply in an hundred other causes? Why should not the medical man be equally protected? May his arrest not prove fatal to a woman in labour? Humanity shudders at the idea.

Another case—

" A defendant is frequently arrested on the return day, which is a great hardship; and no harm could be done to the plaintiff by preventing that, as the only consequence would be, the making the return longer. The hardship is as follows: There is no time to get the bail-bonds completed; and the sheriff has no power, after the return day, to take the bail. The bond, therefore, must be completed on the same day, or the defendant must stay in custody, and give forty-eight hours notice of bail. But even that is not permitted in London: there the defendant is taken to the Compter, the secondary insisting upon it, that no man shall be kept in custody after the return of the writ; and nothing saves him, excepting the payment of the debt and costs, or the money being lodged under Lord Moira's Act."

Again—

" If a defendant happen to be arrested a day or two before the change of the sheriffs, which of course is done annually, he has great difficulty indeed of getting out. The officers will arrest you, notwithstanding, on the very day of the change; and this

circumstance is an excuse for their not hurrying themselves. A man is frequently kept in custody on this account, whilst the transfer of the prisoners from one sheriff to another is making out, and in general taken to Newgate."

Again—

" Suppose a man is arrested late in the evening, or on a Saturday evening, which is frequently the case, the names of the bail cannot in that case be given in, much less enquired after, till Monday morning, and perhaps the man will not be able to get out before Tuesday."

Mr. Pearce proceeds to describe the extortions of the spunging house, which we do not follow him through. The scene would be appalling to a mind of any sensibility. But we conscientiously dwell on his remarks, so honourable to the shrievalty of Sir Richard Phillips. That gentleman, while in office, took infinite praiseworthy pains in regulating all the departments of the sheriffs, and the spunging houses among the rest; but his humane regulations were soon dropped. Is this connivance? It is consoling, however, to be assured, that an action for extortion will prove a check upon the officer; and if it were more frequently brought than it is, it would greatly benefit the public. But persons unaccustomed to the humiliation of confinement, will do any thing to expedite their freedom; and if they afterwards find they have been imposed upon, a conscious feeling induces them to submit, rather than to expose their situation. There is, however, no risk in bringing an action; for the officer will always return the money, with costs, and that immediately. He, too, has his *conscious feeling*; but of a very different description. He knows he cannot resist; and that the exposure of his conduct would disable him from preying upon other unfortunates. It is, notwithstanding, a tribute to justice to add, that some spunging houses insure a gentleman good accommodation and fair treatment—when he can pay for it. Any extra compliment on such occasions is dictated by a correct mode of thinking, and is not misapplied.

From these specimens of the process of arrest, as issuing from the superior courts, Mr. Pearce descends to the Marshalsea and other courts. That our readers may form some idea of the pure justice emanating from the Marshalsea Court, we shall state, that there are six attorneys, all of whom purchase their places; there are, *likewise*, four counsel, all of whom purchase their places: so that the defendant has no means of trying his cause, without employing one or the other of this confederated body. Every poor devil engaged in this

crazy court remembers his Litany, and fervently exclaims, "GOOD LORD DELIVER US!"

The various other objects, comprehended in his title-page, are noted by Mr. Pearce with equal ability and benevolence: but we can go no further. The prayers of the unfortunate will be his, whatever the issue of his meritorious labours. R.

ART. V.—*Numbers II, III, and IV, of the Second Series of the Vocal Works of Handel; arranged for the Organ or Piano-Forte, by Dr. JOHN CLARKE, of Cambridge. Pp. 90. Button and Co. 1815.*

It is too commonly the mortifying lot of the luckless individuals who toil in our vocation, to pore over a train of repulsive nonsense, which would irrecoverably sicken ordinary minds, and to wade through a series of nugatory trash, well calculated to destroy the energy of less stubborn nerves. In pursuing the path prescribed by his hard destiny, the unfortunate critic is almost uniformly condemned to encounter the sallies of ambitious ignorance,—to resist the claims of untutored presumption; and, though he come off triumphant from the conflict, his rising exultation is checked by the remembrance of the imbecility and unworthiness of his adversary, and he feels his victory to be barren, while his quietude is disturbed.

But, though our hapless fraternity too often experience the pungency of these truths,—though the cruelty of our condition be such, that our professional life is nearly one continued struggle between anxiety for peace and necessity for war,—it, nevertheless, must not be suppressed, that our gloom is sometimes interrupted by brightness, and our misery superseded by pleasure. We receive considerable gratification from avowing this fact. *Firstly*, because to beings whose functions consist for the most part in analyzing stupidity and meretriciousness,—in dealing with the errors and delinquencies of ostentatious incapacity,—nothing is more delightful than to announce a temporary relief from the usual irksomeness of their occupation; and, *secondly*, because, notwithstanding habitual temptation to censoriousness might reasonably be supposed to render us permanently moody, it shews that we are yet inclined to take advantage of every legitimate opportunity of indulging our more grateful propensities, and are sufficiently alive to the pretensions of real merit and unequivocal excellence.

These observations owe their origin to the irritated state of our feelings in surveying the *generality* of publications, and to the pleasure with which we contemplate the *few*, which, like

the one before us, assert a just title to rank high in our consideration.

In page 121 of our present series, we took occasion to canvass the merits of the first portion of this work, to express our unreserved approbation of the undertaking, of the skill conspicuous in the execution, and to set forth the advantages likely to accrue to the public from the diligent prosecution and liberal encouragement of the design.

It is no small addition to our stock of complacency, to find that these remarks have had their due influence. The work is continued with the same spirit and care; equal judgment and ability characterize the arrangement; and the undiminished patronage speaks powerfully for the reformed condition of popular taste.

Our readers will not, we imagine, deem it necessary that we expatiate on the genius of Handel. His great merits have too long withstood the arts of detraction, too long received the applause of admiration, to stand in need of demonstration at the present day. Nevertheless, we cannot omit to observe, that as every production of true genius exhibits some *single instance* of extraordinary felicity of conception, some *isolated* example of excellence transcending the *general* character of the other parts; so the oratorio of Theodora (nearly the whole of which is comprized in the pages under review) contains *one* specimen of united sublimity, pathos, and grace, very far surpassing the main qualities of the *bulk* of the work: we allude to the supplicatory address of Theodora, "Angels ever bright and fair, &c. &c." In this captivating air, the author appears to have been deeply sensible of the necessity for the calling forth of his great powers in the expression of elevated emotion and pious resignation, and to have exerted them with a success which, we think, it would be difficult to shew, has ever been matched by others, or exceeded by himself. It is a perfect model of its kind. The beauty of the accompaniments, the dexterity of their construction, and the rich flow of the harmony, though entitled to distinguished commendation, are by no means the predominant merits. Its best attraction is of another cast. It strongly interests the feelings. It appeals powerfully to our kindest affections. It awes by its solemnity, and softens by its sweetness.

Of the address displayed by Dr. Clarke in the task he has assigned to himself, it is unnecessary to speak at any length. Suffice it to say, (in the language in which we have already delivered our opinion of the first part of his labours) that the organ or piano-forte part is digested with considerable skill,

and manifests a masterly acquaintance with the original from which it is deduced. In it, the parts allotted by the *author* to the respective instruments in the score are ably collected and embodied; the principal points are dexterously taken up; the harmony is, in every instance, complete; and, though it cannot produce those impassioned feelings, those thrilling emotions, resulting from the performance of an orchestra, it, nevertheless, reflects, in no faint manner, many of the bright and fascinating features of its prototype.

We ought not to conclude without stating our opinion of the substitution (in the voice parts) of the treble cliff for the tenor and soprano cliffs. It meets our entire approbation. For, notwithstanding such a plan must be offensive to the critical sensibility of the theorist, by frequently presenting a series of consecutive fifths undiscoverable in the *original* arrangement, it is yet of great utility to the amateur, (for whose use alone it is adopted) because it enables him to exercise his vocal acquirements with facility and convenience. Besides; the progression, unlawful in the sight of science, vanishes in practice. The relative pitch of the *parts* intended by the composer is preserved unaltered; and the aberration from technical propriety, though perceived by the eye, is without effect on the ear. U.

ART. VI.—*The Nature of Things. A Didascalical Poem. Translated from the Latin of Titus Lucretius Tarus, &c. &c. By THOMAS BUSBY, Mus. Doc. Cantab. 2 vols. 4to. Pp. 418, 416. £5. 5s. Rodwell, and White and Cochrane. 1813.*

[Concluded from p. 165.]

It is with the sincerest delight that we resume the analysis of this animated and polished version of the finest *didactic** poem ever produced by human genius. What the powers of the Translator may be as an *original* poet, we cannot, at present, decide; no considerable poem by the Doctor having yet come under our juridical inspection; but if the effusions of his native muse† should possess the strength and melody of his Lucretius, we should have no hesitation in assigning him a very distinguished place among the great and established poets of the country, and repositing his bust between those of Dryden and

* Why will Dr. Busby use that quadrupedial term, *didascalical*?

† A rumour has reached us, that Dr. B. is engaged upon a poem of considerable magnitude.

Pope. This is by no means the extravagance of panegyric. We are acquainted with no translations since those of Virgil and Homer that we would for an instant think of putting into competition with Dr. B.'s *Lucretius*; and even in comparing him with the above-named *virī illustrissimi*, he would, perhaps, be found occasionally rising above those great models. Than Dryden, he is more uniformly smooth and mellifluous; more generally masculine and potent than Pope. His verses are never *rough-cast*, like those of the first; never melted into effeminacy like the lines of the latter. Yet there are passages in his *Lucretius* that have more vigour than Dryden usually displays; and some extracts we could make, "verse that with Hyblean sweetness flows," in which Pope's general melodiousness is surpassed. The construction of Dryden's poetry is not infrequently loose and straggling; while, on the other hand, it is customary with Pope to marshal his verses in the exactest order and minutest discipline: the Translator of *Lucretius* has the healthful flow of the first, without his laxity; and the symmetry of the latter, without his rigidity. He occasionally labours, but his labour is always happy. From what we have been able to collect from his *Lucretius*, our respect for Dr. Busby's poetical powers is justly and sincerely high; and we do not scruple to confess, that if he does not transcend the majesty of Dryden, and the suavity of Pope, when the one is the most grandly, and the other the most delicately, exhibited,—it is to be attributed less to inferiority of genius, than to the circumstance of those illustrious men having explored to their utmost confines the diversified regions of poetic sublimity and loveliness.

The three last books of "THE NATURE OF THINGS" being of an explanatory description, and illustrative of his main theory, (the Mortality of the Soul) chiefly engage our notice by the splendour and variety of their poetic embellishments. The Fourth Book (independently of its singular discussions of some very important and delicate matters) has some most ingenious and absurd disquisitions on the Senses, and the manner in which impressions are produced on them, &c. The Fifth Book is occupied with the Epicurean theory of the universe, the rise and progress of society, and the origin of government, religion, and the arts. The more awful phenomena of nature, storms, earthquakes, volcanoes, &c. the exposition of oracular frauds, and the causes of disease, are the topics of the concluding book, whose chief and most illustrious feature, however, is the celebrated description of the Plague of Athens, forming the termination of the whole poem. Of this master-

piece we shall only say, that, as far it respects Lucretius, it may be considered as a highly-enriched and metrical version of the dark and powerful prose of Thucydides; and Dr. Busby's translation invests the dreadful picture with an additional shade of gloom and aggravation.

We proceed to make such extracts as will afford our readers the means of judging for themselves. The following illustrations of the infallibility of the senses, and frailty of conclusions drawn by the mind from deceptive appearances in nature, struck us very forcibly as pictures of great natural and poetic beauty.

“ When first the sun his rising disc displays,
And nature glistens with his trembling rays;
When ruddy beams the glowing hills infold,
And lofty mountains shroud their heads in gold,
Though scarce two thousand bow-shot distant stand
These elevations of the neighbouring land,
The hill o'er which the glorious orb appears
A crown of globular effulgence wears;
To touch the top the solar body seems,
And burn the hill with his embracing beams:
Yet spacious seas, and ample tracts of sky,
Between the sun and shining mountains lie;
And many thousand leagues of foreign sway,
And woody worlds, where rove the beasts of prey.

So shallow kennels in the broad highway,
A nether sun, and downward heaven display;
As far above as heaves the vaulted sky,
So far below descends the piercing eye:
Beneath the earth for other heavens we search,
And, wondering, eye the deep inverted arch.

Lo! the long colonnade, whose equal height,
And breadth unvaried, court the stretching sight,
Gradual the roof, the sides, the pavement, close,
And to a conic point the distance grows.

Where morning's beams salute the sailor's eyes,
From ocean's bed the sun appears to rise;
At eve to settle on the briny plain,
Dip his bright orb, and bathe his fires again.
For, but the vault of heaven his eyes survey;
And spreading surface of the watery way.
Yet reason well, nor rashly hence conclude;
These things the mind, but not the sense, delude.”

The nice distinction made by Lucretius between the deductions of the senses and those of the mind are truly surprising, when the scantiness of philosophical knowledge in the age in

which he flourished is properly considered. All our readers have, probably, repeatedly witnessed the phenomena described in the above splendid lines; and all of them will agree with the poet when he asserts, that it is the *mind* that is deluded, and not the *sense* on which the impression is made. Of this description of illustrative instances we cannot refrain from presenting the reader with one familiar to all persons, and which is not more elegantly than faithfully depicted.

"When with soft sleep our weary limbs are blest,
And all the body sinks in downy rest,
Still seem we as awake, we sport, we play,
Through night's dark gloom descends the solar ray,
And gilds our dreams with pleasures of the day. }
The shining streams we skim, the skies, the main,
Top the high mountain, pace the verdant plain;
Hear loud debates amid the silent night,
Speechless retort, and urge the verbal fight."

Yet the above, beautiful as it is, is, perhaps, excelled by the more detailed delineation subsequently given of the action of the mind when in a state of somnolency. The similarity of the lines in italics to Shakespeare's *Queen Mab* is certainly one of the most curious coincidences in poetical composition with which we are acquainted.

"Again; the subject of our daily thought,
What moved our care, or most our fancy caught,
When business pressed or leisure waked delight,
Sleep brings again, and acts them o'er at night.
The lawyer dreams of pleading and the laws;
The soldier fights again his country's cause;
Tempestuous billows rock the sailor's mind,
He rolls in sleep, and wars against the wind.
Me, Memmius, NATURE'S SECRETS then employ,
These, and my Native Verse, my dreams enjoy.

Thus various labours, studies, mortals please,
And crowd their sleep with empty images.
They who assiduous sacrifice their days
To gaudy pageantry, and sports, and plays,
E'en when they're o'er, the shining scenes descry; }
Some traces in the mind still open lie,
Channels thro' which the pleasing phantoms fly. }
In fancy's sight the mimic feasts remain,
In many a dream are acted o'er again:
E'en when their senses wake, they seem to view
The bounding dance, the winding feet pursue;
With liquid notes the lyre salutes their ear,
The speaking strings again they joy to hear;

Again the splendid stage, the actors, rise,
And the same audience greets the gladdened eyes.
So strong the impressions frequent objects make,
The sense receives them, sleeping or awake.

Business or pleasure haunts the active mind;
Exempt from dreams nor man nor brute we find—
Behold the fiery courser in his sleep;
He sweats, he snorts, and would the barriers leap;
Impatient, panting, stretches for the prize,
And heaves his flaming nostrils to the skies.

The slumbering hounds their restless spirit show,
Yelp, snuff the breeze, abroad their members throw;
Hear, as they snore, the hunter's jovial cry,
Hang on the scented deer, and forward fly.
Oft, e'en awake, the shadowy game they view,
Start to the chace, the fancied prey pursue;
Before their eyes deceptive phantoms play,
With fellow hounds o'er hills and vales they stray,
Nor quit the sport till melt the cheating shades away. }

Oft, too, the faithful watch-dogs sudden rise,
Shaking the light-winged slumbers from their eyes,
As some clandestine visitor they heard,
Or in the mansion unknown guests appeared.

As sharper seeds these images supply,
More is the mind disturbed—thus birds will fly
To closest coverts of the sacred shades;
The imagined hawk their fluttering breast pervades;
In startling dreams they view him on the wing,
Eye his dread beak, and mark his downward spring.

And then what gallant deeds our dreams engage!
How burns the soul amid the battle's rage!

Fired by the fury of the steely storm,
What prodigies of valour we perform!

'Gainst kings and heroes we the faulchion wield,
And now are captives in the sanguine field.

Now mid the battle's heat we wounded lie,
With loud lamenting anguish pierce the sky;
Our gushing wounds exclaiming, groaning, mourn,
As by the lion's teeth, or cruel panther torn.

Some talk of plots, their secret crimes betray,
Disclose at night the treason of the day.

Some, fainting, scarce retain their fleeting breath,
And seem dissolving in the arms of death:

And some from lofty mountains think they fall;
The craggy depths their shuddering souls appal;

As down they rush, they wake with dread alarm,
And scarce their senses break the fatal charm.

Some, parched with thirst, beside a river seem,
And with capacious draughts exhaust the stream."

The following lines we extract, as well for their own intrinsic merit, as for the very keen and logical note which they afforded to Dr. Busby the opportunity of writing upon the subject of scepticism:

"Again;—since some confess they nothing know;
E'en this they know not, and in darkness go;
Studious to err, unlearn their former lore,
And backward tread the steps they trod before:
Such froward triflers can the muse refute?
Perverting all things, all things they dispute.
Yet granting this they know, I still admire,
(Since by no previous guide they light acquire)
By what rare talent they to this advance—
To know what knowledge is, and what is ignorance;
The sense of truth and falsehood whence they caught,
And whence they doubt and certainly were taught."

We extract the main part of the admirable commentary on the above verses.

"How do the sceptics wish to be understood when they say that they know nothing? Would they persuade us that they know nothing of the things which are around them? Or, that there is nothing around them to know? If they mean to affirm the *first*, then, speaking of things of which they know nothing, they know not of what they speak. If they affirm the *second*, then, again, speaking of nothing, they speak without any intelligible application of their words. To say that they know nothing of the things which *are*, is to allow that they are; and to assert that there is nothing to know, is to admit, that, when they so say, they say nothing. If, then, they either mean to say that they know nothing of the things which *are*, or that there is nothing to know, they must mean that we have no knowledge of things but as they present themselves to our senses. But to what does this affirmation amount? That we know nothing but what we know. Where men speak of any parts of the animate or inanimate creation, what can they mean to express concerning them except their existence as they impress the senses? Except as objects endowed with those qualities and properties by which they know them? Should I say that I do not know what a horse is, or that he is, I might be asked *what* I do not know to be a horse? Or, what I do not know to be? If I answer, *nothing*; I have been speaking of nothing. If I answer, *that animal which we habituate ourselves to denominate a horse*, I must mean something of which I obtained my ideas, from its power so to impress my senses as to excite those ideas. If it does not create those ideas, I am not conscious of what I am talking. If it does excite those ideas, it is all that the term *horse* can imply. I cannot mean to say that I do not know

it to be a horse because I do not know it as God knows it: because I do not know it by properties by which, as a being of finite sensibility, I cannot be impressed; impressions of which are not included among those which created my ideas of a horse. I mean, then, by the term horse, that of which I have ideas excited by that which I so term. If, therefore, there be no such animal as a horse, I am speaking agreeably to ideas excited in my mind by something else; or by nothing. If they have been excited by something else, that thing does exist, and is what I mean by the term horse. If they have been excited by nothing, they are not ideas of any thing; and if not ideas of any thing, are not ideas; that is, they are nothing. Then the ideas of a horse are nothing. But if the positive ideas of a horse are nothing, the negative ideas of a horse are nothing; and my own ideas, whether of something or nothing, are themselves nothing. The whole meaning, then, of a sceptic, correctly expressed, is that which every philosopher means; that we have no knowledge of any thing except by those properties in that thing which made on our senses the impressions to which we owe our ideas of that thing: or, that we do not know the thing to exist in any other state than that the sensitive results of which, on ourselves, excited the ideas by which we know it."

It would be difficult to name of any poem, with the exception of the *Iliad*, the *Encis*, and *Paradise Lost*, a portion equal to the Fifth Book of "*The Nature of Things*," so replete with images and descriptions of the most brilliant and magnificent kind. Lucretius, in the composition of that division of his work, seems to have borne down upon his subject with the concentrated force of his whole talents; the genius that in the preceding compartments of the poems sent out its fires whenever they were afforded vent, there throws forth its splendid and aspiring flames without restraint or circumscription. Nor is it only in pictures of the grand and sublime that the inspiration of the poet has traced out a path of such splendour and glory. After wandering through the varied and dazzling mazes of the heavenly regions, he descends towards the conclusion to his native globe, and having sung the glories of the celestial abodes, recreates himself in the delineation of earthly scenes which, though of a general nature, the mind, after such lofty and lengthened excursions, is disposed to invest with the charm of domestic interest. The first part of the book is devoted to the Epicurean theory of the creation—a theory generally of brilliant absurdity; but in treating of the origin of society and government, the author displays a profound knowledge of sound political principle; and in the descriptions of rural scenery and rustic amusements,

neither Theocritus nor Goldsmith can lay claim to a wreath of fresher verdure than Lucretius.

The opening lines on Epicurus are conceived in a strain of magnificent panegyric; and the translation preserves all the grandeur of the original.

“ What bard sublime, with sacred fury fired,
 By Phoebus rapt, and every Muse inspired,
 Can lift his numbers to that height supreme,
 To match the majesty of Nature's theme?
 What strains heroic, what transcendant lays,
 Of Him can sound the unexampled praise,
 Whose wondrous energies of soul and mind
 Such glorious blessings shed on human kind?——
 Thinkst thou with His the Herculean labours vie?
 Far, far from truth thy sense and judgment fly.
 Nemæa's lion, or Arcadia's boar,
 Say, could we now their ravages deplore?
 The Cretan bull, or Lerna's hydra pest,
 With poisonous serpents hissing at her breast;
 Or fierce Geryon, bold and triple-faced,
 Whose triple crown a threefold brow embraced;
 Or Diomed's dread steeds, whose nostrils dire
 With fury swelled, and breathed consuming fire;
 Fearful to Thrace, and wild Bistonia's reign,
 Ismara's mountain, and the neighbouring plain;
 Or Stymphalus' fierce birds, with stretching necks,
 Extended talons and terrific beaks;
 Or the huge dragon, terror of the world,
 That round the Hesperian tree enormous curled;
 With eye electric withering man and brute,
 Watched with a jealous rage the golden fruit;
 Far stationed on the dread Atlantic shore,
 Whose wide-extended seas, that rave and roar,
 Nor Roman, nor Barbarian dared explore;
 These, and whate'er Alcides, conquering, hurled
 To swift destruction, and relieved the world;
 These, though they ne'er had felt his potent arm,
 Would they assault us now, or wake alarm?
 For still in woods devouring monsters reign,
 Rove the wild mountain, scour the desert plain:
 But only mountains, woods, and wilds infest,
 Nor quit their savage haunts, nor man molest.
 These we may shun: but, oh! unpurged of care,
 What pains, what anguish are we doomed to share!
 From luxury and sloth what evils threat!
 What follies, crimes, from passion's maddening heat!
 From pride, from fear, what ruin, misery, flows!
 And from uncurbed desire what soul-consuming woes!

He who these monsters of the mind subdued,
 Whose mental might destroyed the restless brood;
 Whose sacred precepts earth and heaven define,
 And treats so nobly of the Powers divine;
 Pour a new light on Nature's boundless frame,
 And touch our bosoms with a godlike flame,
 He ranks with Gods by undisputed claim." }

From the arguments against the anterior eternity of the world, we select one of singular acuteness, and of which both the patriotism and genius are splendidly eminent.

" Again; were heaven and multifarious earth
 Eternal, nor produced by temporal birth,
 Why do not bards more ancient deeds declare
 Than Troy's extinction, or the Theban war?
 Why hath oblivion snatched from endless fame
 The patriot virtue, and the martial flame,
 Of those whose prowess in record preserved,
 Had graced the world their glorious actions served?
 Why, but because this mighty Frame is young,
 Recent the world's vast substance, or not long
 Hath sprung to being? Hence new arts arise,
 Arts ne'er imagined by the ancient Wise;
 While those they knew, we polish and refine;
 In navigation stretch the bold design.
 Music but now assumes her sweetest charms;
 With softness melts us, and with rapture warms;
 And these, GREAT NATURE'S SECRETS, which I bring
 To thee, my Memmius, and delight to sing,—
 E'en THESE are new;—and new the reasons all
 Their truth that prove; and I myself may call
 The first 'mongst those who nobly dare aspire
 On themes so great to wake the Roman lyre:
 True to my Master, all my powers apply,
 And with his precepts bless posterity."

The story of Phaethon is briefly, but glowingly narrated, and is introduced as finely, to say no more of it, as the description in the Fourth Book of the god Pan enchanting the listening satyrs with the melody of his pipe. We had marked it for extraction; but, in looking over the passages we had intended to lay before our readers, we found them to be too numerous to allow the insertion of all: we are, therefore, compelled to omit it, as well as many others, whose splendour or beauty had riveted our admiration.

The birth of the Universe has been a favourite theme with the poets of every age from Hesiod to Darwin: but we do cer-

tainly think that Lucretius, in this part of his subject, makes a more dignified and graceful figure with his atoms, than most poets manage to exhibit, though backed with all the advantages of theological codes and religious traditions. The seeds, says he, never had a motion prescribed by themselves,

“ But from eternity by blows assailed,
And striking, as their gravity prevailed,
Met, struggled, parted, 'mid the mighty void,
Till every motion, every union tried,
By which to genial order they might spring,
And Nature's manifold productions bring,
At length they mingled, blended, and became
The principles of this stupendous frame;
This fruitful globe, the wide-extended main,
Of beings, worlds, and heaven's cerulean plain.
Hence this grand scene;—earth flourished—ocean rolled—
Day's radiant monarch shone in vest of gold,
Creatures arose, stars gilt the vault of heaven,
And order, beauty, light, and life were given.

Till then no solar chariot rolled on high,
No steeds celestial coursed the flaming sky,
No heavens were reared, no starry splendours glowed,
No earth with beings teemed, no ocean flowed;
Rude, indigested seeds at war remained,
'Twas chaos all, and wild confusion reigned.
Then were the seeds divided and arranged,
And anarchy to harmony was changed.
Congenial seed to seed congenial flows;
From one dark mass one lucid fabric rose:
For since the jarring seeds confusedly moved,
And varied motions their discordance proved
By constant intervals, concussions, weight,
All that's contingent to a warring state—
Urged, meeting, parting, as each varied form,
Concurred to aggravate the atomic storm,—
E'en when they met, no harmony they knew,
But kind from kind in separate masses flew:
At length (no longer in confusion hurled)
They formed the mighty portion of the world.
Here spacious seas, there spreading lands appear,
O'er earth the heavens their lofty concave rear;
Aloft the buoyant fires exulting sprung,
And all on high their radiant lamps were hung.”

What follows, the concluding lines more especially, is, we think, executed in a very vigorous and glowing style of poetry; and the verses in italics have a softened splendour not often

surpassed by any of our descriptive poets—they are an exquisite representation of a very beautiful natural appearance ;

“ The seeds terrene, by gravity compressed,
Sought the mid space, and severed from the rest :
As more were these condensed, more closely twined,
Outward they forced the seeds, whose forms combined,
Dispersed, collected, ocean, winds, and moon,
And clouds, and stars compose, and blazing sun,
And heaven, the walls of this great world, whose cope
Exalted springs, and spreads its mighty slope :
For these than earth more subtle seeds comprise,
More smooth, more round, and hence o'er earth arise ;
The bursting æther drew the seeds of fire,
And bade them, soaring, to their sphere aspire.
*Just as when morning sheds her golden rays,
And gemmed with dew, the glittering mead displays
The rosy lustre of the blushing skies,
From lakes and streams while trembling splendour flies,
In ruddy mists the humid atoms flow,
And mantled vales confess the genial glow.
These when they mount and blend, the skies enshroud,
And veil the concave in a vapourous cloud.
So the light æther as diffused it flew,
And spreading and concreting denser grew,
Enlarged its amplitude from space to space,
And held the mighty earth in its embrace.”*

The succession of the seasons, brought forward in support of the absurd notion that a new moon is diurnally created to supply the place of the preceding one, is managed with exquisite skill, and the transitions relieve each other with great beauty and effect.

“ Lo! Spring advances with her kindling powers,
And Venus beckons to the laughing hours,
Fly the winged zephyrs forth, and all things move,
The earth to beauty, and the soul to love :
Maternal Flora wakes her opening buds,
With sweetest odours fills the groves and woods,
With flowers of richest dyes prepares the way
For rosy Pleasure and the genial May.
Her fervid rays then scorching Summer pours,
And dusty Ceres brings her gathered stores :
Fierce from the north arrives the Etesian blast,
And, roaring, tells the fleeting Summer's past.
Then Autumn comes, and Bacchus reels along,
Flushed with the purple grape, and revelry and song :

Now raging storms, and boisterous winds awake,
 The loud South East and South their prisons break,
 The sultry South, full charged with burning drought,
 And heapy clouds with bursting thunder fraught.
 Then chilling snows, with gelid frost, advance,
 And shivering Winter ends the annual dance."

From the Fifth Book we can afford to make but one or two more extracts. The rise of religion, and the first notions concerning the Gods, are translated in a strain of lofty magnificence and glowing grandeur worthy of the original.

"At first creation forms divinely bright,—
 Radiant in beauty, burst upon the sight :
 Men, e'en awake, the shadows wondering saw,
 Glowed as they gazed, and felt a sacred awe;
 But to their dreams still grander visions came,
 Visions of brighter, more gigantic frame;
 Whose active limbs astonishment excite,
 Clothed in the glories of supernal might.
 On these bright forms their fancy sense bestowed,
 Language superb, and worthy of a God.

Where glide the shining orbs for ever bright,
 For ever rolling in refulgent light,
 There they established the celestial bowers,
 There fixed the mansion of the heavenly powers ;
 There where the sun and moon their fires display,
 The beam nocturnal, and the flame of day ;
 The stars serene that shed their mingled rays,
 The flying lightnings, and the meteor's blaze ;
 The hail, the rain, the dews that float on high,
 The thunder's awful bolts that threatening fly,
 And all the dread commotions of the sky." }

Towards the conclusion of the book, the author enters upon the consideration of war and military inventions, which has afforded Dr. Busby the opportunity of giving vent to his ideas upon that abominable scourge of humanity—an evil generally engendered and fomented by those whom circumstances secure from its dangers and ravages, and who consequently deserve to be abhorred and despised as *malignant cowards*; and whose action is carried on through the instrumentality of men whose worthless existence is sustained on the flesh and blood of their fellow-men, and who consequently ought to be shunned as *brutes*.

"War, the most dreadful of all human calamities, and the severest reproach to humanity, seems to have commenced almost

with the world. The history of every age and nation exhibits little more than a series of sanguinary conflicts. We turn over the pages for useful instruction, and find them uniformly stained with blood. *The CULTIVATORS OF WISDOM, FATHERS OF SCIENCE, and INVENTORS OF ARTS, either occupy diminutive spaces in the records of countries, or are entirely forgotten, while the exploits of MURDERERS and DESPOILERS of the earth engross the main body of the work, rendered disgusting by the minutiae of human carnage and mutilation.* As if sensible of the repulsive horror of the relation, the historian (in imitation of the genius of war) covers the scene with pomp, and dresses in splendour deeds that level the actors with the direst savages of the forest.

“ War is so utterly irrational, impolitic, and CRIMINAL; and its foundation, on one side or other, by necessity, so PERFECTLY IN-DEFENSIBLE, that it is difficult to conceive the possibility that the ministers of dissenting countries (men,” sometimes and in *some* countries, “ of superior intellect and enlarged intelligence) should sit down to the fair and ingenuous examination of the subject in dispute, and not arrive at a just and amicable decision. In the *first* place, the question, *honestly viewed, is never very subtle*; and in the *second*, the true interests of all nations are, by luminous minds” (aye, true, by *luminous* minds) “ known to be more allied than is generally conceived. With a *mutual and sincere* disposition to peace, cabinets could not be blind to the principles of *right*; nor could either of the disputing powers be a sufferer by an *honourable* engagement. *Would* governments be mindful that force is the argument of brutes; were national contests the contests of reason; *did* liberal and candid discussion supersede the sword,—from what deplorable waste of life and treasure, public calamity, and private misery, would the earth be spared!”

The origin of music is exquisitely described; the passage is eminent for its Italian sweetness and beauty of modulation—Pope’s “ O’er golden sands,” &c. is not superior—it is as fine an example of the *cantabile* of poetry as we have ever perused.

“ And with their liquid lays the birds began
To teach the ear of imitative man;
Long ere with polished notes he cheered the plains
Or poured his extacies in measured strains.
And, moved by gentle gales, their murmur’ing sound
The tuneful reeds, soft waving, whispers round;
To wake the hollow reed, hence man acquired
The melting art, and all the soul inspired.
Then sounds he learned to breathe, like those we hear
When the soft pipe salutes the enchanted ear;
When to the nimble fingers it replies
And with the blended voice in sweetness vies;

That pipe that now delights the lawns and groves,
 Where'er thy solitary shepherd roves,
 And speaks the dulcet language of the Loves." }

The above exquisite lines *naturally* induced from Dr. Busby a note upon music, and its origin; a subject on which almost any other Translator must have been silent, or have talked nonsense. But this eminent person has not confined himself to the bounds chalked out by the text, but, agreeing with Lucretius on the probable origin of music, has, in a concise but finely-written commentary, entered into a very scientific and conclusive argument on the difference of the effects produced by the Grecian and Modern systems. The commentary is admirable, not merely for the soundness of its *principle*, but as a sort of model for composition on scientific subjects, and at once exhibits Dr. Busby as a very superior writer, and a personage profoundly versed in the arcana of the sublime and delightful science he peculiarly professes.

" That vocal music had its origin in the observance of the melody of birds, and that the murmuring sounds of hollow reeds, inflated by the winds, first suggested the idea of musical instruments, can scarcely be doubted. To enquire into the antiquity of music, is therefore to seek for the period of the first developement of the human faculties. Since, as a science operating by the pleasure of the emotions it arbitrarily excites, it may be enjoyed without our acquaintance with its principles, we may conclude that sounds were gratifying to the ear long before they were modulated into appreciable intervals, or supposed to have any harmonic relation. Poetry speaks of the mind through the medium of some sentiment, founded on principles previously comprehended; and painting by the representation of objects familiar to the sense; but *music*, as a power operating by the variety of the successive vibrations it imparts to the nerve, works on the mind, and moves the soul, agreeably to the relation between the excited tremulations, and this or that passion of our nature. Music, therefore, to arrive at some of its powerful effects, had not to wait for that scientific form which it gradually assumed, not only was the untutored sense qualified to be impressed, and the mind, in its most simple state, subject to the vibratory communication, but the mechanic force of the sounds was neither evaded nor weakened by any systematic regulation of the ear; and the soul, unoccupied by the consideration of the artificial construction of what it heard, received at once, pure and unmixed, the sonorous appeal. But when science formed her diagram, and by her diatonic, enharmonic, and chromatic scales, gave a stated order to tones, semitones, commas, and dieses, the general ear began unconsciously to receive an education, which in part diverted the mind from the

natural impulse it had at first involuntarily obeyed; and though the feelings now excited were more elegant and refined, the passions were less powerfully roused."

The justness of these observations is indisputable. The Grecian music was the uncontrouled effusions of an enthusiastic temperament addressed to temperaments equally susceptible of ardent emotion. Of compositions embracing a complexity of parts, simultaneously moving in disciplined and integrated harmony; of the powers of a band; of any regular and concerted operations by a multiplicity of various instruments, the discovery and use of which have enabled modern professors to enlarge the practical sphere of musical principles, and through novelty of means to produce novelty of effect; of that knowledge and skill essential to the developement and legislation—if the word may be used—of the latent but prodigious varieties of vocal and instrumental melody; of that wonderful art which enables a composer of genius to combine in one composition the harmonizing magic of diversified parts; they had not the remotest notion. The music of the Greeks was neither more nor less than the melodious but unscientific expression of powerful feeling, and as far as principle was concerned, the musician of ancient times was not much superior to the audience he enchanted. All this Dr. Busby proceeds to explain in too beautiful a manner for us to resist the extraction of the remainder of the note.

"If we are surprised at the extraordinary effects said to have been produced by the Grecian music, especially by that of their seven modes called the Phrygian, it is because we forget that with the growth of our science, our ears are, as it were, newly modulated. By the refinement of our melody, and complex construction and evolutions of our harmony, we have obtained a sweetness, elegance, dignity, and grandeur, of which the ancient Greeks could have no conception; but have lost the means of making, and the fitness for receiving, those powerful and transporting impressions which their music was calculated to impart, and the comparatively-natural susceptibility of their ear to feel. How far the rule may hold in the other arts, we must not here enquire; but certainly, with respect to *music*, the most simple is the most sensible state of the mind; the state in which it is most alive to warm and passionate impressions.

"In vain would it now be, could we revive the softness of the Lydian mode, and the fury of the Phrygian, to melt the soul to pity, or exasperate it to rage by the power of music; much less possible to command its transports by any efforts of our present profound and complicated theory. Whether the ancients were, or

were not, acquainted with counter-point, has been a question long and strenuously agitated. If they were, some of the extraordinary relations of the effects of their music are true. The rich pealing masses of plain counter-point, and the puissant majesty of public devotion, will not kindle the extacy of love, or the paroxysm of anger. For the dissolving and irresistible impressions asserted by the Greeks, we substitute the noble and the sublime; for their simple softness, an artificial refinement; and indulge in an elegance of expression and grandeur of combination, suitable to our delicacy of sentiment, tranquil dignity, and elaborate science."

The appearance presented by the new-formed earth is described with great brevity and beauty; and produces much the same effect on the mind as the eye experiences when it beholds a painted landscape, where the objects, though few, are large, where amplitude supplies the absence of diversity, and the light thrown upon the picture is of that clear and temperate kind that permits every feature of the prospect to come forth distinctly and visibly.

"Earth with green herb first spread the yielding ground,
And all her hills with shining verdure crowned;
Her florid hills in painted vest arrayed,
And gay with flowers her fertile vales displayed;
Bade the tall trees to heaven their branches bear,
And spread them dancing to the wanton air."

Creatures, the author proceeds to observe, next sprang from the bosom of the earth, which is by no means extraordinary,

Since "many a sentient being now she yields,
And shower and sunshine animate her fields;
Then wonder less that Nature bade arise
Creatures more numerous and of ampler size,
When earth was in her young prolific stage
And Æther in the verdure of his age,"

We have room for only one more extract from the Fifth Book; the description of rural festivity. The passage in the original is a fine and masterly portraiture of the simple pleasures and unadulterated joys of shepherds, and the translation is marked with the same characteristic union of strength and ease as distinguishes the Latin.

"Thus music's charms rejoiced the vocal plains,
And cheered the banquets of the labouring swains;
Their simple feast with rustic rapture crowned,
When, stretched at ease, they pressed the flowery ground;"

With hearts at rest indulged the leisure hour,
 By some smooth stream, or, lull'd in shady bower,
 Contented lay, with peace and rosy health,
 Nor tasted care, nor dreamed of needless wealth!
 Chief when the Spring on gladdened nature smiles,
 Pleasure the hours of rural ease beguiles:
 When laughing valleys sport their flowery pride,
 With jests and jeers the frolic moments glide:
 The jocund gambol and the rustic song,
 And the loud laugh that stops the flippant tongue.
 The rosy wreaths each honoured head that crown,
 Or from their shoulders hang in clusters down:
 The vigorous leap, the freak, the boisterous mirth,
 The antic-dance that shook their Mother Earth;
 Successive sports that still their joys prolong,
 And still relieved by many a trolling song;
 By many a tale that age hath still in store,
 And many a trick that ne'er was played before;
 And many a tune that many a joke succeeds,
 When runs the bending lip along the whistling reeds:
 These are the sweets the rural swains enjoyed,
 These the delights that many a night employed:
 That bade the simple, easy, heart be blest,
 And robbed the drowsy midnight of its rest."

The concluding note to this division it would be unjust to Dr. Busby not to lay before the reader. It contains a very fine general character of Lucretius, as a poet, written with great power of language, candid discrimination, and original strength of critical thinking, while at the same time it is not possible to pass over without suitable commendation the modesty of this distinguished author in speaking of his own performance.

"Every commentator, not conscious of very extraordinary powers, must feel his inadequacy to do justice to this grand and splendid book of the Nature of Things. *I shrink under the task.* That the author sometimes reasons indefensibly in ethics, and incorrectly in physics, may be allowed, without detracting from the amplitude of his comprehension, or the sublimity of his poetical powers. The vast range of his mind embraces the whole compass of material existence; and he discovers, or imagines, the laws by which all things are framed, sustained, and moved. If he does not expatiate upon a world of his own creating, he often rules the world upon principles of his own invention; and the rectitude of science is supplied by the force of genius. To view this book in the aggregate, is to look at a vast mass of illumined matter, in the general glow and vividty of which the opaque spots are almost lost. In loftiness of thought and fire of expression, Lucretius

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sometimes vies with Homer; at others the calm stateliness and concise energy of his versification surpass that of Virgil; while the descriptions in which he abounds are painting itself; or, rather, the very presence of the objects; for, he brings them before our eyes.

With the sixth and last book we must make short work. Not that its merits are of an inferior description to those of the preceding compartments; or that its attractions, in their way, are by any means less. But our remarks on the former books have extended to a length which it was not our intention originally to have given them, and which will only permit the extraction of a few of the most striking and illustrious passages. The book embraces, as we said at the commencement of this article, the consideration of the more awful commotions of nature, and exhibits her in the frowns and terrors of offended majesty, rather than the smiles and loveliness of conciliated beneficence. She rides in the investing glooms of storms and hurricanes, or lours from the heavens, like the Superstition of her Poet, amid the lurid glare of blasting lightnings. Her voice echoes in submarine thunders, or bursts out in awful replication from the volcanic caverns of disrupted mountains;—lastly, she sweeps by us in funeral weeds—and Disease, and Plague, and Death consummate the commands of an uncontrollable and relentless destiny.

We shall first extract the description of the *Præster*, or water-spout.

“Hence of those whirlwinds we the cause discern,
 Termed by the Grecians *PRÆSTER*—hence we learn
 How slow descending from the fields above,
 To ocean's face their sable columns move—
 Amassing fall; while round, in wild affray,
 The deeps boil, foam, and toss the briny spray;
 The neighbouring vessels feel the tempest's power,
 And yawning billows threaten to devour.
 Within a cloud when whirling winds are pent,
 And rage, and pant, and strive in vain for vent,
 Chief these effects ensue, then downward driven,
 (As pressed by manual force) from darkened heaven,
 Stretching its spiral pillar t'wards the seas,
 The fleecy form descends by slow degrees.
 When rent the cloud, the fervid winds transpire,
 Whirl o'er the main, and wake their latent fire:
 Roaring, the troubled waters heave and beat,
 Wildly ferment, and own the kindling heat.
 Down with the cloud a rolling whirlwind sweeps,
 Forceful descends, and plunges in the deeps;

Beneath the waves impels the floamy frame,
And sets the foamy element in flame."

The description of *Ætna* is managed with great power and effect. Perhaps there may be something in the word "*belches*" in the eleventh line, which to a delicate ear may seem to border on *grossièreté*. But, in a description of this nature, strong terms are essential and legitimate; and it is any thing but fair to detach any particular sentence or word, and then pass a partial and individual verdict upon it, when the judgment should extend itself to a consideration of the whole passage. We quote the description.

"Now, why aloft the sudden lightnings spring
From *Ætna's* fiery entrails, Goddess, sing.
Nature within hath one vast cavern made,
And stony arches prop his towery head.
Here air and wind the full dominion bear;
For wind is formed of agitated air:
Whirling around, it heats, it fumes, it fires,
The rocky cave with raging flame inspires,
Beats it to sparks, then upward rushing flies
Through the broad fissure to the glaring skies;
Pours all abroad the wind-engendered blaze,
Spouts the red ore, and shoots its lurid rays;
Belches the black, conglomerating, smoke,
And ponderous masses heaves of burning rock."

The mighty and mysterious Nile has been touched upon by almost every ancient poet. It could not possibly escape an author treating of every thing great and curious in nature. Accordingly, Lucretius has introduced it: and the book in which he discusses the causes of its annual inundations is very properly the last, where it forms one of many miscellaneous subjects. Of this celebrated stream, whose waves have successively borne the standards of foreign heroism from Alexander the Great to Napoleon the Great, the ancients knew little. Of its source they entertained the most absurd notions. Alexander supposed that, by sailing down the Indus, he should arrive at its fountain-head. Homer calls it "the river flowing from heaven," *Ἰνδὸς ἐκ οὐρανόθεν*. Diod. Sic. says, that the inhabitants of Meroë called it by a word signifying dark or obscure. Herodotus, after a four months' journey to discover its source or sources, relinquished the task; Alexander, Ptolemy Philadelphus, and the miscreant Nero, were not more successful. P. Mela thought it rose at the Antipodes, and Euthymenes most strangely imagined it to branch off from the Atlantic.

Pliny derived it from a mountain of the *Libyæ Mauritania*, and Ptolemy supposed it to originate in certain lakes south of the *Baphox*. Lucetius seems to come nearer the truth when he places the fountains of the Nile in *Æthiopia*; by which word, loose as it undoubtedly is, *Habesh* or *Abyssinia* must be understood. Further information may, perhaps, corroborate the accounts of that illustrious traveller, James Bruce, relative to this curious point, as it has already done much of the singular intelligence contained in his most valuable work. But we are forgetting Lucetius and his Translator.

“Lo! Egypt's single stream (the beautiful Nile!)

In summer swells, and floats the nurtured soil;
In summer swells, because the *Etesia's* force
The river meets, and checks its rapid course,
Its strength repels, the hasty current chides;
And drives it back on the descending tides:
For, full against the stream the *Etesia* throws
Its boisterous blast, as from the north it blows;
While from the southern, farthest southern, soil,
Through *Æthiopia* flows the mighty Nile;
Through *Æthiopia*, whose wide bounds embrace
A heat-enfeebled; sun-burned, swarthy race.

Or heaps of sand are driven against the south,
The stream oppose, and choke the river's mouth,
When, urged by *Boreas' breath*, the seas beat strong,
Raise the loose bed, and drift the soil along:

Hence more confined the channel, hence more slow,
And with diminished force, the stream will flow.

Or when, at summer's fierce return, the north
Sends the *Etesian winds* in fury forth,

Driving the clouds far south, in rapid course,

More copious rains may swell the river's source:

In the warm clime when press the floating clouds

'Gainst the high mountain's side in humid crowds,

Their seeds they yield to condensation's power,

And swelling Nile receives the watery store.

Or, on the *Æthiopian heights* may spring

Causes that all the mighty deluge bring:

When *Phœbus*, with his all-dissolving rays,

On their exalted summits ardent plays,

To floods he melts the quick-descending snows;—

Roar the vast cataracts, and the Nile o'erflows.”

On the three causes of the inundation mentioned by Lucetius, Dr. Busby very justly remarks that “the third is the only one sanctioned either by the law which determines the extent

of causes by their effects, or to which later discoveries give no countenance.

We must now bring this article to a close. Of Dr. Busby's powers as a classic Translator, our extracts afford splendid evidence. As a Translator of Lucretius, innumerable difficulties beset his path; and it is the simplest justice to declare, that he has conquered them all in the most brilliant and graceful manner. His verse, merely as verse, is full, sweet, rich, and melodious, to the utmost extent that the bounds and combinations of the English language will admit. Nothing human is perfect; and, were we inclined to be censorious, we might say that occasionally his rhymes are inexact, and that he uses words either obsolete and cacophonous, or inelegantly new. But these are faults trivial in themselves, and occurring but seldom. To his text he is eminently faithful. He sometimes adds, but the addition is ever an embellishment. It is next to an impossibility to peruse the great work before us, without being continually impressed with the high original talents of its celebrated author; and we feel persuaded, that had Lucretius written in English, the original would have worn much of the aspect of its only worthy translation in our language. It is an illustrious version, and has nothing to dread—even from any future attempt.

Of the Commentaries, we have to speak in terms by no means inferior to the panegyric we have felt it our duty to bestow upon the poetry. They are the productions of a wealthy, elegant, and profound intellect; abounding in original matter, and marked by a strain of acute and cross-questioning argument, as interesting from the liveliness with which it is carried on, as it is gratifying from the conviction it affords: and more service has been rendered by Dr. Busby to Christianity by his notes upon Lucretius, than by all the sermons and homilies in defence of the faith.

ART. VII.—*A Practical Synopsis of Cutaneous Diseases, according to the Arrangement of Dr. Willan; exhibiting a concise View of the Diagnostic Symptoms, and the Method of Treatment.* By THOMAS BATEMAN, M.D. F.R.S. Physician to the Public Dispensary, and to the Fever Institution. 8vo. Pp. 342. Longman & Co. 1813.

THE subject of the present treatise permits us to premise a few observations on the prevailing theoretical doctrine which governs the pathology of chronic diseases.

Medicine was early considered a noble art; and honourably descended, according to the poets, who deified Apollo, its first

professor, as well as his descendant, Boerhaave. For a noble and learned author has observed, as the sun is the fountain of life in natural things; so a physician, who preserves life, assumes a second origin thereof.

The human body has been so created, that its healthy functions are very liable to be disturbed; and when so disconcerted, are not restored with the same facility. This deviation from their original duty constitutes the change which has received the appellation of disease; and, although the morbid action, so excited, may reasonably be considered as an attribute of every animal body to recover its healthy state, yet it is found by experience that this principle frequently fails in accomplishing the object.

It is much to be lamented, that so few specific remedies are known even at this enlightened period; a circumstance which has contributed to render this divine art more conjectural than scientific.

In former ages peculiar remedies were more regarded, and it is probable that considerable information was derived by registering the effects of successful formulas for their respective diseases; and there is no doubt that this practice gave birth to a well merited confidence in the exhibition of many useful and powerful medicines, but which have not been deemed admissible in any contemporary pharmacopoeia.

Every age in different countries have adopted different theories of medicine, the systems of which have been, in their turns, as often exploded. Such a versatility of reasoning has much conduced to retard the progress of this science, and has operated another principal cause why so few existing remedies can properly be designated specifics.

It is worthy of remark, that amongst natural bodies, there is no one so variously compounded as the human. Vegetables are nourished by earth and water—brutes, by herbs and fruits; but man feeds upon the flesh of living creatures, herbs, grains, fruits, different juices and liquors, and all these are prepared, preserved, dressed, and mixed in endless variety: besides, the mode of living amongst other creatures is more simple, and the affections which act upon the body, fewer and more uniform. But man in his habits, exercises, passions, &c. undergoes numberless changes. This variable and subtle composition and fabric of the human body renders it a curious musical instrument, which may account for the mythological emblems of Apollo, whose province, as a physician, is to tune the body to harmony.

The variable state of the body from these causes has opened a

deceits infinite: deception and imposture, by the charlatans of all nations in every age.

Other arts and sciences are judged of by their power and abilities, and not by events. A lawyer is judged by the ability of his pleading—not the issue of the cause: the pilot by directing his course, and not by the fortune of the voyage; whilst the physician does no particular act that can clearly demonstrate his ability, but is principally censured by the event, which is very unjust: for who can tell if a patient should live or die, whether it is accident or art? Whence imposture is frequently extolled and virtue decried. Nay, the credulity and weakness of the multitude is such, that they often prefer a mountebank, or a cunning woman, to a learned physician. Lord Bacon says, the poets were clear-sighted in discerning such folly, when they made *Æsculapius* and *Circe* brother and sister, and both children of *Apollo*; for at all times, witches, old women, and impostors, have, in the vulgar opinion, stood competitors with physicians; and hence physicians say to themselves, in the words of *Solomon*, “If it befall to me as it befall to fools, why should I labour to be more wise?”

Besides the difficulties which meet the arduous pursuits of a physician, in tracing the source of diseases, there are others, which may be communicated of greater magnitude than the variety of aliment and discomposure of the mind; and these lie in the elements, the exhalations, the climate, and their frequent vicissitudes. But one of the most complicated causes which tends most to resist the investigation of this desideratum, lies in the miraculous property with which the stomach is endowed; and this is the power of assimilating its various contents: for whilst this organ retains its complete active functions, physiology does not present a more curious phenomenon for the admiration of mortals, or a finer example of creative wisdom. The surprising changes which are wrought on the contents of this organ are perfectly incredible; and we think it expedient here to exemplify this faculty more forcibly, in order to shew how little the specific virtue of a simple article, after it arrives in the mass of circulating fluids, can be depended upon to produce any anticipated effect, subsequent to the process of the digestive organs. More than half the inhabitants of the globe owe their existence entirely to rice and water, and two-thirds of the remainder live principally upon the flour of wheat, and the meat of potatoes.

It is not uninteresting to know, that when rice and water, or any other simple article of food, is conveyed into the stomach of a man; that its elementary texture will be so totally subdued

within the space of twelve hours, as to be commuted and separated by means of glandular organs, into more than twenty diversified fluids, perfectly distinct in their sensible and chemical qualities; and surprising as it may seem, one of them will contain properties calculated to produce the similitude of his own image:—to contemplate that any animal process is capable of separating milk, and the fatal poison of the cobra de capello from a circulating fluid in an identical animal, at the same moment, is truly astonishing! It must be considered as a singular proof of infinite intelligence, and an awful confirmation of the Deity's super-eminent power. It is, in short, a divine chemistry, inimitable by art, and totally eluding all human investigation. This is a transmutation not confined to man, or the more perfect animals, but is seen in fishes and insects; the former will thrive in water alone, throwing off continually all its impurities and excretions. Some insects live on rhubarb, many on jalap and hellebore, whilst others obtain their only support from the most poisonous roots; and we have observed, as one of the most striking examples of assimilation, that the Sicilian cantharis, commonly called the Spanish blistering fly, is infested by an insect which entirely devours every part of its body; and as it increases in size, it will be found, that the weight of this gormandizing glutton is equal to all the piquant aliment on which it has subsisted, and to which it owes its perfection; and what is incredible, this fattened insect is of a beautiful transparent pearl colour, exhibiting on the tongue a bland taste, something like cream, and free from the smallest degree of pungency. This must be allowed to be one of the most remarkable instances which can be produced of animal assimilation. Neither is the change of simple water, by means of the vegetable kingdom, a subject less curious—demonstrating the perfection of Nature's laws in converting this fluid into such various products as we observe; for to learn that the juice of the luscious pine and sour crab, the bitter aloë and the sugar cane, the archil, indigo, the essential and expressed oils, are articles severally produced by the decomposition of this simple element, by the constructive organization of their respective plants, will be worthy the deepest reflection of philosophers. We may perceive that the Author of the universe has bestowed on the animal and vegetable kingdoms inherent powers of creating the most elaborate compositions from the simplest articles, with equal facility, as the most perfect compounds are rendered gaseous, and transmuted into their original elementary atoms. This doctrine seems established by reflecting, that the mucilage of wheat or potatoe flour, will produce a chyle, which will be

ultimately converted by appropriate organs into both acids and alkalis, bile, bone, and hair; and through the medium of the same organ, we see common grass is separated into its primary elements by the mysterious operation of digestion; and we perceive in a subsequent stage of the animal process all the diversity which distinguishes animal flesh—the stag's horn, the enamelled tooth, the porcupine's quill, the variegated feather, and the encrusted shell. Such are the varied forms originating from the simplest aliment which engage our admiration: and yet, if we turn our thoughts to the infinite imitations which are brought about by the vegetative process, our surprise must be augmented as we think more deeply on the subject; for it is found that the multiplied ramifications of the roots have the faculty of decomposing simple water into different gasses, which in their progress through a vascular organization of the plant, and a varied arrangement of their proportions, evolve all the productions of different fruits, together with more than fifty other dissimilar compounds.

But we have, perhaps, been a little digressive on this interesting subject, and we shall here conclude, after remarking what may not be known to all our readers, that the common atmosphere to which we owe our existence is compounded of the same elements as aqua fortis, and only differ from each other in the respective proportions of their ingredients.

The preceding observations have been apparently enlarged upon unnecessarily, but it will be found to have a reference to all morbid affections of the human system, but principally to diseases of the skin; for unless it can be affirmed positively, that any apozem or diet-drink has proved an effectual remedy after the experience of near three thousand years, it is a strong argument that little dependance can be placed on future experiments. The vires medicatrices nature are always exerting their efforts to remove morbid deviations of the system, and she generally prevails; but when she does not, the subject we think merits a rigid scrutiny to discover in what manner medicines can effect the vascular system, or ameliorate the circulating fluids; for if the blood itself is not changed from the variety of aliments, either by mechanical mixture or chemical combination, the change must be upon the solids. We cannot help observing, that the human body abounds with phosphoric acid (phosphorus and oxygen), which is a combination effected within the body; and on the contrary, although the constitution receives a large portion of marine acid, it is found destitute of this property. This fact sufficiently proves the extended operation of the animal machine in forming new combinations;

of, to express it differently, the basis of one substance joining itself to another by an elective attraction, and losing its former properties.

The base of marine acid is not yet known, and it would appear that the marine, vegetable, and carbonic acids, were all transmuted by the animal process into phosphoric acid. To this effect the case of Madame Sapiot, related in Broomfield's Surgery, seems to throw some light, and therefore shall briefly detail it. The bones of this lady became so soft throughout the whole skeleton, that they were capable of being twisted like a corkscrew, or any other figure, with the greatest facility; though accompanied with little pain, and retaining the figure with which they were last impressed. This is a memorable example of the disease denominated *mollities ossium*; and, as no other theory has been submitted for this unusual affection, it may be suggested that the patient had been daily in the habit of swallowing incredible quantities of common salt; and if so, is it an unreasonable conclusion to imagine, that a strong elective attraction had prevailed in the system between the phosphorated calx of the bone, and the marine acid, in preference to the fossil alkali with which it was formerly combined, to form common salt?

After the decease of this patient the bones presented a mere frame work of dried animal gluten, similar in appearance to isinglass, totally destitute of the calcareous phosphat which originally had rendered them solid; and, as might be inferred, were disfigured with various incurvations and depressions.

We hope not to be misunderstood on this subject; for although the gastric secretion is proved to be sufficiently potent to change heterogeneous ingesta into an uniform assimilated mass, which in its further progress produces a corrected homogeneous chyle; still we do not presume to doubt that many articles may be introduced into the sanguineous circulation with unaltered properties, and we humbly claim some attention to a few brief remarks on this very important medical question; for we venture to assert that no physician in any age or country has ever pretended to offer a philosophical opinion, why the absorbents of the intestines *primi generis* should refuse an ingress to many articles of wholesome nourishment, and yet admit a variety of repugnant aliments apparently of deleterious qualities. We repeat, that no author has given his sentiments with precision or perspicuity to account for this sentient principle inherent to the intestinal absorbents; and which certainly exists in the chyliferous system. Neither are we better instructed upon what principle it is that any specific effect

can be anticipated upon the system after the arrival of any medicine within the circulation of the blood; and this defect of our knowledge seems somewhat opprobrious to the medical character: for it is already ascertained, that the transfusions of various simples into the veins will demonstrate the same impression upon the system, as if the same had been exhibited by the mouth. If a small quantity of the infusion of jalap is injected within the vein, the patient is not sick, but it acts as a cathartic; and if a similar experiment is made with the infusion of ipsecacuanha, it will not purge, but it will act as an emetic; and so of some other drugs. If blood of one animal is transfused into the veins of another, there are many cases related of its effect in the French memoirs upon the subject, which seem to be told impartially, and confirmed by others from Germany, and some few experiments in England, which renders the operation of transfusion very interesting. Amongst others, there is one well attested of an old dog which had lost his eyesight, the faculties of hearing and smelling, and with much difficulty could move about. By means of venous transfusion, this dog received the blood of a frisky lamb, whilst the blood of this old dog, flowing from an opposite vein, was received by the lamb; and thus a reciprocal profit and loss of the vital fluid were sustained, until both animals had lost the greatest part of their natural blood. The result of this experiment was, that the young animal continued drowsy and indolent, whilst the old animal recovered his senses, and became more active than he had been for many years before.

If water or air are injected, they have often proved fatal.

There is a certain preparative faculty with which the lymphatic or absorbent vessels are endued, that requires further explanation than the subject has yet received; and, if further considered, may lead to important discoveries: for it appears, by the strange effect of a singular experiment, that quicksilver received into the mouths of absorbent vessels in its course to the heart, or inserted abruptly into a vein conveying red blood, produces two very opposite results. It is well known, if globules of this semi-metal are taken by the mouth internally, or received by the absorbents of the skin, their administration in many diseases will prove advantageous, and occasion no untoward symptom when properly directed. But it is far different, when a single grain of quicksilver is applied within a vein, and conveyed towards the heart; it does not quickly destroy the patient, but its effect ultimately is certain destruction.

We were informed by the late Dr. Beddoes, that the issue

was the same in many similar experiments; the animal was dispirited and dull the day after the operation; his appetite diminished the third or fourth day; in five or six days frequently laid down, and sometimes panted, as if suffering under the effect of fever, with a white tongue, and felt hot on being touched; about the seventh or eighth day a cough came: all the former symptoms grew worse, and were followed with atrophy, attended with a constant phisical cough. The wasting of the body and increased irritation of the lungs continued till the sixth week, when the animal died of a consumption. On the inspection of the lungs after death, the appearance was remarkable; the whole surface of the lungs appeared inflamed, with innumerable tubercles on their surface; and what is truly wonderful, small as the original quantity of the quicksilver was, each of the tubercles contained a minute granule. The symptoms here narrated, after the introduction of the quicksilver, are, without difficulty, accounted for. But what is to be said of the change attributable to the lymphatics and their glands, when the abrupt entrance of one grain into the circulation of the blood is positive destruction to the same constitution, which will imbibe the quantity of one thousand grains with perfect security through the channels that have been naturally provided for its ingress? There is no doubt, from this fact, that the grain of metal, after passing the crural vein, in its course to the vena-cava descendens, which conveyed it to the right ventricle of the heart, by whose contraction it was thrown into the pulmonary artery, and distributed through its evanescent ramifications; from whence it would seem that the minute extremities of the pulmonary veins were too diminutive to admit an ingress to the subdivided granules of quicksilver, and therefore remaining in the bronchial cells as a foreign body.—The animal died from the efforts of the constitution to relieve itself of an obstruction which could neither be changed or discharged.

Although the absorbents frequently refuse the admission of certain particles of the chyle; still madder, indigo, and many colouring vegetable powders, will not be rejected into the circulation. Madder, although a dying article, does not seem to discolour the chyle in its passage to the receptaculum: still it has the faculty of making its re-appearance in the earthy part of the bone; and thus it is proved, that there is a constant deposition of solids as well as fluids in animals: for if a young growing animal is fed on alternate days with madder and watergruel, the bone will be streaked like a tulip; and those stripes may be made narrow or broader, by feeding the animal only one day with madder, and four days with gruel; and so, vice versa, as

you wish the red or white colour to preponderate. On the other hand, the power of rejection is extremely well exemplified in the use of vitriol and galls: it is well known that these ingredients produce a black tincture, and prove one of the nicest tests of iron; nevertheless, the lacteals seem to possess the power of rejection very forcibly; since green vitriol, either exhibited with the food, or thrown into the intestine after the animal is opened, while chyle was forming and absorbing, gives no colour on infusion of galls being applied to the chyle; nor if galls are thrown into the stomach along with the food; or if an infusion of them is in like manner thrown into the intestine, when an animal is opened, during the time that the chyle is flowing into the lacteals, do they give any colour upon a solution of green vitriol being applied to the chyle.

Many of the observations which have been noticed, are made to demonstrate the difficulty of ascertaining decisive remedies for chronic diseases, or placing any dependance on the visionary notion of ascribing specific virtues to the occult qualities of drugs, roots, or plants. It is perfectly farcical to reflect on the delusions which have been practised on the faculty, for a succession of ages, in this branch of therapeutics. It is scarcely credible that men of superior talents should have been so credulous, and allow themselves so long to be led astray by the dictatorial assertions of ancient authorities. It is quite ludicrous to read the dogmatic representations of Culpepper, who assigns to every disease a positive remedy, in his history of plants. And what we read of the ten thousand remedies in various dispensatories, have rarely any authority which is respectable: such as the powder of cranium humanum, to cure head-ache; pulmones vulpium, a certain remedy for asthmas, because a fox runs quick; sperma ranarum, to cool the loins, because frogs feel cold; the manus hominis mortui, for scrophula; and likewise the manus regalis, an infallible cure for wens. This last was once considered a never failing remedy for wens, because it was transmitted to the whole Royal Race, on account of the pretended piety of one of their ancestors: but it may be received, most confidently, that if the king's hand was applied to no better purpose than to cure strumous swellings, such a monarch would afford little relief to his subjects. But it is now time to consider more especially the volume before us. This small octavo volume, comprised in three hundred and forty pages, purports to be an abridgment, with some emendations of Dr. Willan, a physician, now deceased, who had the honour of publishing a meritorious work containing a synoptic arrangement of cutaneous diseases; and his loss is more to be deplored,

as it appears his intention was, to correct and enlarge the former publication; but his plan seems to have been pursued with undiminished ability by his relation Dr. Thomas Bateman.

Its sole purpose appears to be, to present an abstract of a classification proposed by Dr. Willan, and to give a concise view of all the genera and species which he intended that it should comprehend.

Although natural bodies of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, will bear a classified arrangement; we profess to have our doubts whether the diseases of the animal body will bear a strict and perfect classification; and were this the proper place to signify our remarks upon the medical synopsis of Sauvage, Vogel, or the eminent Dr. Cullen, many imperfections may be pointed out.

The German Professor Plenck, of the university of Buda, who is always an interesting author, from the perspicuity and accuracy with which he treats every subject, has likewise wrote a synopsis on cutaneous diseases, which he arranged into fourteen classes. Dr. Bateman disposed the whole into eight classes, after Dr. Willan; and we think it here necessary to state the classification of this arrangement in the following table:

ORDER I. PAPULÆ. Strophulus. Lichen. Prurigo.	ORDER IV. BULLE. Erysepelas. Pemphigus. Pompholyx.	Eczema. Aphtha.
ORDER II. SQUAMÆ. Lepra. Psoriasis. Pityriasis. Ichthyosis.	ORDER V. PUSTULÆ. Impetigo. Porrigo. Ecthyma. Variola. Scabies.	ORDER VII. TUBERCULÆ. Phyma. Verruca. Molluscum. Vitiligo. Acne. Syccosis. Lupus. Elephantiasis. Framboesia.
ORDER III. EXANTHEMATÆ. Rubella. Scarlatina. Urticaria. Roseola. Purpura. Erythema.	ORDER VI. VESICULÆ. Varicella. Vaccinia. Herpes. Rupia. Millaria.	ORDER VIII. MACULÆ. Ephelis. Nevus, Spilus, &c.

But in Plenck's classification he makes fourteen Orders; six denominated after Dr. Bateman, leaving out two, viz. exanthemata and tubercula, and adding the following:

Crusta.	Morbi unguium,
Ulcera,	Morbi capillorum,
Vulnera.	Callositates.
Insecta cutanea.	Excrecentiæ.

We do not think it of consequence to cavil, whether all the foul appearances on the skin (of which there appear to be nearly one hundred and fifty distinct diseases) ought to be classed into eight or fourteen orders. But we have no scruple in observing, that it is most laudable to render all such arrangement as simple as possible to the reader, and to preserve the diagnostic character of the class very distinct; but it will be found a very difficult task not to confound the genera and species.

The greatest utility of a synopsis morborum, is to ascertain the identity of the disease, as it will lead to the *methodus medendi*; the shortest road. We are a little struck at the decision of our author's treatment for many of the eruptions which have never been understood to prove of difficult cure; but we do not mean at present to remark on this part of the subject. It must be obvious to very superficial observers, that eruptions on the skin for the most part possess a very different character in their various stages—rendering many species of the lepras and prurigo obscure in their character, and not easy to discriminate. How many pimples afterwards become pustular, and when in an arid state, throw off their generic features, and assume those which constitute a different class: the same disease will present dissimilar appearances upon different subjects still further varied by different modes of life and constitution. These circumstances, moreover, often change the characteristic appearance of an eruption which is not unfrequently combined with diseases of another character. Thus, the scabies lymphaticus is an eruption of a vesicular character, although its final tendency is a pustular form. On the contrary, many of the varieties of herpes, in their common appearance, are vesicular; yet, as it advances in its progress, the inclosed lymph in the vesicles acquires a considerable opacity, and which cursory observers would deem purulent. In like manner, the original pustula of some forms of prurigo, is frequently obliterated, by augmenting crusts of the confluent ulcerations and furfuraceous exfoliations which ensue, and which conceal its true nature from those who are unacquainted with the whole course of the progress. Neither can we trace these diseases to the source from whence they issue. The same species of eruption

will occur from plethora and inanition, as well as from sympathetic affections of the stomach with the skin. It is generally known, that vinegar and shell-fish often produce permanent surfeits, so soon as they come into contact with the interior coat of the stomach. The same effect is frequently experienced by those who take cold water immediately after violent exercise. These effects operate as natural impediments; and obscure the horizon of our knowledge, resisting all attempts to an accurate methodical arrangement of cutaneous diseases. There are many chronic eruptions which cannot consistently be distributed into any of the aforementioned classes: such might properly be considered the *disjecta membra*; and we are of opinion, that if there had been added a ninth class called anomalous, that more eruptive diseases might with propriety be placed under it than that of any other. Every attempt of this kind therefore must be manifestly imperfect. But when it is considered, that few persons escape the seizure of many eruptive complaints during the course of their lives; that a variety of them are dangerous to the patient's existence; others very painful; some infectious; a great part loathsome; and that all more or less troublesome;—the adoption of any arrangement or nomenclature for a synopsis would render the various forms of cutaneous diseases better known, and give definite views of them as to enable practitioners to converse respecting them with more perspicuity, is worthy the most profound enquiry. And if, by such an improvement, diseases of the skin could be treated with decision and efficacy by an appropriate discrimination of terms, it would prove of more utility in practice than the discovery of new medicines; for the existing formulæ would probably be found quite sufficient, if the causes of every malady could be traced to their source, and the diagnostic characters of it could be precisely distinguished.

We are happy in observing, that our author has done great justice to his subject in many points; and by persevering in this field of practice, both his patients and himself may expect to be equally benefited by his labours.

We shall now afford our readers a specimen of Dr. Bateman's own observations upon the different species of prurigo, a genus contained in the first order of papulæ.

"The characteristic symptoms of this genus are, a severe itching, accompanied by an eruption of papulæ of nearly the same colour with the adjoining cuticle. It affects the whole surface of the skin, under three varieties of form, as well as some parts of the body locally.

"1. *Prurigo mitis* is accompanied by soft and smooth papulæ, somewhat larger and less acuminated than those of Lichen, and

seldom appearing red or inflamed, except from violent friction. Hence an inattentive observer may overlook the papule altogether: more especially as a number of small thin black scabs are here and there conspicuous, and arrest his attention. These originate from the concretion of a little watery humour mixed with blood, which oozes out, when the tops of the papule are removed, by the violent rubbing or scratching, which the severe itching demands. This constant friction sometimes also produces inflamed pustules; which are merely incidental, however, when they occur at an early period of the complaint. The itching is much aggravated both by sudden exposure to the air, and by heat; whence it is particularly distressing when the patient undresses himself, and often prevents sleep for several hours after he gets into bed.

" This eruption mostly affects young persons, and commonly occurs in the spring or beginning of summer. It is relieved in a little time by a steady perseverance in the use of the tepid bath, or of regular ablution with warm water, although at first this stimulus slightly aggravates the eruption.† The internal use of sulphur, alone, or combined with soda or a little nitre, continued for a short time, contributes to lessen the cutaneous irritation; and may be followed by the exhibition of the mineral acids. Under these remedies the disorder gradually disappears; but if the washing is neglected, and a system of uncleanness in the apparel is pursued, it will continue during several months, and may ultimately terminate in the contagious Scabies.

" 2. *Prurigo formicans*.—This affection differs materially from the preceding, in the obstinacy and severity of its symptoms, although its appearances are not very dissimilar. The itching accompanying it is incessant, and is combined with various other painful sensations; as of insects creeping over and stinging the skin, or of hot needles piercing it. On undressing, or standing before a fire, but above all on becoming warm in bed, these sensations are greatly aggravated; and friction not only produces redness, but raises large weals, which, however, presently subside. The little black scabs, which form upon the abraded papule, are seen spotting the whole surface, while the colourless papule are often so minute as nearly to escape observation.

" This Prurigo occurs in adults, and is not peculiar to any season. It affects the whole of the trunk and limbs, except the feet and palms of the hands; but is most copious in those parts over which the dress is tightest. Its duration is generally considerable,

* Pruritus enormis non semper densæ confertæque papule afferunt; paucæ vix aspectu notandæ occurrunt, quæ hominem convellant.—Lorry de Morb. Cutan. cap. iij. art. 1. par. 2.

† After recommending a bath of moderate temperature, Lorry observes, " Nec mirandum, si inter balneorum usum plures papule prodant. Effrinit laxatis vasis, ad cutem omnia deferri æquum est. Sed nulla inde ratio est, cur minus balneis fidamus."

sometimes extending, with short intermissions, to two years or more. It is never, however, converted, like the preceding species, into the itch, nor becomes contagious; but it occasionally ends in Impetigo.

"The causes of the *P. formicans* are not always obvious. In some instances it is distinctly connected with disorder in the stomach; being preceded by sickness, gastrodinia, and head-ache; and in others it appears to be the result of particular modes of diet; especially of the use of much stimulant animal food, in hot weather, with a free potation of wine, spirits, and fermented liquors, and excess in the use of condiments, pickles, and vinegar.* On the other hand, it is often observed in persons of lean habit; and sallow complexion, and in those who are affected with visceral obstructions, or reduced by fatigue, watching, and low diet.

"The treatment of *P. formicans* must necessarily be varied according to the circumstances just stated; but it is not readily alleviated either by internal or external medicines. Were it appears to be connected with a state of general debility; or with some disorder of the abdominal viscera, the first object will be to remove these conditions by proper diet and exercise, together with medicines adapted to the nature of the case. Where the stomach is obviously disordered, the regulation of the diet is of material importance, especially as to the omission of those prejudicial articles above mentioned, and the substitution of a light digestible food, and of whey, milk, ass's milk, butter-milk, &c. as beverage. This regulation of the diet, indeed, is in all cases of the disease to be recommended, though there may be no apparent internal complaint from which it originates. For, in these cases, medicine alone is often extremely inert.

"Combined with proper diet, the use of washed sulphur with the carbonate of soda, has much alleviated the painful state of sensation, and shortened the duration of the disorder: and, where the habit was enfeebled, the decoctions of sarsaparilla, cinchona, serpentaria, and other tonic vegetables, have proved essentially serviceable. I have seen considerable benefit derived from the internal use of the oxygenated muriatic acid, in this and the former species of prurigo, both the eruption and the itching yielding during its exhibition. It may be taken in doses of a drachm, and increased gradually to three times this quantity, in water or any agreeable vehicle. Strong purgatives, or a course of purgation,

* "I have known several instances of the immediate influence of the acetous acid upon the skin, especially in summer, exciting heat and tingling very soon after it was swallowed; and in persons of peculiar cutaneous irritability, leaving more permanent effects. Dr. Withering asks, 'who has not observed the full scarlet flush upon the face after eating herrings, or vinegar, after drinking acetous beer or cider?'—*Treatise on Scarlet Fever*, p. 69.

"The universal recommendation of vegetable acids in these states, indeed, in these states of cutaneous irritation, in consequence of a misapplication of the term *scorbutic*, is in opposition to the dictates of sound observation."

appear to be injurious; antimonials and mercurials are useless; and active sudorifics aggravate the complaint.

"In respect to external remedies, frequent ablution with warm water, by removing the irritation of sordes and softening the skin, contributes most materially to the patient's relief. A bath of the native or artificial sulphureous waters is still more efficacious in relieving the itching; and sea-bathing has also occasionally removed the disorder. In general the application of ointments, or of lotions containing sulphur, hellebore, mercury, zinc, lime-water, &c. is productive of little benefit. I have sometimes, however, found a speedy alleviation produced by a diluted wash of the liquor ammoniæ acetatis, or of spirit, or by a combination of these, varied in strength according to the irritability of the skin.

"3 *Prurigo senilis*. The frequent occurrence of Prurigo in old age, and the difficulty of curing it, have been the subject of universal observation.* The sensation of itching, in the Prurigo of that period of life, is as intolerable and more permanent than in the *P. formicans*; and the appearances which it exhibits are very similar, except that the papule are for the most part larger. The comfort of the remainder of life is sometimes entirely destroyed by the occurrence of this disease.

"A warm bath affords the most effectual alleviation of the patient's distress, but its influence is temporary. The disorder seems to be connected with a languid state of the constitution in general, and of the cutaneous circulation in particular: hence the sulphureous waters of Harrowgate, employed both internally and externally at the same time, afford on the whole the most decided benefit. A warm sea-water bath has also been found serviceable. Sometimes stimulant lotions, containing the oxymuriate of mercury, the liquor ammoniæ acetatis, or alcohol, are productive of great relief, and occasionally render the condition of the patient comparatively comfortable, or even remove the disease. When the surface is not much abraded, the oxymuriate will be borne to the extent of two grains to the ounce of an aqueous or weak spirituous vehicle; but is generally necessary to begin with a much smaller proportion.

"This mineral salt is likewise useful in destroying the pediculi, which are not unfrequently generated when the Prurigo senilis is present. Where the skin is not abraded by scratching, the oil of turpentine, much diluted with oil of almonds may be applied, with more decided effect, for the destruction of these insects.†

* In the third book of Hippocrates' Aphorisms, amongst other diseases of old age, he mentions *furor ex senectute* &c.—Its obstinacy has been particularly noticed by the later Greeks. "Pruritus in senectute contingens perfectæ sanare non datur, veram subscriptis mitigare potes," &c.

† The pertinacity with which these loathsome insects often continue to infest the skin, in spite of every application that is resorted to, is surprising: but, as Dr. Willan has justly observed, the marvellous histories of fatality occa-

"The local pruriginous affections above mentioned have scarcely any affinity with the Prurigo just described, except in the itching which accompanies them, not being in general papular diseases. The *P. praputii* is occasioned by an altered or augmented secretion about the corona glandis, and is cured by frequent simple ablution of the parts, or by a saturnine lotion. The *P. pubis* arises solely from the presence of morpiones, or pediculi pubis, which are readily destroyed by mercurial ointment. And the *P. wethrolis* is commonly sympathetic of some disease about the neck of the bladder, or of calculi in that organ: in women, however, it sometimes occurs without any manifest cause, and is removable by the use of bougies as recommended by Dr. Hunter.

"Two forms of local Prurigo, namely, *P. poditis*, and *puulendi muliebris*, are more frequently the objects of medical treatment. Independently of ascarides, or hæmorrhoids, which sometimes occasion a troublesome itching about the sphincter ani, the *P. poditis*, occurs in sedentary persons, and those of an advanced age, in connection with an altered secretion from the part, and sometimes with constitutional debility. This complaint is apt to extend to the acrotum, especially in old men, which becomes of a brown colour, and sometimes thick and scaly. The itching, in these cases, is extremely severe, especially at night, and often deprives the patient of a considerable portion of his sleep. A troublesome Prurigo acrotis is also occasionally produced by friction, from violent exercise, in hot weather; and sometimes it originates from the irritation of ascarides in the rectum.

"Lotions, whether warm or cold, with preparations of lead, zinc, lime-water, &c. have little efficacy in these affections. Those

sioned by lice, in the persons of Pherecydes, Antiochus, Herod, &c. are probably ascribable to mistake; the writers having confounded other insects, or their larvae, with pediculi. Numerous instances are recorded of the generation of maggots, &c. the larvae of different species of fly (*Musca*) and even of other winged insects, not only in the internal cavities of the human body, but in external sores and excoriations. (Vide Edin. Med. and Surg. Journal for Jan. 1811, p. 41; and in the new Cyclôpædia of Dr. Rees ART. INSECTS.) In warm climates, indeed, these insects are so abundant about the persons of the sick, that the utmost care is requisite to prevent the generation of larvae from the ova, which they deposit, not only in superficial wounds, but in the nostrils, mouth, gums, &c. Dr. Lempriere has recorded the case of an officer's lady, who had gone through an acute fever, but in whom 'these maggots were produced, which burrowed and found their way by the nose through the *os cribriforme*, into the cavity of the cranium, and afterwards into the brain itself, to which she owed her death.' (Obs. on the Diseases of the Army in Jamaica, Vol. ii. p. 182). The worms which were generated in the patches of Lepra, observed by Prof. Murray, proved to be larvæ of the common house-fly. In all such cases, the disease appears to have afforded only a nidus for the ova of these domestic insects, and to have been in no other way connected with their existence, either as cause or effect.

"Incredibile fere est," he says, "quanta muscarum domesticarum copia continuo ad lectum advolarent, egrumque suctu suo torquerent, ut in clamorem usque nonnumquam erumpet."—*De Formibus in Lepra obviis Obs. Auct. J. A. Murray, Edit. 1760, p. 25.*

made with vinegar, or the acetate of ammonia, are productive of a temporary relief. But the mercurial ointments, especially the *unguentum hydrargyri nitratis* diluted, are the most successful applications.—Internally small doses of calomel, with an antimonial, such as the *pilula hydragy risubmuriatis* of the New Pharmacopœia, seem to be advantageous in correcting the morbid secretion: and the vegetable or mineral tonics should be administered in enfeebled habits. Great temperance should be inculcated in the case of *P. podicis*; since stimulant diet invariably aggravates the complaint.

“The *P. pudendi muliebris* is somewhat analogous to the preceding, but is occasionally a much more severe complaint. It is sometimes connected with *ascarides* in the rectum, and sometimes with *leucorrhœa*; but is most violent, when it occurs soon after the cessation of the catamenia. The itching about the labia and os vaginae is constant and almost intolerable, demanding incessantly the relief of friction and of cooling applications, so as to compel the patients to shun society, and even sometimes to excite at the same time a degree of nymphomania.

“This condition is generally accompanied by some fulness and redness of the parts, sometimes by inflamed papule, and sometimes by aphthæ. Saturnine and saline lotions, lime-water, lime-water with calomel, vinegar, and oily liniments prepared with soda or potass, are beneficial, especially in the milder cases: but the most active remedy is a solution of the oxymuriate of mercury in lime-water, in the proportion of two grains, or a little more, to the ounce. As in the cases before mentioned, however, the presence of rhagades or excoriations will require palliation, before it can be employed.”

Some further observations will be made in our next review upon this article.

T.

ART. VIII.—*Messiah; a Poem, in Twenty-eight Books.* By JOSEPH COTTLE. Sup. 8vo. Pp. 513. Button and Co. 1815.

THIS epic poem is founded on the holy record of the Old Testament; and, we have to admire the religious zeal, rather than the poetic spirit, of the well intentioned author.

It is true there are moments when enthusiasm appears to have elevated Mr. Cottle's mind to a comprehensive delineation of the sublime objects of his contemplation: but generally speaking, his muse does not ennoble his labours. It is feeble; not impressive—dull; not solemn. Whereas, sacred verse ought to breathe the awful language of inspiration, and flow from a divinity dictating to the poet.

The narrative recites a series of scriptural events from the

creation—"xtoi μὲν παρῖσα χάρις γένητ' "—to the death of King David, including his ascension to the paradise of God—

"Where the first heaven is found, the world of rest,
Made to receive the soul when first undrest."

These lines convey a very puerile idea of man's sublime translation to the regions of immortality. Mr. Cottle, in truth, has mistaken a glowing purity of heart for an embellishing capacity. His plan—he tells us—presented to his mind, in its first anticipation, an impressive and edifying character. It appeared to call up one vast scene—this world the theatre—where successive eras passed in review; and where the spectator seemed il-lusively to behold the generation of man arise and retire: whilst a momentary acquaintance was formed with the venerable actors of past ages, who enforced the reality of a superintending Providence, a future state, and the perishable tenure of worldly enjoyments. It further combines objects of celestial contemplation. The fall of man—the subsequent corruption of the world—the selection of a chosen people to become the depositions of divine truth—together with the gradual irradiations of the human mind, under the perpetual influence of that guardian of the infant church of God, who was to become incarnate, and, in the loftiest sense, to bring life and immortality to light. A poem—he adds—which aimed to inculcate such principles, and to exhibit such actions, from the pure sources of holy writ, cannot be unconnected with utility. He, therefore, "CONSECRATES" his labours under this devout impression, "to the honour of that Saviour, who, when the means of a more liberal offering are wanting, commends the widow's mite."

The interest, as well as unity of action, throughout this poem is pleasingly illustrated by the agency of the MESSIAH; who, on the expulsion of our first parents from paradise, implores his Almighty Father to admit his personal mediation between the divine wrath and the frailties of mortality.

"Heaven caught new rapture from MESSIAH's eye,
And thus aloud he cried—'MAN SHALL NOT DIE!
Joy, yet unfelt, heaven's harps and hearts shall swell!
One shall exult o'er death, and vanquish hell!
I, freely, will man's ransom undertake—
These thrones, with Thee, Oh! Father! for his sake,
Awhile, resign, and, to yon earth descend,
To be the outcast's hope, the sinner's friend!'"

MESSIAH now prepares for his pilgrimage on earth; and, attended by the angels Gabriel and Michael, spreads his majestic wings, and rests on Eden's plain.

" Amid this scene that every joy inspires,
Which thus our parents left for thorns and briars;
Messiah rested and matured the plan,
To save from death, the ruin'd sons of man.
With prospects, such as none in thought might see,
Musing he gazed, into futurity.
Again, for man, to win th' unshackled will;
To turn to good what SATAN meant for ill;
To mould each incident of time and place,
Pertaining still to earth's remotest race;
To rescue hosts, which angels might in vain
Attempt to count, from sin's enslaving chain;
This temple now, in form august, appear'd;
His mind creative this vast fabric rear'd.
An aspect, less severe, permission gave
For GABRIEL thus to speak. 'The world to save
Thou freely hast resolved—wilt thou, this hour,
Restore frail man to his primeval power?'
Messiah answer made,

'Thou dost but see,
The present, I behold what is to be!
My Father's honor, and my Father's praise,
These are my aims. Long and tumultuous days—
Scenes where all evil in succession rise,
To times, far distant, move before my eyes,
The road is rough that many a saint must tread,
Ere yet, serene in death, he rests his head!
Anguish must reign, to thee not understood;
And present ill conduct to future good,
Almighty power, for ends thou canst not tell,
SATAN permits, the fiend! on earth to dwell;
But, merciful as great, this dark design,
At length in wisdom's sun-like robe will shine;
And all conspire to serve his aim, above,
Whose end is happiness, whose heart is love!
Mark; as become created form like thee,
Life's varied scenes unfold and trust in me!

" Not idle gazers, while yon moon endures,
Commissions of delight shall oft be yours;
You are my messengers, in their distress,
Ere long to cheer the heirs of blessedness;
To minister of joy, to guide, defend,
Earth's ransom'd sons, who make their God their friend;
Even all whose spirits seek the light divine,
And cheerfully, for heaven, the world resign:

As earth advances, and her tribes fulfil
 Their march, from realm to realm, encreasing still,
 Seraphic hosts, from yonder thrones on high,
 My voice shall summon. These, their native sky,
 Joyful, will leave, and make, with you, their care,
 All whom I love, and who my image bear."

This is an animating picture of divine mercy, which, progressively, dilates throughout eight and twenty books, awakening the 'rapt soul to a religious comprehension of the mercies of our blessed Redeemer. The character of Ahitophel—a hypocrite, a traitor, and a suicide, is a well-imagined contrast to the development of the virtues of David, "the sweet singer of Israel," whose "giddy" notes "had charm'd the lion o'er his prey."

We cannot estimate the fascination of "giddy" notes over the mind of a raging despot, who had determined to slay the culprit

"——— who, to madness prone,
 Dared to look up, unshuddering, at his throne."

And the more so, as Saul was aware that the prophet Samuel had destined the shepherd David to supplant him on the throne of Israel. This prophecy is, subsequently, confirmed to Saul, in the witch of Endor's cave, by the aroused spirit of the deceased prophet.

Our author wanders with equal success into the regions of Fancy, where he introduces, in the sixth book, the King of Spirits and his parricidal son.

"One 'bove the rest, the King of Spoils! arose,
 Fear'd, scorn'd of all, whose very friends were foes.
 His heralds, who, th' imperious mandate bore,
 None ever hail'd, none saw but to deplore!
 Blood track'd his path, while vengeance stalk'd before. }
 A Son arose, more fiend-like than the Sire;
 Who, in the whirl, th' intemperate gust of ire,
 (Scorning, of heaven, or earth, controul, or fear)
 Plung'd in his father's heart the murderous spear!"

At this passage we behold the infidel punished, and adore the divine interposition of Providence, which saves Noah, the "man of God," from the impious fury of the parricidal king.

"Grasping his spear, th' infuriatè Parricide,
 With eye of fire, toward NOAH rush'd and cried,
 'Presumptuous Man! while hosts the requiem raise,
 Thou shalt, the first, on yon proud altar blaze!"

He said, amid the burst of Moses's name,
 And urged the patient victim to the flame—
 Just rising, which ten thousand shouts proclaim.
 That moment, from the heavens, with crashing sound,
 The lightning blasts the altar to the ground!
 The smoke expires! And, 'mid untold dismay,
 The whirlwind bears the Patriarch away!"

The ark is prepared, and the deluge described. In the twenty-second book we find another episode—that of a **MAN AT EASE**. In this character we scan the instability of human possessions, and learn to feel the fulness of our dependence on our Maker, without whose blessing man is nought on earth, and without whose mandate the sparrow falleth not to the ground. This character is most natural. We study it in the Psalms, and we confirm its reality by daily observation. In the rich western city, where this poem was published, the author must have had frequent opportunities of contemplating the "man at ease." There, wealth is the object of almost universal idolatry. Its frail possessors are selfish, illiberal, and arrogant. They will, however, feel—if *such beings* can feel—the following awful lesson:

" 'Come forth,' with towering gaze, pursued the host;
 'I, to thy eyes, will shew what wealth I boast.
 Behold this house, surpassing all around.
 What stately trees, what lands thy vision bound,
 Me, their sole owner call. The fields, before,
 Waving with yellow corn, contain my store.
 The vines, opprest with fruit, all bend for me,
 And as this year hath been, the next shall be.
 Yon barns, capacious, groan beneath their weight;
 Too small. Before another autumn, my estate
 Swell with its bounty, I will lay them low,
 And larger build, my riches to bestow,
 And long, to come, my soul shall laugh at woe.'
 Is this the mark for envy? this the wise?
 Smitten of Heaven, he reels! Ah! there he lies!
 The rich man fades away! the boaster dies!"

The fate and example of this wretch teach hope and resignation to the soul of David. We could, from *woeful experience*, point out individuals from this city of "COMPOUND INTEREST," who will one day want both.

The extracts we have given will fully establish the real claims of Mr. Cottle, both as to the origin and composition of his poem. If ever he be tempted to undertake the **New Testament**—as he appears to predict—we counsel him not to intro-

duce the ellipsis in the article "*the*," when it precedes a consonant. This repetition is frequent; and nothing can be more harsh, or inimical to the flowing harmony of verse. Could any one suppose the following line to be extracted from a poem?

"Th' days of th' years of my pilgrimage have been."

Independently of this error, the punctuation is far from giving perspicuity to the language. Often, indeed, passages are wholly enigmatical.

Towards the conclusion of the fulfilment of a plan, which did not admit of curtailment, he found himself, in one part of his journey, under the unfortunate necessity of coming in contact with our greatest bard. Their materials were the same, at least derived from one source. But, as he passed over this ground with all practicable rapidity, he trusts to be acquitted of temerity; and is content to become a foil, where competition would be impossible.

We shall take leave of this gentleman, and certainly not without respect, by inserting a speech from Satan, the newly fallen archangel, in his immeasurable, dark, bitumenous abode. The object will flash conviction on every mind: it alludes to the newly created world—

"Thus Satan spake—'Approach! we now are bound
To yon new world perpetual war to sound.'

* * * * *

"Turning to BELIAL, his compeer in fame,
Who near him stood and strove to hide his shame,
Both trembling, both to equal wrath awake,
Hardly restrained, SATAN imperious spake.
'Fiend! hear thy lord! Oh! I will soothe thy ire!
Must lightnings kindle, ere the spark expire?
Hear me, Oh! BELIAL. Prospects now unfold,
Such as shall warm, afresh, thy spirit cold.
So great! thou shalt not dwell inglorious there,
Where now we speed. Oft will occasion fair
Call forth thy eminence of craft and guile.
If near, or far remote, some Being vile
Should pant for rule, and bound, in favour'd hour,
From meanness to the pinnacle of power;
In domination proud the sceptre wave,
Proclaiming earth his empire, man his slave:
If in yon world, one, such, should ever rise
(Thy counterpart, whom imps and men despise!)
Oh! BELIAL! thou shalt claim him, as thy prize.
Thou, o'er his breast, imperial sway shalt gain.
His spirit thou shalt urge, to forge the chain

}

That shackles freedom. He, inspired by thee,
 Shall poison captives in their misery;
 Murder shall deem his calling: waste whole climes
 With sword and fire, and deluge them with crimes:
 By arts, surpassed not here, and subtle ways,
 Pull down the lawful king, th' usurper raise;
 And that his name, in th' firmament might blaze
 Of Demon Potentates, with fury blind,
 Invade the peaceful, the defenceless grind,
 Make blood his passion, and, in towering pride,
 Provoke the storm, he would, but cannot guide.
 He, urged by thee, on war, his all shall stake,
 Insult his foes, and, recklets, friends forsake;
 Now worship heaven, and now, with equal ease,
 All faiths alike, to idols bend his knees.
 Haply, some turn, in the career of fame,
 May send him to the dust, from whence he came,
 And teach, what all our sons, at last, shall learn,
 That we, awhile, can use, and then can spurn.
 Oh! that such spirit human heart might sway!
 With the warm hope of that auspicious day,
 I will the vacant throne, in hell prepare,
 And pant for one, like him, my pang to share,
 And grapple, sad and silent, with despair.
 With hearts too proud to parley, or to fear,
 Now, to the world remote our course we steer.
 He said, when up they rose, the spawn of night,
 SATAN, himself, the first, and urged their flight,
 Vain aim! to oppose, JEHOVAH, infinite!"

E.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

THEOLOGY.

ART. 9.—*The Tendency of Infidelity and Christianity contrasted; in Two Sermons. Preached by the Rev. ALEXANDER FLETCHER, of Miles's Lane, London; after the Conclusion of the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain and the United States of America.* 8vo. Pp. 28. Ogles and Co. 1815.

WE do not admire politics in a pulpit. The deductions from the first sermon are, that POPERY and INFIDELITY are the powerful weapons of SATAN to oppose the progress of CHRISTIANITY throughout the world. The one robs the mind of its liberty: the other, of its hopes of blessed immortality beyond the grave.

That the Prince of Darkness hath employed the one in South

America, and the other in North America, is the subject of the second sermon. In elucidation of this text, Mr. Fletcher conjures up the memory of Thomas Paine, "*the champion of infidelity*," whom he represents to have died in abject misery in the United States, so loathed by the Americans, that he was buried in the road side.

The clergy of the United States, notwithstanding, are chiefly dissenters. They thunder their anathemas from the pulpit against England, and were active agents in arousing rebellion. On the anniversary of American independence, jacobin laymen ascend the pulpit, when they pronounce the most bitter invectives against their parent country, and use all artifices to keep alive the natural hatred.

Mr. Fletcher states, that infidelity seemed to have reached its zenith under the administration of Jefferson, whose maxim was—"that he cared not how men worshipped, provided they did not break his bones, or pick his pockets." Thomas Jefferson—he adds in a note—when asked why he allowed the churches to fall into decay, replied, "They are good enough to commemorate the death of Him who died in a stable."

Jefferson was a deist; still he was a man of mental ability, and we cannot believe any enlightened mind could have uttered so profligate a sentiment. In another note, Mr. Fletcher states the following to be the substance of the oath prescribed to *British* subjects resident in America:

"I, A.B. do now and for ever abjure all emperors, kings, princes, potentates, principalities, and powers whatever; and particularly the King of Great Britain, of whom I was lately a subject."

We do not believe this assertion. Aliens are sworn to be faithful, and to defend the United States from invasion, &c. Again—

"One of the members of Congress, in a speech he delivered in that assembly, made the following observation: 'I wish I had the red-hot artillery of heaven in my power, then should I drive the British island from her moorings.' That day the thunderbolts of heaven fell upon his villa and plantations, and levelled them to the ground."

This violence of expression is ill suited to the dignity of the House of God. We remember to have heard, many years ago, that a jacobin member of Congress spoke to this effect: He wished to see Great Britain sink, like the Goodwin Sands, to serve as a beacon to American vessels.

We cannot approve the enthusiasm of this preacher. The portrait of infidelity does not require any glare of colouring. Let it be drawn true to nature, and it will be most impressive.

ART. 10.—*The Doctrines of Devils illustrated; in Epistles from Satan to Arians, Modern Socinians, and to Anti-Christian Sects of all Denominations and Disguises. With Models of Sermons suited to their Doctrines, from Satan's Port-folio, found in Paris. By ROBERT THOMSON, Editor. 8vo. Pp. 168. Button and Son. 1815.*

THESE letters are the production of some bigotted Calvinist, who, in order to prove himself a true disciple of St. Athanasius, would send every one to the devil, who may presume to differ from his dogmata; and, being ashamed to avow his real name, he has borrowed that of a friend—SATAN.

Our author commences his mild and christian correspondence with an ostentatious display of liberality of sentiment, by committing all lawyers, Unitarians, and reviewers, to hell.

We feel no disposition to enter upon the doctrines of the Unitarian; but we observe in the language of a writer on religious toleration, "that if he believes not as thou believest, it is a proof that thou believest not as he believeth; and there is no earthly power can decide between you."

With respect to ourselves, we shall merely remark, that being at all times averse to enter upon theological controversy, we studiously confine ourselves in noticing religious tracts, to observations on their prominent features, preserving as strict an impartiality as we can, without identifying ourselves in any way with the opinions promulgated by the respective writers.

Upon the subject of the papists, the author is equally charitable, consigning them to the same fate as the Unitarians; the one class for possessing rather more faith than himself, the other rather less.

These letters are a rhapsody of vulgar abuse, ornamented with false grammar, presumption, and absurdity: yet, what more can be expected from men, with whom it is merely requisite to be an hypocritical impostor, or a religious maniac, without education, to be styled "one of the elect;" or, from the simple assertion of having had "a call of the spirit," to be surrounded by a numerous class of the ignorant victims of their own credulity.

ART. 11.—*Dictionary of all Religions and Religious Denominations; Jewish, Heathen, Mahometan, and Christian; ancient and modern: including the Substance of Mrs. H. Adams's View of Religions, reduced to one Alphabet, with One hundred and fifty additional Articles. The whole carefully corrected and revised by THOMAS WILLIAMS, Author of the Age of Infidelity, &c.; with an Appendix, containing a Sketch of the present State of the World as to Population, Religious Toleration, Missions, &c. with summary practical Reflections. To the whole is prefixed, an Essay on Truth, by Andrew Fuller. A new Edition, with Additions. Williams and Son. Pp. 336. 1815.*

THE publication of a work displaying at one view the vast diversity of opinions that prevails on the subject of religious faith,

must necessarily fill the mind with confusion, and tend to create scepticism. We cannot, therefore, approve this publication; although we think the materials well arranged, and the execution, on the whole, creditable.

ART. 12.—*Letters addressed to the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of London; in Vindication of the Unitarians, from the Allegations of his Lordship in the Charge delivered to the Clergy at the Diocese of London, at his Lordship's primary Visitation.* By THOMAS BELSHAM, Minister of the Chapel in Essex Street. 8vo. Pp. 87. R. Hunter. 1815.

THE candour and liberality of the fair reasoner, who in conciliating language courts enquiry into the tenets of his faith, are forcibly contrasted in these pages, with the chilling severity of high orthodoxy, arrayed in all the pomp of ecclesiastical dignity; denouncing those as *enemies* who are *non-conformists* to the church, and recommending “a prostration of the understanding; as indispensable to Christian instruction.” This pamphlet contains much weighty argument, sound sense, and liberal reasoning.

SCIENCES,

ART. 13.—*New Mathematical Tables, containing the Factors, Squares, Cubes, Square Roots, Cube Roots, Reciprocals, and Hyperbolic Logarithms of all Numbers, from 1 to 10,000; Tables of Powers and Prime Numbers; and extensive Table of Formulæ, or a General Synopsis of the most important Particulars relating to the Doctrines of Equations, Series, Fluxions, Fluents, &c. &c.* By PETER BARLOW, of the Royal Military Academy. Pp. 62. G. and S. Robinson.—1814.

MR. Barlow's labours must always claim applause; for he is not less remarkable for science, than for industry—we may add, modesty: and, it is highly creditable to this gentleman's heart as well as to his head, that he labours with a view to little other advantage than that which occasionally results from the persevering devotion of his talents, to the improvement of the rising generation.

To the pupils at Woolwich these mathematical tables will prove an invaluable acquisition. Their studies are almost forbidding to their years; but, as an able engineer must be a man of science, they will be materially aided in the intricate pursuit, by these well arranged tables.

The formulæ, or general synopsis, of the most important particulars relating to the doctrines of equations, &c. &c. embrace all the principal features of abstract mathematics, susceptible of limited arrangement, and comprehend a series of references

explanatory of investigations, that in their more tedious form would occupy voluminous demonstration.

To convey a general idea of the value of this work, we must observe, that each page contains at least 3,500 figures, the computation of which will require at least 25,000 more; multiply these by the number of pages, and the almost incalculable produce leads us to wonder at the extent of the undertaking.

We are presented with ten tables, under the following heads:

" 1st. Containing the factors, squares, cubes, square roots, cube roots, and reciprocal of all numbers from all numbers, from 1 to 10,000.

" 2d. Containing the first ten powers in all numbers under 100.

" 3d. Containing the 4th and 5th powers of all numbers from 100 to 1000.

" 4th. For the solution of the vireducible case in cubic equations.

" 5th. Of all prime numbers under 100,000.

" 6th. Of hyperbolic logarithms for all numbers under 10,000.

" 7th. Of differential co-efficiencies.

" 8th. Containing various algebraical formulæ, relating to the doctrines of equations, series, fluxions, fluents, &c.

" 9th. Of English and foreign weights and measures.

" 10th. Of the specific gravities of different bodies."

All these tables are elucidated by the formulæ of which we have spoken, forming, on the whole, a compendium of the science of mathematics. We heartily wish that a more substantial reward, than that of fame, may smile upon Mr. Barlow's prospects. We take our leave with sentiments of the highest respect.

POETRY.

ART. 14.—*The Amatory Works of Tom Shuffleton, of the Middle Temple.* 12mo. Pp. 184. R. Jennings. 1814.

WE certainly are not so scrupulously moral, as to be prejudiced against a poem *because* it is amatory: on the contrary, we are classic admirers of the beauties of Catullus, the strains of Sappho, the warmth of Virgil, and the effusions of Anacreon: nor do we frown upon the modern rhapsodies of Moore; but the poems in review appear to be dictated by depravity, and published by vanity.

"The ladies"—says our poet—"to whom my verses are addressed, are no imaginary goddesses of my invention; and if the multiplicity of them excite astonishment, it must not be attributed to my BEAUTY—be the other cause what it may."

Disgusting coxcomb!

ART. 15.—*Conversation; a Didactic Poem, in Three Parts.* By WILLIAM COOKE, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. 18mo. Pp. 110. Underwood, 1815.

THE present is a fourth enlarged edition; embellished with poetical portraits of the principal members of Dr. Johnson's club—characters that adorned the society they loved. Its object is to promote the "ART OF CONVERSATION," by establishing a system which would afford a mutual interchange of talent between the sexes.

We consider, that regular assemblies, so instituted, might very materially lead to general improvement. Reading will polish the ideas, but language must acquire its facilities from conversation. This was well understood in France previous to the Revolution.

The celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, who was so much admired for her talents as her beauty, gave constant conversazioni at her hotel, to which not only the most distinguished among the nobility, but the most celebrated in the schools of literature, were invited. This fashion patronised merit, and diffused emulation: it gave a peculiar charm to society. In this country, unhappily, flippant accomplishments are more the ton than intellectual acquirements. It is not the English genius to go to school, when masters and misses have escaped from the trammels of early discipline. So far from being eager to improve the little they have superficially attained, our juvenile fashionables rather desire to forget it altogether. We recapitulate the accomplishments that, at the present day, constitute the passport to refined society.

"What is the present general character of our fashionable assemblies for conversation, when cards do not give a *business* to the party? Is it not a promiscuous circle of both sexes vying with each other in the expensive decorations of dress and equipage?—a reciprocity of affected civilities and friendships?—a common place discussion of the weather, and the passing events of the day?—now and then mingled with a degree of calumny to give zest and poignancy to the whole. In short, is it not a crowd where a man of sense dares not to be himself; and where, striving to be like others calling themselves company, he must put on the fool's cap for the evening, or make his exit."

My Lord Rochester said of the *brilliant court* he ornamented, "Hypocrisy is the only vice in decay among us, as few men here dissemble their being rascals, and no woman is ashamed of being a *****." Thank God!—at all events—the morality of our throne does not assimilate with that of Charles. We give a short sketch of Mr. Cooke's poetical talent, and applaud the object of his labours:

"Is it no joy—to 'scape that base born sphere,
Where baser language wounds the modest ear,

Where vice and want their baneful influence spread,
 And virtue scarcely lifts its drooping head ?
 Is it no joy—to boast a liberal mind,
 By books, by converse, and by taste refin'd,
 From false ambition free, from crimes of state,
 And every wish that would be meanly great ?
 Is it no joy—to prove this moral song :
Man wants but little, nor that little long.
 Yet from that little, by a tim'd supply,
 Arrest the widow's tear, the orphan's sigh,
 Spread, by example, charity around,
 And feel its heaven-born comforts in rebound !
 Thus rise by worth—respected without art :
 And gain a patronage in every heart !”

ART. 16—*Metrical Essays.* By JOHN AMBROSE WILLIAMS. 18mo.
 Pp. 144. J. B. Wood. 1815.

“————— of degrees
 The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
 Of colours mingling with a random blaze.”—*Akenside.*

In presenting to our readers, “the earliest effusions of a very young Muse,” we have merely to say, if they do not excite admiration, they will not provoke censure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 17.—*Ways and Means: submitted to, and approved by, the late Mr. Perceval. With a Proposal for the Redemption of the Newspaper Tax; as also in Remission of the additional Duties upon Wine.* By Captain FAIRMAN, late *Aid-de-Camp and Military Secretary to his Excellency the Governor, and the Commander in Chief of Canada,* &c. Pp. 56. Chapple. 1815.

THE principal portion of this pamphlet is employed in the detail of a proposed tax on bankers' checks, in which our author displays great reflection and acquaintance with his subject. We cannot do justice to the merit of the plan by any extracts, but must recommend it to perusal, as furnishing useful hints on the subject of taxation. Captain Fairman is well known as the author of several interesting and important works; and we hope that his honourable exertions will be rewarded equal to their merits.

ART. 18.—*Address to the Two Houses of Parliament on the Importance of the Corn Laws to the National Revenue.* 8vo. Pp. 44. Stockdale. 1815.

WANDERING reflections on the protection of the landed interest, as the real source of national wealth.

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LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOTE.—bd. signifies *bound*—h. bd. *half-bound*—ed. *second*. The rest are, with few exceptions, in *boards*—ed. signifies *edition*—n. ed. *new edition*.

ASPERNETHY'S (John, F. R. S.) *Surgical Observations on Injuries of the Head and on Miscellaneous Subjects*, second ed. 8vo.

Ancient Scotch Poems, published from the MS. of George Bannatyne, 1568, 8vo.

Armageddon: a Poem, in Twelve Books, by the Rev. G. Townshend, the first Eight Books 4to.

Bible (the), and Nothing but the Bible, the Religion of the Church of England; being an Answer to the Letter of an Unitarian Lay-seceder, with Illustrations, &c. &c. by the Bishop of St. David.

Bonar's (Rev. Archibald) *Sermons*, 8vo.

Catalogue of Three Thousand Pamphlets, containing many Curious and Excentric Tracts, &c.

Character (the) of Moses established for Veracity as an Historian recording Events subsequent to the Deluge, by the Rev. Joseph Townshend, M. A. vol. II. 4to.

Cooke's (George, D. D.) *History of the Church of Scotland*, 3 vols. 8vo.

Cormack's (Rev. John, A.M.) *Account of the Abolishment of Female Infanticide in Guzerat*, 8vo.

Curse of Ulrica, a Romance, 3 vols. 12mo.

Debrett's (John) *Baronetage of England*, third ed. 2 vols. 18mo.

Description (a) of Browsholme Hall, in the West Riding of the County of York, and of the Parish of Waddington in the same County, &c. &c. royal 4to.

Discipline, a Novel, by the Author of *Self-Controul*, 3 vols. crown, 8vo.

Display, a Tale for Young People, by Jane Taylor, one of the Authors of "*Original Poems for Infant Minds*," 8vo.

Duncan's (John) *Philosophy of Human Nature*, containing a complete Theory of Human Interests, &c. 8vo.

Eloise, and other Poems on several Occasions, by a Young Lady, crown 8vo.

Essai Historique, Politique et Moral sur les Revolutions Anciennes et Modernes, par M. de Chateaubriand.

Essay on the Theory of the Earth, by M. Cuvier, second ed. 8vo.

Essay (an) on the Venereal Diseases which have been confounded with Syphilis, and the Symptoms which exclusively arise from that Poison, illustrated by Drawings, &c. by Richard Carmichael, M.R.I.A. Part II. 4to.

Epicure's Almanack, or Calendar of Good Living, to be continued annually, 12mo.

Forster's (Thomas, F. L. S.) *Sketch of the new Anatomy and Physiology of the Brain and Nervous System*, 8vo.

Gifford's (E. C. Esq.) *France and England, or Scenes in Both*, 2 vols. 12mo.

Gregory's (Olinthus, M.D.) Letters on the Evidences of the Christian Religion, third ed. 2 vols. 12mo.

Guthrie (G. T.) on Gun-shot Wounds of the Extremities, requiring the different Operations of Amputation, with their After-treatment, 8vo.

Hamilton's (Mrs.) Hints addressed to the Patrons and Directors of Schools, 12mo.

Examples of Questions calculated to excite and exercise the Infant Mind, 12mo.

Happiness (the) of States, or an Enquiry concerning Population, the Modes of Subsisting and Employing it, and the Effects of all on Human Happiness, by S. Gray, Esq. 4to.

Henri le Grand, par Madame la Comtesse de Genlis, en trois tomes. 12mo.

Heraldry of Crests, by J. P. Elvin, 18mo.

History (the) of the Kings of England, and the Modern History of William of Malmsbury, translated from the Latin, by the Rev. John Sharpe, B.A. royal 4to.

Journal of Penrose, a Seaman, 4 vols. foolscap 8vo.

Kerrison's (Robert Masters) Observations on the Bill for better regulating the Medical Profession, as far as regards Apothecaries, 8vo. sd.

Kidd's (Thornhill) Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo.

Labauume's Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, with a Map, 8vo. third ed.

Laing's (John) Account of a Voyage to Spitzbergen, 8vo.

Lavington's (Rev. Samuel) Sermon to Young People, 12mo.

Law (the) of Parochial Settlements, second ed. 8vo.

Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London, n. ed. 2 vols. cr. 8vo.

Lichtenstein's Travels in Africa, with Map, 2 vols. 4to.

Little's (John) Practical Observations on the Improvement and Management of Mountain Sheep and Sheep Farm, 8vo.

Mattaire's (Michael) C. Julii Caesaris, 12mo. bd.

Maze (the) a Poem, 12mo.

Meen's (Rev. H. B.D.) Selections from ancient Writers, 8vo. sd.

Metrical Essays, by J. A. W. Wood, small 8vo.

Memorial on Behalf of the Native Irish, 8vo. sd.

Middleton's (John White, M.A.) Saint's Day Catechism.

Michael's (Jas. M.A.) Easy System of Short-hand, 12mo.

Montier's (Madame du) Lettres recueillies, par Madame le Prince de Beaumont, 12mo.

Nicol's (Walter) Villa Garden Directory, n. ed. f. cap. 8vo.

Oxford University Calendar for the Year 1815, f. cap. 8vo.

Ode (a second) to Napoleon Bonaparte, 8vo. sd.

Palmer's (A. J.) Authentic Memoirs of the Life of John Sobieski, King of Poland, 8vo.

Quarterly (the) Review, No. XXIV.

Researches on Consumption and other Disorders of the Lungs, from the French of G. L. Bayle, D.M.P. by Wm. Barrow, M.D. 8vo.

Review (a) of the Rev. H. Norris's Attack on the Bible Society, by the Rev. W. Dealtry, B.D. F.R.S.

Robert's (Wm. Esq.) Treatise on the Law of Wills and Codicils, second ed. 2 vols. royal 8vo.

Sermons on the Duties of Man, by the Rev. R. Stevens, 3d. ed.

Short (a) Introduction to the Greek Language, 8vo.

Some Account of the Life, Ministry, Character, and Writings of the late Rev. T. Robinson, M.A. with a Selection of Original Letters, by the Rev. E. T. Vaughan, M.A. 8vo.

Some Principles of Civilization, with detached Thoughts on the Promotion of Christianity in British India, by Richard Hey, Esq.

Souvenirs d'Italie, d'Angleterre, et d'Amerique, par M. de Chateaubriand.

Traveller's (the) Complete Guide through Belgium, Holland, and Germany; containing a particular Account of all Public Buildings, Places of Amusement, and Curiosities, &c. &c. by C. Campbell, Esq. with Maps, &c. 12mo.

Tancred's (H. W. Esq.) Consideration of the Claims of the Catholics, 8vo.

Thompson's (G. A. Esq.) Alcedo's Geographical and Historical Dictionary of America and the West Indies, 6 vols. 4to.

Thorn's (Wm.) Memoir of the Conquest of Java, with the subsequent Operations of the British Forces in the Oriental Archipelago, with plates, royal 4to.

Thornton's (Thomas) Compendium of the Laws and Regulations concerning the Trade to the East Indies, 4d. ed. 8vo. 8s.

Tomline's Elements of Theology, n. ed. 3 vols. 8vo.

Trial of J. Ripley, R. Burton, R. Herbert, and R. Mathews, for the Murder of Jane Watson, one of the Persons who were shot in the Riot in Old Burlington-street, on Tuesday, 7th March, 1813.

Tuckey's (J. K.) Maritime Geography, 4 vols. 8vo.

Vincent's Introduction to Arithmetic, adapted to private Instruction, 8vo.

Weyland's (John) Principle of the Poor Laws, 8vo.

Wilmot's (Mrs.) Ina, a Tragedy; the Prologue by the Hon. W. Lamb, the Epilogue by T. Moore, Esq. 8vo.

Wonderful Museum, fifth volume.

Wrexall's (Sir N. Bart.) Historical Memoirs of My Own Times, from 1772 to 1784, 2 vols. 8vo.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * It grieves us to be compelled to apologize for the non-appearance of our Political Article on "THE RESTORATION;" but, when we assure our readers that we have been prevented from continuing it solely by the postponement of the "CHAMP DE MAI," and that a correspondent at Paris has promised to supply us with all the PARTICULARS of that august ceremony for our next number, we hope we shall stand excused for our involuntary omission. We are also promised some original remarks on the LETTER addressed by HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH to the ALLIED SOVEREIGNS—which remarks are believed to have been written by His Excellency COUNT CARNOT.

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.
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VOL. I.]

JUNE, 1815.

[No. VI.]

RESTORATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

ART. I.—THE CRISIS, *addressed to the People of England on the EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S RETURN to POWER. By a Barrister of the Middle Temple. Ridgway.*

A LETTER *from Ulysses to the Earl of Liverpool, on the Situation and Views of the French, and of the Allies before, and after, the Treaty of Paris, and on the Circumstances which caused the Abdication of NAPOLEON. By P. C. GRAVES, Esq. Ridgway.*

LETTER *to a Noble Lord on the present Situation of France and Europe; accompanied by Official and Original Documents. Murray.*

De L'Impossibilité d'Etablir un Gouvernement Constitutionnel sous un Chef Militaire, et particulièrement sous NAPOLEON. Par M. COMTE.

[Continued from p. 375.]

THE next point of view in which the RESTORATION is to be considered, is its relation to the politics and plans of the confederated chiefs. NAPOLEON'S re-ascension would, whenever it might have occurred, have shaken to its very centre any plan originating with persons of such notorious incapacity. Had their want of talent been supplied by more than an usual quantum of political morality; had the vacuum of intellect been occupied by a plenum of beneficence; had Virtue posted her angels round thrones which genius refused to support; had those rulers, who affected so warm, and, in them, monstrous a zeal for the liberties of civilized man, acted, since the Abdication, upon those principles which up to that period, they professed to make their new-born guides; had they, when the pretended point of contest, the liberation of Europe, was gained, it matters little *how* or by what means, whether by the serpentism of treachery, or the open exertion of mere strength—had they *then*, relying upon the confidence excited by their previous declarations, disbanded their armies, and sat down amid assemblies composed of the convoked wisdom of Eu-

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rops, with the avowed and sincere intention of building up the happiness of the world on solid and popular bases; had they refrained from the abuse of the power acquired by their own professions, and the general confidence placed in those professions; had they shunned with sensitive caution, all proposed schemes of iniquitous aggrandizement; had they *not* left the abolition of the trade in human flesh to their mighty and re-instated antagonist; had they *not*, with the most bare-faced and shameless effrontery, broken every article of that treaty which enabled them to assemble in the partitioning and bartering Congress of Vienna; had they, in fine, been *actually* guided by the honest and manly principles of sincerity and uprightness towards Europe and their betrayed adversary; then, perhaps, the extreme peril to which they have become obnoxious by the re-establishment of the Empire, might in some degree have been abated by the new feelings which such unprecedented goodness in the despots of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, would naturally have given birth to in the bosom of the continent: and though in the field the *sword* of France might still have cloven their crests; though in the cabinet the *intellect* of France might still have succeeded against German and Scythian brains; yet the MORAL STRENGTH with which they would have been then surrounded would, perhaps, have supplied the defect of ability: they might have occupied that place in the *hearts*, which they can never hold in the *minds* of their respective nations. Not that we are to be understood to suppose for an instant, that even in *such* a state of things active hostilities against the EMPEROR could have had any considerable chance of success, or that *such* a strength would avail them in an enterprise so very silly as the attempt to impose a government upon a mighty and MILITARY nation. No: power derived from virtuous principle is in its very nature domestic, and, in cases of external assault, preservative; fitted for home-action, and calculated for any thing rather than offensive measures. Such a power might secure to its possessors their own states, but would never enable them to acquire new territories: nay, the very attempt to enlarge their dominions involves the tacit abandonment of the moral ground on which we have hitherto supposed them to stand, and opens upon them the floodgates of just and inevitable destruction. Such governors are naturally fitted for the affairs of peace and moderation. War is as much out of their sphere, as it ought to be foreign to their contemplation.

We have hitherto regarded the RESTORATION simply as it would have affected the Rulers, *had* their conduct been guided by the principles of moral justice; *had* NAPOLEON, after his as-

vital at Paris, manifested by word or deed that he was bent upon a *War of Aggression*; and had he, instead of offering to ratify the Capetian treaty of Paris (ignominious as it was for a nation who had been the sovereigns of Europe) closed the barriers of pacific communication. We have now to look at the case as it really is; and, viewing things as they are, develop its some degree the consequences of that sublime event to the unmasked rulers of the continent. Previous to such an exposition, however, it will be proper to take a summary view of their proceedings after the Abdication, toward the countries either wrested from France, or ceded by the Capets at the conclusion of the war.

And, in the first place, let us explore the politics of the Russian Chief. What did *he* do, or propose to do, at the notable Congress assembled in the centre of despotism for the professed and ludicrous purpose of establishing the governments of Europe on free and honest principles. The person now in question has been extolled (since 1812) as the principal saviour, sent to England, of the continent. He has been hailed (by ministers and their hirelings) as an individual who drew his sword to restore the ravished rights of the European Family, and stepped forward with a noble disinterestedness in the cause of universal freedom. Every quality that can be supposed to adorn the character of the man and the monarch he has been unhesitatingly complimented with. His faith in the observance of treaties has been lauded to the skies, though the campaign of Moscow originated in his violation of that of *Tilsit*; though, as if he prided himself in acts of unnecessary immorality, he so lately committed another infraction of the same treaty, by proclaiming that he would never treat with "*Napoleone Buonaparte*;" and though, without repugnance, he broke that formerly concluded between his own agents and (*mirabile dictu!*) the present eulogists of his fidelity, the servants of the British crown. His heroism has been panegyrised by the very people who formerly, when the EMPEROR NAPOLEON admitted him to the honour of his alliance, stigmatized him as a *pothoore*. The men who reprobated the head of the Romanof Family for his spoliation of Finland, now shout in praise of his unambitious temper. His government of Russia has been represented as a model for the conduct of sovereigns, by persons who are not more able than ourselves to adduce one plausible instance of his political skill or beneficence. Now, allowing the truth of all that his partisans assert in his favour, let us see what were the objects of his soul's desire at the Congress. Did he shew any disposition to repair the mighty wrongs committed by his an-

cessor Catherine on the independence of nations? Did he immediately withdraw his Scythians from countries which he had no better right to occupy than he possesses of pouring them into the British islands? Or, was all the time he could persuade himself to spare from feasts, and dances, and sledges, and balls, and masquerades, employed in devising plans of self aggrandisement, utterly regardless whether such schemes would, or would not, be injurious to the countries that were the objects of his intended and (to himself) dangerous usurpations? Did he abandon the Crimea? Did he relinquish Wallachia? Did he resign Moldavia? Did he say to POLAND, "You are free—radically and permanently free: for I cheerfully give up that portion of your horribly-oppressed country which I have been taught to believe I inherited from my progenitors, and undertake to procure from Prussia and Austria the cession of such parts as fell to their share in its unholy dismemberment; I leave you to yourselves; and only request, that, as a full return for my just conduct towards you, you will not, when I relinquish all claim to your obedience, refuse me the friendship of a people whose esteem I hope to conciliate by proving how sincerely I abhor the tyranny practised upon them by my ambitious ancestors?" Did he employ language like this? Is it probable that he harboured for an instant ideas even bordering upon those we have expressed? Instead of entertaining a thought worthy a man calling himself, and called by others, a "LIBERATOR," did not every word that dropped from his tongue, every feature of his conduct after the Treaty of Paris, every public measure entered into by him, every proclamation issued by him, irresistibly impel the belief that all his political speculations sprang from the lust of dominion; and confirm the persuasion, that to gratify that lust he cared little how deeply he wounded the feelings, and insulted the honour, of nations that expected from his justice, and the justice of his allies, the acknowledgment of their independence.

Of all the usurpations of the Romanoffs, that of Poland was the most acceptable in the eye of Satan—the farthest in advance toward the perfection of the demoniac character. More low treachery, more damnable cruelty, more deliberate and systematic wickedness, were conceived and perpetrated in that horrible transaction, than had been planned and executed for ages. To say that they were only *sharers* in the partition, is to aggravate their guilt; since it shows, that from the heroic resistance of Poland, and the jealousy entertained by the chiefs of Austria and Prussia, the only mean of accomplishing so atrocious an enterprize was the securing the interested co-operation of those

persons; the necessity of which, arising out of the protracted opposition of the Poles, did not fully manifest itself till time had proved that scarcely any thing short of extermination could possibly extinguish their spirit, and crush them into vassalage. A writer, who has been allowed the possession of strong political talent, thus speaks of the partition of 1772. It "was the first very great breach in the modern political system of Europe. It was not sapping by degrees the constitution of our great western republic; it was laying the axe at once to the root in such a manner as threatened the overthrow of the whole." Thus, then, we may perceive, even in the words of a friend of despotism, how very obnoxious to all classes of persons at the period of its acting, was this most infamous measure. As to lamenting it as a "*breach in the political system of Europe*," that we do not. We are such admirers of that system, that we think a good many "*breaches*" might be made in it, vastly to the advantage of Europe. And then as to the "*great western republic*," which makes such a tawdry figure in the paragraph, we should be at an utter loss of understanding Mr. Burke, were we to take his words in their literal sense; but when we recollect that this "*republic*," is composed of *absolute monarchies*, and that the writer himself only made use of the term as one of rhetorical glitter, we feel indignant that the sacred cause of Poland should be degraded and frittered into fragments by allying it with the security or danger of despotic governments, as connected with the fortunes of that insulted and oppressed country. But the eminent writer from whom we have quoted, makes ample amends, subsequently, for this, perhaps undesigned, error. Speaking of the Constitution of the 3d of May, posterior to the first spoliation, he exclaims, with a burst of honest and eloquent enthusiasm—"Happy people, if they know how to proceed as they have begun! Happy Prince, worthy to begin with splendour, or to close with glory, a race of patriots and of kings!"

Thrice was this wretched country submitted to the cautery of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian cupidity, (to term it Ambition would be conferring upon it too noble an appellation): thrice were her palpitating, bleeding members set upon by the dogs and wolves of rapine; not a limb was suffered to remain undislocated and ungashed. Yet, encompassed and beset as she was by the growing force of her cowardly assailants; the blood of her children welling forth around her in streams; fainting, dying under reiterated attacks; yet, even then, in her last mortal agonies, what efforts did she not make for the preservation of her freedom! How often did she not keep her foes at bay!

How unshrinking her fortitude!—her magnanimity how glorious! POLAND! POLAND! thy subjugation is a crime that remains to be atoned for. From all nations of the continent but ONE thou wilt vainly look for succour—for all but one are leagued with thy tyrants. From all continental nations but ONE thou has nothing to expect but the prolongation of thy wretchedness—for all but one are more or less interested in its prolongation. But cheer up, thou gallant country! Cast thine eyes abroad, for the horizon of thy destiny begins to brighten! Let thine ears drink the distant sounds of freedom and glory! For the Spirit of Regeneration is walking the earth, and a Trump is about to sound whose voice is thy redemption!

To record the misery inflicted on Poland by her savage oppressors would require volumes—yet volumes would leave untold the half of their iniquity. To relate in any thing like a catenated series the deplorable events that produced her destruction, would be impossible in a work so limited in its scope as ours. We waited to the last moment in expectation of intelligence from the continent, for the purpose of ascertaining what would be the policy of the confederated chiefs towards the countries they have so profligately seized, in some slight expectation that, in the present state of affairs, PRUDENCE might have induced them to resign pretensions so hurtful to themselves, and of such immense service to NAPOLEON. Of these usurpations, however, black and abominable as they must be, and, in truth are, in the eyes of all, but more especially in the sight of ENGLISHMEN—monstrous and unhallowed as they must be in the contemplation of Heaven—the retained hold of Poland is the blackest, and the vilest: the one most calculated to operate in favour of the EMPEROR. Common sense required that the liberty of that fine country should, in a juncture like the present, be fully and unequivocally restored. The hatred of the natives to the Russians is of that fierce and unrelenting kind, that would with delight make them consent to the severest hardships, and toil everlasting, and burthens the most intolerable to any other nation, so that the termination of such evils was the eradication of the tyranny they have, for nearly half a century, groaned under. And can this surprise? What we are proceeding to relate should be written in blood.

At the last partition in 1798, the Prussians and Russians, after repeated and shameful defeats, frequently by less than a third of their numbers, concentrated their forces and bore down upon Warsaw, which they attacked with all the means that war and treachery could supply. For two months they were baffled and often defeated; till at length an insurrection in that part of Po-

land, the south, which had been appropriated by Prussia, called back the troops of her ruler to suppress it. A battle subsequently ensued between the Russians and the forces of Kosciusko, which the Polish hero was upon the verge of gaining, when a wretch, called Potinski, deserted his country and his general at the moment of success:—and, fainting with fatigue, bleeding from an hundred wounds, Kosciusko was defeated and captured. This crushing of all his hopes so deeply affected him, that, it is said, he implored death at the hands of the Cossacks by whom he was taken; and they were proceeding to accomplish his request, when he was recognized. Taken to Petersburg, he was flung into a wretched dungeon, and during the remainder of Catherine's life was this illustrious chief incarcerated amid subterranean glooms and damps: his crime, the defence of his country in her struggle for independence. Still was the war continued—of remorseless barbarity on the side of Russia—on that of Poland of enthusiastic resistance. But the tide of misfortune set in too strongly upon her; and after an unprecedented display of skill, valour, and resolution, the light of her independence was quenched—not for ever—in clouds of darkness. Warsaw was taken. The city was given up in cold blood to pillage and slaughter by the villain Suwarof; thirty thousand persons, of either sex, of all conditions, of every age, suffered death, either by direct butchery, or protracted tortures. Even these horrors did not satiate the demon who caused them. THIRTY THOUSAND more, who disdained to yield, were permitted to quit the city, and afterwards hunted down by the Russians. The capitulation entered into by Suwarof was broken by him, and the principal chiefs sent into Siberian prisons. The king likewise was immured in a distant fortress, and died, as it is supposed, shortly after through poison. The REMAINDER of the country was then PARTITIONED. The crowning act of infamy was yet to come. Catherine issued a proclamation, in which she speaks of herself as animated “*with the solicitude of a TENDER MOTHER, who only wishes for the HAPPINESS of her CHILDREN*,” and finishes this piece of stupid and infernal cant by commanding a solemn “*thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles*,” and ordering that each of them should “*swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour*.”

Who has not heard of the Confederates of Barr? Who is ignorant of the skill, of the heroism, displayed by that illus-

trious Association? Indissolubly united with *their* glorious exploits, the horrors of Russian perfidy, of Russian barbarity, glare upon the eye. The Russians are *slaves*—slaves of the vilest description—*SLAVES OF THE SOIL*—and have, of course, much about as good an idea of enthusiasm as of genius—a word that has no place in the dictionaries of Petersburg. To supply, in some measure, the want of ardour and talent, the Russians had recourse to enormities only paralleled in the reigns of Nero and Caligula, and the present ruler of Spain. A wretch called DREWITZ commanded against the Confederates, and the proceedings of this *INFERNAL* are thus sketched by *Rulhiere*, and alluded to in a very ably-written book on the affairs of Poland,* published at the period when the Russian chief and his allies had entered the imperial dominions; and not satisfied with breaking the treaty of Tilsit, was endeavouring, by his proclamations, to sever the people of France from their *freely-elected* and therefore *legitimate sovereign*.

“Persons of rank, who had capitulated as prisoners, were butchered by him in cold blood, with the tortures invented in Russia for the punishment of slaves. Sometimes he bound them to trees, and made them serve as marks for the soldiers to shoot at; sometimes their heads were dexterously carried off by lancers, as at a tournament.”—“Whole companies were turned out, with their hands cut off, and allowed to wander up and down the country; and with a ferocity wholly inconceivable, joining mockery to unheard of cruelty, he flayed those miserable victims alive; cutting the skin, so as to represent, with the flesh, the national dress of the Poles.”

Thus did the Russians act in 1772, and it may serve as an example of succeeding atrocities up—aye—up to the *present* moment—the bursting spring, we have every reason for believing, of Polish freedom. Poland, says the sensible writer from whom we have quoted, is “parcelled out, confiscated, jobbed,” and “turned into money”—true—to the very letter, true. A *successful invasion* of Poland by the French—an invasion whose effects should be permanent—would be of value incalculable to her inhabitants. But a mere inroad and temporary occupation of the country only serves to embitter their present sufferings. Whenever Poland has been cursed with the entrance of a Russian army, a *commission of confiscation* has been assembled as an ordinary thing—a matter of course. From December 1812, till some time after the Abdication,

* See *Rulhiere*, tom. iii. p. 139; and *An Appeal to the Allies, and the English Nation, in Behalf of Poland*. Harding, London. 1814.

(*vide Appeal*) one of these very legal and beneficent bodies continued to sit at Wilno in judgment upon the conduct of persons owing no allegiance whatever to the Russian Chief, and who would not merely have been justified, but have deserved high panegyric, had they had the power of extirpating that tribunal, and every Russian who had been daring enough to set his unhallowed foot upon Polish ground. The severe FROST which overtook NAPOLÉON in 1812, and prevented his standards from waving over the *Kremlin* of St. Petersburg* as they had done over the *Kremlin* of Moscow, was the *avant courier* of fresh disasters to Poland in every shape that rapine can assume. The system of domiciliary inquisition and devouring confiscation was practised, after the retreat of its Protector from the Polish territory, with minute and horrid perfection by the Russian agents, assembled at Wilno in the name of Catharine's grandson. They were five in number,—persons of great experience in their trade. Before these worthies all persons remarkable for their patriotism, known to have received French officers and soldiers with kindness and hospitality, to have contributed by money, provisions, &c. to their sustenance or comfort, or suspected so to have done; in fine, all persons of note and influence not known to be traitors to their country, by their abject and infamous devotion toward her tyrants; were dragged before the inquisition of Wilno, there to be judged and condemned—how must the cheeks of Englishmen burn when they read it—by the slaves of their oppressor—and for what? why for acting like men—like patriots—for acting like KOSCIUSKO, the PULAWSKIS, and KOSAKOWSKI! Like the CONFEDERATES of BARR—the gallant ZAREMBA, and the illustrious PONIA-TOWSKI! Defence was useless. To be accused was to be convicted—to be convicted was to be ruined.

To conclude this hideous part of our subject: since the shameless dismemberment of Poland, a SYSTEM OF RAPINE AND RUIN—of DEPRESSION AND INSULT—has been regularly organized and acted upon toward that unhappy country. That system began with a woman who was a disgrace to her sex—to the rank she *usurped*: nor do we know of any mitigation of the sin effectually and radically performed by *Alexander the Blessed*. Every means has been devised and put into practice to dry up the sources of her prosperity, to blast, to shrivel, and consume. Tyranny has set its wits to work to devastate and *permanently*

* So completely was *Alexandre le Magnanime* persuaded that his capital of the Neva would be *Napoleonised*, that his courage had commanded the furniture of his palace, &c. to be removed to Archangel, whither he was preparing to fly.

impoverish the land upon which it set its fangs—and, acting the part of the *boa constrictor* toward its prey, Russia, after crushing Poland within the countless involutions of her unwieldy despotism, has shed upon her the lubrication of delegated oppression, for a purpose she now thinks accomplished—to draw in and swallow by degrees the victim of her cruelty—her treachery. The great men of Poland—her distinguished patriots—have almost all disappeared: and their lands, their property—why, they are Russian. Her merchants, her bankers, her artizans,* are nearly all extirpated: and every thing has been rooted up and destroyed that spoke of Polish freedom and prosperity. Deep, and long, and broad, indeed, are her wounds—but like those of the companions of Muhammad in heaven, the day will come, we trust, “when they shall be resplendent as vermillion, and odoriferous as musk.”

What we have said upon this topic is sufficient to shew that the conclusion of the late war, at any rate, should have been the conclusion of the calamities of Poland: Humanity pleaded for it—Justice demanded it—Prudence counselled it—and the Earth expected it. Crushing and stupendous as have been the effects of the Geryon-like tyranny under which she has writhed, still have they not been sufficiently so—and, we think, never can be—as, in any degree, to abate that ardent patriotism and thirst for liberty, united with a relentless hatred of his savage tyrants, that burn in the very heart's core of a true Pole. He is always ready, at the call of any one who has the power of assisting him, to start up in arms for the holy cause of his country—and is profuse of his blood and his treasure† for such a person, in such a cause, to an extent scarcely to be conceived by the eulogists of the *Magnanimous* and *Blessed Alexander*. Always have the Poles been enthusiastically attached to NAPOLEON—always have they clung to his Majesty's standard as the rallying sign of their nation, “in prosperity, in adversity, on the field of battle, in council, on the throne, and in EXILE,” Poles surrounded the imperial person with their unchanged and incorruptible fidelity—their voluntary homage—and life-long obedience. At Friedland they fought for his Imperial Majesty and POLAND! Poniatowski perished at Leipzig in the same cause—Disaster after disaster still found the Poles linked with the destinies of the Emperor—Saxons, Wirtemburghers, Bava-

* See the “*Appeal*.”

† Prince Poniatowski commanded ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POLES under the Emperor. From the Duchy of Warsaw alone his Imperial Majesty obtained nearly TWELVE MILLIONS STERLING in a few months.

rians, deserted the eagles of HIM, who had transformed their *Electors* into *KINGS*—but severest misfortunes only served to display the fidelity of his Polish troops in stronger and more brilliant colours—and—when compelled by the coward treachery of *Ragusa* and *Castiglione* to retire awhile from his August Station—*Poles* accompanied him to, and guarded him in, his temporary retreat.

All this, and its causes, were fully and clearly known to the Russian Ruler. That person must have been aware that the talisman that bound the Poles to NAPOLEON was composed of the two most powerful feelings in the human heart—disdain of an authority forced upon them—and bitter animosity excited by the brutality with which that authority had been exercised. The knowledge of this, combined with the very unsettled and agitated state of France when it ceased to be an Empire—the existence of NAPOLEON; and the possibility of his re-ascending the throne; above all, perhaps, the consideration that the Emperor's dethronement would naturally appear to the Poles as an event fatal to all their hopes of freedom—without considering the strengthened claim—if any thing *could* strengthen their claim—to a full unequivocal restoration of all their rights as a nation—waving all notions of justice, and merely looking upon it as a case in which prudence, expediency, and calculation were to be the arbitrators—we say, that confining ourselves to the mere cold propriety of the thing politically speaking, it was by no means necessary that the Russian ruler should have possessed the genius of a Machiavelli to have seen that the re-union of the mangled members of Poland, and its re-establishment as a sovereign state, was a mere act of decency in the “*Liberators of Europe*”—a thing to be looked for, and entitled to no great praise when performed, but whose omission would be a species of tacit lampoon, the more disgraceful from its being self-inscribed—an act whose non-performance would exasperate the Poles beyond measure, and teach them to look toward ELBA as the *KREDA* of their disregarded wishes, and blasted hopes. The misfortunes of NAPOLEON in 1812 re-involved the Poles in all the horrors of an oppression, the more intolerable as it came after a period of comparative liberty. The Abdication of the Emperor ought to have been the prelude to their liberation. This is a sound and indisputable conclusion. It is wisely determined by Providence, that injustice shall lay the foundations of its own disgrace and punishment. Having considered the conduct of Russia towards Poland; having proved that, since the campaign of Moscow, atrocities have been committed on her citizens almost equal to those practised by the agents of

Catharine—we have now only to apply the principles which deduce themselves from a system of tyranny on the one side, and the other of abhorrence. The Poles, after the Abdication, were left to groan under the galling weight of Russian chains—their misery, in all its ramifications, rendered apparently permanent by the very parties who had been preaching the edifying lessons of universal freedom and philanthropy!!—that event which was proclaimed the harbinger of the Millennium, only contributed to confirm a state of things, abominable beyond imagination in the sight of HIM, who loveth justice and righteousness—and in whose balance are weighed the Proud Ones of the Earth. What has been the consequence of this glaring aberration already? **NAPOLÉON returns—and POLAND IS IN ARMS.** Yet, strange infatuation! this is the moment in which Alexander deems it politic to give the last blow to any expectations of Polish liberty from him. He declares himself King of Poland! With as much right might he have declared himself King of England. At the very moment when all his forces, and more than all, are required to act against France, he imposes upon himself the absolute necessity of maintaining an immense army in Poland: and, while he forms one of a confederacy professedly arrayed against a sovereign whom he and his coadjutors style an Usurper, gives, himself, a most shocking and ominous example of aggravated usurpation,—a mortal stab to all confidence in the professions of himself and his allies. The present state of Poland is a tower of strength to **NAPOLÉON.** As far as it regards the war, considered between France and Russia, we venture to predict that it will be seen operating with wonderful energy; and that, combined with the deep dissatisfaction on the part of Sweden, sore with the loss of Finland, with the indignation of Denmark on the spoliation of Norway, the insurrectionary spirit of Poland will sow the seeds of a mighty and final ferment, and throw insuperable impediments in the way of the confederates.

We have mentioned the names of Sweden and Denmark. These are subjects of considerable delicacy, and, the first more especially, of an importance not very clearly or generally understood. They are the northern ramparts of Europe; and when it is reflected that the very ticklish state of Holland and Belgium makes it not improbable that the coast of France may, in no long time, be extended to the Texel, it will, we think, be acknowledged by reasonable persons, that the adherence of those states to the alliance against **NAPOLÉON** will, in that case, become more dubious than some politicians are at present inclined to admit. How is the Crown Prince of Sweden dis-

posed? Has any thing transpired relative to the debates of the Congress likely to induce serious reflections in the mind of his Royal Highness? Is it very probable that he would consider the overthrow of NAPOLEON as an event the best calculated to ensure the throne of Sweden to CHARLES JEAN and his posterity? or is it perfectly impossible that he should contemplate an alliance with the Emperor as his only security against the return of Gustavus the Pilgrim? The King of Denmark too, we apprehend, is not a person on whose firmness the confederates can put any strong reliance. His Majesty is a prudent gentleman, and may perhaps think it not altogether wise to connect himself too closely with persons through whose excessive benevolence he has been relieved from the fatigue of governing Norway. We cannot, at present, spare either the time or the space that would be required to develop the whole of our speculations on the above interesting personages: but thus much we venture to assert, viz. that whatever the Brussels, German, and Treasury Journals, may say to the contrary, no Swedish or Danish troops will form part of the allied forces, any more than their ranks will be recruited from the exasperated and insurgent population of Poland.

As far as the RESTORATION regards Russia, we have nothing further material to say. Some points relative to the Ottoman, we might indeed make some observations upon, in conjunction with some other topics which have been the source of a little bickering between the members of the Congress; but, as the RESTORATION appears to promise the settlement of these matters—and each party seems tolerably disposed to make a temporary sacrifice of his claims, in points where they mingle or approximate too closely, to enable them to overcome their former conqueror, we shall postpone their consideration to a period when we shall have it in our power to do them fuller justice, than the mighty themes we are now discussing will possibly allow. We are well aware that there is no portion of our general subject that does not abound with matters of the highest and most interesting nature; but restricted as we are, it is scarcely possible for us to do more than present the reader with a very faint outline of the larger and more imposing features of the political canvass. We shall now consider in what manner Prussia is affected by NAPOLEON's reassumption of the purple.

In the first place, we will make a few general observations. Prussia does not appear destined, either through the national characteristics, geographical position and conformation, or the nature of its government, to make any very important and

dazzling figure on the theatre of Europe. The people (we exclude the Polish part of the population,) are naturally neither vivacious nor reflective, neither enterprising nor solid. They are almost equally strangers to the sober wisdom of age and the heroic ardour of youth. Of their intellectual rank among the nations, we do not conceive ourselves authorised to speak in glowing terms. Compared even with their neighbours of Germany, the Prussians will be found inferior to a people never conspicuous for their genius. Germany is overspread with universities; abounds in schools and seminaries; and, while the names of Schiller, Wieland, and Klopstock, are rather to be mentioned as exquisite exceptions to their general want of imaginative talent, than as splendid instances of their possession of it, it is just to confess, that to the laborious studies, and patient investigation of her physicians, chemists, natural philosophers, and mathematicians, Europe is indebted for a prodigious portion of the knowledge she at present possesses in some of the most useful and profound branches of science. Prussia, on the contrary, if we except Copernicus, has produced no name of extraordinary lustre; nor added much to the literary and scientific treasures of Europe. Neither has she shone in the field of politics, if we exclude the period of the great Frederic's reign, since which she has gradually relapsed into her former political insignificance. The situation and composition of the Prussian territories are any thing but auspicious to plans of national greatness. The extent of coast is small, and its northern position gives it no peculiar advantages, either in a commercial or political point of view. Dantzic, Memel, and a few other places, have, it is true, something like a trade; but the neighbourhood of Holland and the Hanse towns, more especially Hamburgh, must for a long time stand materially in the way of Prussian commerce; and it is only by a very slow progression, and under a civil and not a military government, that any rational expectations can be entertained of seeing Prussia acquire a respectable rank among the commercial nations of Europe. Secondly, there are but few fortified places on the Prussian coast, and the facility with which Russia from the east, or France from the west, (penetrating through Belgium, Holland, Hanover, and Mecklenburg, with as little effectual opposition as heretofore,) could pour their troops into the heart of the country, clearly shews that the very best line of conduct for Prussia to adopt and abide by is, to keep on as good terms as she can with France and Russia, and cautiously avoid betraying a disposition in the least ambitious. Here should be a modest and retiring policy, for as yet she has

scarcely any of the elements of political grandeur; and the military nature of her government, (which under a sovereign like NAPOLEON, or the GREAT FREDERIC, might force her into factitious and momentary splendour) while it keeps the national energies in humiliating subjection to the despotic will of the monarch, that monarch being by no means martially given, crushes the people without exalting the state; and thus Prussia presents the singular spectacle of a country, in which, though the government is military, the sovereign is unwarlike; a country which, while it should carefully keep aloof from wars, her territory being so penetrable by either of the three great powers, the Empire, Austria, or Russia—is one of the foremost to engage in hostilities, which we have little or no hesitation in predicting will terminate in her utter discomfiture and final dependance on the Empire.

The demeanour of Prussia since the Abdication is stamped with the grossest evidence of unprincipled ambition—the most unequivocal testimonies of pusillanimous rapacity. The conduct of Russia—*firstly*, in not immediately confirming to Poland the liberty bestowed by NAPOLEON; and, *secondly*, in decreeing her perpetual slavery, under the insulting pretence of erecting her into a separate kingdom—was certainly bad enough, and alone sufficient to prove how insincere was the worship ostensibly rendered at the shrine of Freedom by the youngest, least hackneyed, and, at the same time, one of the most powerful of the confederated “*Liberators*,” but it was left to Prussia to shew how very possible it was to present fresh examples of usurpation, at the very moment of anathematizing its *asserted* practice in France; and while declaiming against the tyranny and ambition of NAPOLEON, to meditate one of the most flagrant violations of ordinary justice with which the page of history is stained. Instead of beginning the work of Restoration, instead of abandoning her iniquitous hold of Poland; upwarned by the general manifestation among the nations of the new political lights which, while they aided the war against NAPOLEON, the rulers themselves had been so zealous in diffusing, Prussia laid almost an immediate claim to new acquisitions of territory, and not content with having aided in the murder of Polish Freedom, was eager to distinguish herself as the assassin of Saxon Independence. When, the period at which this shocking attack upon the most sacred rights of a whole people took place is duly considered; when it is considered after what events, and by what party, it has been consummated; a more disgusting, and cold-blooded infraction of all the principles of right cannot possibly be imagined. The con-

federates had set forth in their proclamations that they fought for Universal Liberty—for the re-establishment of virtuous principles, and the restoration of all their rights to every nation of Europe; for this professed purpose they cross the Rhine, after consecrating their declaration in the presence of heaven; by accident or TREACHERY their point is carried; and, NAPOLEON dethroned, they assemble at Vienna to realize, so the world expects, the promises so solemnly and sacredly given—such is the *period* in which Prussia resolves, with the consent of the other parties, to crush the freedom of Saxony as she had helped to crush that of Poland, and to self-adjudicate the *whole* of her territory with the consent of the “*wisest, most intelligent and virtuous*” of plenipotentiaries, the politest of ambassadors, and the cream of ministerial talent, morality, and magnanimity,—the British Ulysses—my Lord Viscount Castlereagh. An additional act of atrocity is imparted to this very vile act, when it is reflected that the desertion of the Saxons at the battle of Leipsig gave the first great turn in favour of the confederate chiefs, enabled them to penetrate into France, and by a closer communication with *Ragusa*, so to profit by the perfidy, now clear as the noon-day sun, of that liege-servant of Napoleon, as to venture under the walls of Paris so utterly unprovided with cannon, ammunition, &c. that had that person performed his duty to his country, “*France, in 1814, must have become the grave of her devastators.*”

It is not easy to describe the accumulated injustice that distinguished the usurpation of Saxony—at least the usurpation of the *better half* of that kingdom—that the whole has not been sacrificed, is evidently to be ascribed solely to an imaginary policy. Now what is the pretence, at once feeble and insulting, upon which this spoliation is founded? why, that the SOVEREIGN of SAXONY, endowed with the REGAL TITLE by the EMPEROR of the FRENCH, and in various other ways greatly indebted to that monarch’s generosity, has always been zealously active in the cause of his illustrious benefactor, and embraced every possible opportunity of evincing his gratitude. Thus an Independent monarch is to have half his dominions wrested from him for the exercise of that undoubted right which, in his sovereign capacity he possesses, of forming alliances with foreign powers, and preserving that line of policy, which he deems, rightly or not, the most advantageous to his states, and the most honourable to himself—for not quitting HIM whom it would have been infamous to desert—for not breaking every tie of honour—every bond of obligation—and joining a confederacy against a monarch who had been his political creator. Really, when we

reflect who is the party profiting, or expecting to profit, by this act of oppression, and who are those through whose unrepugnant acquiescence alone it could have been perpetrated, with whose solemn and deliberate consent it *has* been committed,* our whole mind is divided between horror and ridicule. But says Prussia, "True it is that we and our allies have been fighting for the INDEPENDENCE OF EUROPE—a charming hoax to be sure—and by the adroit management of that alluring phrase, and a little dash of treachery, have, at last, succeeded in dethroning the sovereign to whose forbearance we all owe our crowns. To shew the deep sense we entertained of his generosity, we deprived him of *his*, and, to prove to the whole world how magnanimous, consistent, and liberal we were, refrained from burning Paris, because it would have infallibly lighted us to destruction; entered into a regular treaty with NAPOLEON as EMPEROR, immediately after we had declared in the face of all Europe that we would have nothing to say to "NAPOLEON Buonaparté;" and guaranteed to our former conqueror—him to whom we owe every league of our territories—the secure and sovereign possession of the mighty and magnificent Elba. Now, having accomplished the *main* part of our precious scheme, let us set to work, and see what we can do with Napoleon's *Allies*. It is necessary, however, dear colleagues, to use as much circumspection in our plans as possible—for, to further the execution of our darling scheme, the French Emperor's overthrow, we were compelled to resort to the catechism of Liberty for arguments against a Republican Hero—and with what a grace those delightful doctrines issued from our imperial and royal mouths—how dexterously we kept POLAND, and Finland, and Hanover, &c. &c, out of sight, all the nations can tell. *Could* any thing be more entertaining than to behold three of the most despotic rulers in Christendom (persons who had been all their lives fighting against liberty, and striving to war down all liberal thinking) making wry faces against NAPOLEON, for his—*tyranny over tyrants*—and setting up a *hue and cry*—do not laugh, my August Friends!—about "Liberty and Independence, and the rights of nations." A fine game it certainly was, and Europe was never, perhaps, bamboozled in such a high style before. If we can but contrive to make the drama conclude as brilliantly as it began, we shall do tolerably well; and provide for the security of our thrones for, at least, a century to come. To manage this cleverly, we must profess

* See the King of Saxony's Letter of indignant and mournful Renunciation in the *Morning Chronicle* of June 13th, 1815.

to act upon the same beautiful principles, that have enabled us to assemble in this gay and elegant city; the focus of German urbanity, German honesty, and German morality. Now, listen! NAPOLEON is overthrown, and his allies must, as many as we can get within our clutches, share the same fate—that is a settled point. But, we must seem to act in conformity with our former declarations, and pay a *nominal* respect to the principles we have been so loudly proclaiming during the past year, for the people of Europe are becoming inconveniently sagacious, and our usurpations must have as little the air of tyrannic seizure as possible. You will better understand me, perhaps, if I keep to the point in which I am so justly and peculiarly interested, and, comprehending the manner in which I propose to appropriate to myself the dominions of his Saxon Majesty—if the whole so much the better—you will probably do me the honour to establish it as the model of your own illustrious designs. Saxony is a great favourite with me—is a fine country—productive and populous—full of all sorts of things agreeable to a Brandenburg palate, and is, besides, conveniently situate for my political purposes—then, too, the services rendered to our cause by the Saxons themselves call out aloud for a recompense proportionate to the benefit received; they have been fighting with us for the re-establishment of—*Freedom!* and the cause in which they combated clearly shows the nature of the reward to which they are entitled:—*they* fought for *freedom*, but their *sovereign* fought for NAPOLEON. Let NAPOLEON's fate, then, be the fate of FREDERIC-AUGUSTUS, and let Saxony be incorporated with the states of Frederic-William. Then will she participate the united blessings of a *paternal government*, Prussian philanthropy, and Liberty, (in whose honour I intend to erect a temple at Warsaw, with the concurrence of my august allies of Russia and Austria). By a declaration embracing these points—praising to the skies the zeal and devoted courage displayed by the Saxons in the *Good Cause*, and inveighing bitterly against their monarch as the partisan of NAPOLEON and despotism, I expect to so delude the whole people as that they shall almost *solicit* the union upon which, allow me to say, I am irrevocably determined. Such is the way, August Friends, in which I propose to act with Saxony—a mode perfectly in harmony with all our former proceedings, and than which I do not think yourselves can adopt a better with respect to some other states which I apprehend you are anxious to include within the boundaries of your own free and admirably-governed dominions. The ruin of the Saxon Monarch, besides, is an essential part of our general

plan. As a monarch by birth, we might, indeed, have been inclined to treat him with lenity—but then his staunch adherence to NAPOLEON, a Sovereign sprung from, and ELECTED by, the PEOPLE, alters the case; renders him an object of extreme abhorrence to all *legitimates*, and points him out as absolutely unfit to continue a member of the *Corps*. The *People* indeed! what have we to do, what have we ever *had to do* with the *People*. It is all very well to lead them in a noose, and occasionally drop into their ears a few words about “*Freedom*,” and “*justice*,” and “*morality*,” when they serve any temporary purpose of our own—but I need not inform you, August Friends! that all we understand, or ever shall understand, by those terms is, that their seasonable employment enables us to rivet faster those chains of slavery which we have so happily bound round the limbs of our respective subjects—to commit acts of the grossest and most wanton injustice, at the very moment we are professing the most edifying reverence for upright principle—and to practise, with a grace that is the offspring of long habit, the most revolting immoralities, while the eulogiums of our own virtue are vibrating on our tongues. Let us be faithful to ourselves, and one another, and there can be little doubt but that this interesting system may be established upon very firm foundations. The conduct of our illustrious ancestors toward POLAND must be the model of ours. Why was that country dismembered? why, *but* because, though a *kingdom*, the monarchy was *elective*. Had it been an *hereditary* royalty, the scheme of partition would never have been conceived: but that there should exist in Europe a splendid throne open to the pretensions of popular candidates, was a thing quite as provoking to, and as little to be endured by, our august and *righteous* progenitors, the *then* legitimates, as the establishment of the BUONAPARTE DYNASTY in France, and Spain, and Holland, and Italy, and Germany, was lately to us hereditaries—so Poland and her constitution were deliberately immolated on the ALTAR of LINEAL ROYALTY, and the political fears of their imperial and regal assassins, quieted in the life-blood of liberty. We, guided by the same just and luminous principles, may reasonably expect as favourable an issue to our plans—*plan* I should have said, for all of us have but *one* object, to keep the people immersed in thoughtless slavery. Have we not already accomplished mighty things by proceeding upon the grounds that I recommend for our future conduct. Have not we, despots in grain, by proclaiming ourselves the champions of Freedom, overthrown the first and greatest of her sons, and restored to their thrones all the disseized sovereigns of the fine

old school—and if for a while policy bids us *half-acknowledge* Murat and Bernadotte, no doubt can exist but that the "*Liberties of Europe*," will furnish some very rational and popular pretexts for depriving those obnoxious personages, the one of his crown, and the other of his royal heir-apparency.—But to return, August Friends! to the point: Saxony, all or part, I *must* have—FREDERIC-AUGUSTUS' union with NAPOLEON has been productive of two great benefits to us—to myself, I mean. It has in effect, struck him from the Royal Roll, and thereby freed us from all necessity and inclination to respect the integrity or independence of his dominions, and at the same time, by involving him in the odium we artfully raised against the French sovereign, allows me to gratify my ambition and hatred against the Saxon monarch, by reducing him to political insignificance—an act as deserving of applause, and therefore as likely to procure it, as the dethronement of a potentate whom we had all repeatedly and humbly recognized—and to whose imperial mercy, in the moment of boundless and shattering victory—Austria *twice*, after her defeats at AUSTERLITZ and WAGRAM—Russia after the *knock-up* at FRIEDLAND, and myself after the same battle—we ALL stood indebted for the opportunity of returning his generous forbearance by wresting from him his diadem, and granting to our Benefactor, a retreat in an insular portion of his own dominions."

Are we unjust in supposing the above to represent with tolerable accuracy the policy of Prussia toward Saxony, as well as the great outline of that adopted by the Congress, conjunctively and individually? Incontestibly, No. We are contented to abide by the result of a rigid and impartial scrutiny into the conduct of the confederates, subsequent to the Abdication, and up to the present time, for the confirmation of all our observations upon their *practice* as contrasted with their *professions*. False as we sincerely believe were all their charges against NAPOLEON—though neither so false nor foolish as those now advanced in justification of a Liberticide War—yet we do think, that having gained their declared object, no league of which history makes mention ever stood upon so high and commanding an elevation in the sight of a world deceived into admiration and applause. Oh, *had* they, thus exhibited to the nation in the assumed majesty of righteousness, maintained the demeanour which till then, and while success was dubious, they affected—*had* they proved to all by their *actions* the sincerity of their promises, it is not extravagant to assume that they might have realised the panegyric too hastily bestowed, made the globe resound with songs of happiness and gratitude, and, while they sealed the

Great Charter of Human Freedom and felicity, established their thrones upon basements of adamant: Glorious indeed beyond description might they have shone—Monarchs of the Earth by the suffrages of universal man. For the communities of her four continents would with one movement and voice have rallied round Beings so incomparably August—Beings who, in the moment of unexpected victory, remembered their engagements with united nations, and descending from their cars of triumph, cast their laurelled diadems on the Shrine of Popular Right, and were content to trust their ELECTION to the gratitude of a consenting world! But, no—this was *morally* impossible—the Continent knows but one Monarch proud to sway his people through their free, uninfluenced choice—the continent contains but one People great enough to exercise that choice. And upon the subject of the Old Dynasties of Europe, we deem ourselves perfectly justified in stating it as our most decided opinion—and it is sanctioned by almost every proceeding of the confederates since the Abdication; by the confirmed and legalized slavery of POLAND on the part of Russia; by the usurpation on that of Austria of LOMBARDY; by the unconstitutional changes in the government of HOLLAND; by the horrors and abominations of the Spanish Capet, so worthy a man who reckons among his ancestors the Revocator of the Edict of Nantes, and by him whose consent were perpetrated the Pandemonian atrocities of St. Bartholomew; lastly, by the dismemberment of SAXONY on the part of Prussia; acts nearly the whole of which have been committed since the Restoration of NAPOLEON, and carried into effect by means *wholly military*—we repeat that it is our most decided opinion, sanctioned as it is by these numerous and mighty violations of the plainest principles of justice and humanity, that it is not merely vain, but ridiculous, to expect from the Old Dynasties of the Continent, any the slightest advances toward the establishment of *Real Liberty*—that it is worse than weak—it is downright madness—to indulge the remotest hope that from *them* any act can proceed, having for its motive a generous, we should have said *just*, regard for the People—that it is merely the evidence of a deranged intellect to suppose for an instant that they ever *were* or *will be* actuated by any feeling or sentiment that the advocates of Freedom ought to appreciate otherwise than as in direct and deathless opposition to the cause of sound and rational liberty.

We should apologise for this digression, did we not feel substantially convinced that our readers will be readily disposed to excuse the deviation, and join in the justice of reflections exorted, wrung from us by the scenes, beyond description hideous,

that have been exhibited to the eyes of outraged humanity, during the period that has elapsed since the Abdication. Having, we conceive, fairly argued the case of Saxony, it only remains for us to observe, that next to **POLAND**, the dismemberment of that unhappy kingdom is the event that seems to augur the most disastrously to the cause of the confederates. Of the feelings of the Saxons themselves respecting that unholy deed, no doubt can, we think, be entertained by the most determined espouser of the proceedings of the allied parties. Has not **Blucher** been chased through the streets of **Liege** by the Saxon grenadiers?—Has it not been found absolutely necessary to disband those gallant men?—Have not fifteen hundred of that indignant soldiery been exiled to *Siberian dungeons*? And is it not a fact, clear as that the sun is the centre of our system, that the whole mass of the Saxon army is in a state of revengeful fermentation?—Has not representation after representation been made to the Congress of **Vienna** by the Saxon people of the extreme abhorrence with which they viewed the intended spoliation of their country? And do they not, now that it is consummated, exclaim with one voice of horror against a deed, whose worst precedent is the **Partition of Poland**? And if such are the feelings of the nation previous to the actual commencement of hostilities, is it rational to expect that, the war begun, it will be possible to restrain their open manifestation? Will not every Saxon soldier, disdaining to serve under the standard of his own and his country's oppressor, eagerly arrange himself under the banners of France? Will not insurrections spread over the whole surface of the country? Yes. When the **Gonfalon of NAPOLEON** floats in the **Allemannic breezes** of the **Rhine**, then will the shouts of Saxon independence ring through the skies of Germany—mingling with those of Polish freedom—the advent of the Emperor will have the same effect upon the Saxons and Poles, as a comet produces upon the planets it approaches; both nations will burst into fierce and universal insurgency. Then will **Prussia** and her allies wish, how vainly! that the integrity of **Poland** and **Saxony**, and the imprescriptible rights of their people had never been infringed—that they had made a better use of the power they had acquired since the campaign of **Moscow**:—in fine—that they had not rendered it impossible for the Emperor **NAPOLEON** to come forward as the **Champion of Freedom**, and the **Redresser of Wrongs**.

Here we should conclude this portion of our general subject, did not one point remain to be mentioned, upon which we feel peculiarly indignant. It is one which, we believe, has not

been touched upon in a proper manner, by any of those who have either written or spoken upon the subject. We do confess that with respect to the unlimited consent which it is understood the *British* plenipotentiary gave to the dismemberment of Saxony, our emotions are of the most painful and revolting nature. Himself a native of a free country, how imperiously was it his duty to remonstrate against that shocking measure, when it was first mentioned in his presence! How loudly called for by *BARRISH* honour, that in a convocation of despots, the Representative of England, at least, should firmly and indiesinently have opposed the carrying into effect so enormous a violation of the Rights of Nations. This consideration alone would be sufficient to warrant the severest reprehensions of the part which the English ambassador is understood, upon firmer foundations* than any furnished merely by the vagueness of report, to have performed in this very flagrant infringement of all political, all moral justice. But the transaction receives, in our eyes at least, an additional aggravation when we recollect the *hereditary* and *natural* connection between Saxony and England—a connection, politically speaking, of a nature resembling that of the closest and dearest subsisting between individuals—the connection of parent and offspring. In our first war with America, one of the points on which the then ministry and their partizans were fondest of harping, as one of those which represented the Republicans in the most obnoxious light, was the unnatural temper of the Americans which impelled them into a sanguinary contest with the *Mother-country*; and no execrations were deemed too violent to be used against men who could thus basely and impenitently transgress a bond of such strict and sacred relationship. Nay, this very argument has been employed during the late conflict with the United States, nor was it supposed to have lost any portion of its original potency, though, and it is important to mark this, the country against which it was so vehemently levelled, had emerged from the horrors of a war, waged against her upon principles now universally confessed to have been purely oppressive, into a state of solid, aye, and splendid independence—her fair and ample front inwreathed with the brightest evergreen of Freedom, and her large and luxuriant locks dancing sweetly in the breezes of prosperity. And yet, at the very moment that the ministerial prints were heaping abuse

* See the letter, dated 11th October, 1814, from Viscount Castlereagh to Prince D'Hardenburgh, on the then projected and now completed spoliation of Saxony.

on the Republic, and striving to revive against her this *Butean* stigma, was the ambassador of Britain recording with his own hand, his perfect willingness to subscribe a document, whose object was the political annihilation of an independent state—THE MOTHER-COUNTRY OF THE KINGDOM OF WHICH HE WAS THE REPRESENTATIVE!! Still amid the gloom with which the formal, published acquiescence of Britain to this alarming inroad upon morality—this appalling sacrifice to the powers of sin—one brilliant gleam of consolation sends its soul-cheering light: never can we sufficiently rejoice that the HAND, which IN THE NAME OF BRITAIN was prepared to SIGN THE DEED OF SAXON DISMEMBERMENT, WAS NOT THE HAND OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

How is Austria affected by the RESTORATION? And are there, or are there not, circumstances which render her *effectual* adhesion to the cause of the confederates doubtful—even though she should not embrace an early opportunity of entering into an open alliance with the Emperor? We do not propose to detain the reader long upon these points, as the decision of the first depends upon this simple question—Has she, since the Abdication, acted like Russia and Prussia, or has she not? And the solution of the second will only require a few words on the FAMILY CONNEXION—her hopes and fears of France as opposed to her fears and hopes of Russia—and the probability that her conduct may, in a considerable degree, be influenced by the idea that a league with France is more auspicious to her interests than the aiding and abetting a confederacy against that state.

In the first place, we think that it must be obvious to every rational observer, that the situation of Francis after the Abdication was one of a singularly delicate nature, and requiring a mode of conduct declarative of the purest political principle. However lamely the case had been made out; he *had* joined the Alliance against the EMPEROR from a professed belief that his ambition was so boundless and dangerous to the *Independence of Europe*, that it became a duty, imperative upon every sovereign of the continent, and *most* imperative upon himself, as the nominal head of her states, to lend his utmost efforts to bar the progress of a power aiming at universal dominion through the subversion of every independent realm. This is the basis he assumed for all his proceedings against a monarch who had twice spared *his* capital, and whose marriage with his daughter had elevated her to the rank of *Empress*. Surely a junction with NAPOLEON'S enemies, even to the extent originally professed, *viz.* the *circumscription*

of a sovereignty too vast for the peace and liberty of neighbouring states—would have demanded on the part of Francis the most punctilious deference to principles in support of which he so loudly and solemnly proclaimed himself to have joined the confederacy against his SON-IN-LAW. It would, we think, have been universally expected in case the war had succeeded only thus far, and NAPOLEON'S authority, in consequence, been bounded by the limits of France, that, however the other powers might have borne themselves, AUSTRIA, at all events, would have exhibited herself in an attitude of unambitious magnanimity, and maintained to the last a demeanor suitable to a state compelled into hostility for the defence of every thing valuable and sacred in the eyes of nations. If, then, such would have been the line of conduct incumbent upon Francis to have pursued, had he leagued himself with the other powers simply for the purpose of reducing the authority of NAPOLEON within just bounds, how much stronger did the necessity become of preserving a perfect disinterestedness of character, after he had lent his sanction to an act that deprived NAPOLEON of his throne. Nothing selfish, nothing grasping, nothing that even malignity herself could have fastened upon, should have stained the steps of him, who to secure, as he said, or as was said for him, the repose and freedom of Europe, had consented to sacrifice the interests of a monarch to whom he was bound by ties so strict and endearing. Of all the powers that appeared under the walls of Paris, upon none was there so absolute and solemn an obligation to comport himself with an undeniable mien of justice as Francis of Austria—upon none was there self-imposed so sacred a prohibition against the enlargement of his states;—lest it should be said—that he confederated against his SON-IN-LAW for the mere gratification of an ambition in direct breach of his professions; and that to acquire a few leagues of territory he violated at once the duties of nature, and contemned the claims of relationship.

The part, then, which, after the Abdication, it was incumbent upon Austria to perform, must be too evident to require farther observation. But, added to the exhibition of disinterestedness, should have been that of a noble and generous policy. ITALY was the field in which the liberal and lofty mind of a great Prince, situate like Francis, with regard to that illustrious country, would have discerned an ample field for the display of an ambition worthy the wearer of the Augustan diadem. Since the division of Italy into petty hereditary states and despotic principalities, she has gradually sunk into wretch-

edness and ruin; and notwithstanding the beauty of her climate, the fertility of her soil, the bravery and talents of her sons, their aptitude for all species of intellectual and bodily exertion, and the favourable situation of the country for commercial enterprize, the debasing effects of the grinding and comminuting tyranny under which she has writhed during centuries, in junction with the lazy and pestilential despotism of the Priest of Rome and his creatures, have reduced the Patrimony of the Cæsars—the birth-place of Camillus and JUNIUS-BRUTUS—of Lucretius and Virgil—of Tasso and Ariosto—to a state scarcely superior to that of a Turkish province. Some casual gleams of brightness, have, certainly, shot from time to time, athwart the lugubrious vapours that have so long obscured the splendour of her political sky; but these—emanating from transient sources—the goodness, for example, of one of the Medici, or a Duke of Florence—were of course ineffectual to the affecting any thing in the shape of permanent or general prosperity. Since the French Revolution, Italy, released from the clutches of German despotism and the fangs of Romish priestcraft, had begun to rear her head among the nations; and the erection of the country into a kingdom, swayed by an Italian Hero, (*which produced an embassy of congratulation from Francis*) constituting Italy an integral state, and establishing the CODE-NAPOLÉON from *Lago Maggiore* to the *Straits of Messina*, (for in the kingdom of Naples, as well as the rest of the country, was that Code established) at once gave her resplendency abroad, and felicity at home. The Abdication replunged her into the abyss from which the patriotic ambition of the Emperor had rescued her; her situation after that event, resembled that of Poland, after the retreat of NAPOLÉON, and the line of conduct which we pointed out as proper to have been pursued by Russia toward the latter country, was the one chalked out by every sentiment of generosity and even policy to Francis in regard to Italy. Instead of this, he *has* acted toward the anxious, indignant Italians as the Ruler of Russia *has* comported himself toward the Poles. From like causes proceed like effects—a *similibus similia*—and we venture to give it as our opinion, that in case Austria *does* proceed to extremities against the Empire, the kingdom of Lombardy, as Upper Italy is nicknamed, will be one of the countries toward which NAPOLÉON will direct the early march of his armies, certain of being there received with an enthusiasm proportioned to the oppression exercised by him upon whom so many causes pressed to stand forward as a powerful champion of her independence and rights.

The Family-Connection between the Empire and Austria contains the embryo principle of discord between the confederates, and renders it more than probable that the league against France will not long continue to enumerate Francis among its members. The situation of things is so very different now to what it was at the period of the Abdication, that no certain dependence can be placed in the continued and effective co-operation of Austria with the Allies. NAPOLEON's marriage with the Arch-Duchess Marie-Louise was a masterpiece of policy, fatal to the hopes of the Bourbons, and highly auspicious to the New Dynasty. The Hapsburgh Family had long been accustomed to look to the Royal House of France for nuptial alliances with their own; and this disposition was eagerly encouraged by the Capets, as at once gratifying to their own pride, and increasing the influence they had acquired through the Family-Compact brought about by the Fourteenth Lewis. This bond, however, was severed by the axe of the Revolution, and as even the Bourbons who escaped its edge were politically dead, it became impossible to renew with *them* connections formed upon principles simply political. The Family-Alliance seemed destroyed for ever; when the establishment of the French Empire, and the tremendous triumphs of its sovereign, turned the eyes of Austria again toward France, and made her desirous of forming a Family-Connection with a Potentate, whose union with one of her Princesses would not only gratify her titular pride, but tend to secure her from the ambitious attempts of neighbouring states, and preserve her from the dreadful effects of those arms whose overwhelming energies she had repeatedly experienced. NAPOLEON, on the other hand, had a double reason for wishing that such an alliance should take place: 1st, his first marriage had not been fruitful—and there was no lineal heir to the diadem; and, 2dly, an union with the first of the Sovereign European Families would not only invest his throne with additional splendour, but secure the ready co-operation of Austria in all his ulterior plans; and in case of great unexpected reverses, prove a strong bulwark against the overthrow of his power. Such, we conceive, is a reasonable exposition of the motives, on each side, inductive of the Family-Connection; and though, if the last reason we have ascribed to NAPOLEON be correct, it must be allowed that he was considerably mistaken, we cannot but think that the Treaty of Fontainebleau owed much of its favourable aspect (favourable we call it, when considered with regard to the then existing state of affairs) to his relationship with the House of Hapsburgh; and we are firmly persuaded, (notwithstanding Francis did, at

length, consent with a reluctance merely selfish, to NAPOLEON'S *Déchéance*,) that many articles of that Treaty, such as the Sovereignty of ELBA, Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, the retention of the Titles, &c. are rationally and solely to be placed to the account of the Family-Connection. This Connection will, we conceive, still operate materially to NAPOLEON'S advantage. That his daughter should be Empress of the French, must be an object of some importance in the sight of Francis—an object of considerable importance. There is but little doubt, besides, in our mind, that the timid nature of Francis, who has seen his armies drop away, as by enchantment, before the sword of NAPOLEON—who has witnessed, even in that monarch's reverses, how great were his resources—and who knows that Treachery alone, a treachery that neither himself nor his allies can hope will again occur, threw the shield between the confederates, and destruction, when (separated from their stores, parks of artillery, ammunition, &c.) they drew up under the walls of Paris—we repeat, that we have but little doubt, the timid nature of Francis, recollecting these things, seeing, as he must, that the power of NAPOLEON is, for all legitimate purposes, re-established on firmer foundations than formerly, and dreading that revenge which, in case of the Emperor's success, would fall more heavily upon himself than his allies—will shrink from a contest, which though even it should terminate unfavourably for France, contains no principle auspicious to his interests. It may be said, that on the fidelity of Francis we have a potent reason for relying, as his possession of those parts of Italy, which have been erected into the *Lombard Kingdom* depends, so may it be said, on his first and effectual union with the other members of the confederacy. To those who feel inclined to nourish in their bosoms this consoling hope, we answer: FIRSTLY, that the mind of Francis is, by all that we can gather, by no means of that heroic structure which would dispose him to brave any imminent peril, and risk the utter crippling of his power, simply with the view of retaining a dominion so frail and insecure, as that which he at present holds in Italy—a dominion no longer tenable than while it is maintained by the presence of an overwhelming military: SECONDLY, that, timely negotiation with, and adhesion to, NAPOLEON will probably secure to him his Italian Reign as effectually as would his arms, and at far less cost and hazard. Beyond Lombardy he has no interest that we can discover, at all likely to be promoted by the war, and as this can be arranged as much to his satisfaction by leaguering with as against his Son-in-law, we conceive his secession

from the confederacy to be more than probable—and surely it will not be advanced against our position, that by the re-acknowledgment of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, he will be relieved from the necessity of investing his daughter with the states stipulated for in the Treaty of Fontainebleau. Then, too, we become more and more strengthened in our opinion, when we recollect the natural jealousy with which Austria must ever regard Russia—(a jealousy which the complete dissolution of the *Germanic Empire* must have vastly increased) and the suspicious eye with which, in all probability, she views the enlargement of the Prussian dominions. Neither should the tardiness with which she transmitted her ratification of the late Treaties pass without observation, any more than the frequent mention in the Paris Journals of the passing and repassing of couriers between France and Austria. Dispassionate minds will weigh these things, and the more seriously they attend to them, the more likely, we are convinced, it is that their conclusions will resemble our own.

We have now considered the RESTORATION in respect to its connection with the principal monarchies of the Continent. To analyze its effects, present or hereafter, upon the minor states would be impossible in the very few pages left to us. Two states we have refrained from speculating upon, viz. Turkey and Spain. The *first* is almost a stranger in the European system, and the *second* is actually, in every thing constituting the power and greatness of a nation, below the level of many of the lesser communities of the Continent.

In the Ottoman Empire the restoration of NAPOLEON has probably excited very little notice; the government may, indeed, view it as an event favourable to the interests of the Sultanry; and behold in the reenthronement of the Conqueror of Egypt the visible interference of the God of Muhammed, to rescue the dominions of the Faithful from the *Giaours* of Russia; but we are persuaded that upon the people it has had little or no influence; and that they regard it simply as they would one of those revolutions with which their own history is so amply diversified. They see in NAPOLEON a great warrior—a species of Christian Orchan—and as such, he, in their eyes, deserves the station which he has attained. They have an odd sort of notion that a Sovereign ought to be able to defend his people and himself; and if he do this, they are inclined to pass over without censure, if not to hail with applause, a good deal of behaviour which we should feel disposed to call tyrannic, and strive to put an end to. But our notions of birth, and

hereditary royalty, they scarcely comprehend,* and into the spirit of our Lord Castlereagh's whimsical distinctions between the Dynasty of *Bourbon*, and the *Bonaparte* Dynasty they do not, unquestionably, enter. The RESTORATION is in their sight nothing more than a transfer of authority.

Spain, since the discovery and colonization of Southern America, has gradually from a high state of greatness, sunk to a condition the most abject that can well be conceived. The bigotted despotism which has characterized the government ever since the reign of the Fifth Charles, gave the first great blow to her prosperity, and led to the cruel and mad expulsion of the Moorish population by his grandson, a measure that inflicted so deep a wound on the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial interests of Spain, and the effects of which are deeply graven on her uncultivated plains, and mournfully manifested in the ruin of the useful arts, and the decay, almost to annihilation, of her trade. The two evils that have produced this wretchedness, and crushed the lofty spirit of the noble Spanish Nation into subjection to their foreign rulers, are Superstition and Tyranny—a Tyranny so noxious, that where it reigns, there is deracinated, withered, and absolutely scorched up every art, occupation, and pursuit that speaks of man as an intelligent and reasoning being—a Superstition so baneful and benumbing, that the land over which it spreads its dull terrors, is blasted with instant imbecility, and stupefied into the very vilest species of slavery. This government, with all its train of disastrous abominations, would have ceased with the establishment of JOSEPH-NAPOLÉON on the Spanish Throne—this government has been reinstated by one of the freest nations of Europe, whose armies are at present engaged in supporting principles directly adverse to those upon which their own government is settled, and which is now under excitement to overthrow the *elected* constitutional sovereign of the French, simply for the purpose of replacing upon the Throne of France a Family who have always been their bitterest enemies, and who helped to rob their Prince of his American dominions—a member of which with impertinent reluctance at length condescended to acknowledge William the *elected* monarch of England—a family whose present head stipulated for what we conceive would have terminated in the perpetuation of the Slave-Trade—abolished, and for it may Heaven reward him! by the head of the *French Guelphs*—a family, in fine, who in the character of *French Stuarts*, are the sworn and hereditary enemies of liberty wheresoever they may meet the evidence of her existence;

* "We Moslems seek not much of blood."—Lord Byron's *Bride of Abydos*.

and whom reason and feeling; and memory and anticipation ought to render obnoxious for ever in the eyes of Englishmen. Spain, too, is writhing under a *Bourbon*, and Naples is restored to a gentleman of the same family: upon the horrors which, by referring to former events, we entertain no doubt have already signalized the return of the latter person, we forbear expatiating—and the follies and wickedness of the Spanish Ruler are too universally known and appreciated to require proof or amplification. That he is *despised* as well as hated—that the sentiment with which he is regarded by the *Spanish People* is compounded of the extremes of contempt and execration—we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be our firm belief. So far are we from imagining that either *he* is able, or the *nation* willing, to co-operate with the confederates, that we think his throne is tottering to its base; and that the People, enlightened by their experience, and goaded by their sufferings, will look in the conduct of the French People for a model for their own, and magnanimously resolve to free themselves from the scathing despotism that is daily stinging the temples, and shrivelling the vitals, of Bourbon-governed Spain.

We must now bring this article to a conclusion; and shall merely indulge ourselves in stating our opinion respecting the MORAL effect of the RESTORATION on the general interests of Europe at large, the *Fifth* point of view in which we proposed to consider it.

We take it for granted as a cardinal fact, that there is not one of the old established governments of the Continent that is not deformed by abuses of the most alarming description. All monarchies have a natural tendency to despotism, and our own constitution, by the provisions it contains in the second and third branches of legislature for checking this bias in the first, proves that our opinion is sanctioned by the authority of the most venerable names in English History. By thus guarding against the establishment of despotism in England, our illustrious ancestors proved that they viewed in such a government, the germs of national abasement and destruction. Their ideas are ours. Now it is notorious that all the governments of Europe, excepting those of England and France, are absolute monarchies—in clearer terms, are *despotisms*. In a limited monarchy the Prince, should he even be tyrannically given, will yet, if he be not stupid or misled by a headstrong and base ambition, suppress such an inclination, and keep within the bounds marked out to him by the constitution. If he infringe them, and pass the Rubicon of the Law Politic, for awhile he may trample on the bond he has broken, and like Caesar, insult the people whose rights he has violated,

but will, like him, perish at the profaned altar of national freedom. A limited monarchy, then, like that of England or France, contains a popular principle sufficiently strong, either to preserve it from violation, or if it be violated, powerful enough to work its renovation. But in a despotic government, no principle of a restrictive or restorative nature can by any possibility exist—and it follows, by consequence, that in such a government, that *the passions and ambition of the Prince are the sole criteria of public measures*; as ambition is, in itself, an enormous evil, and the passions prone to vice, it is generally to be inferred, that the measures of a man surrounded by base and eager panders to the inclinations of a master already intoxicated by the possession of so monstrous a power, will be the result of his worst and most powerful propensities—and will, consequently, be vicious and tyrannic.

Such are the inevitable effects of despotic power, and all the great governments of Europe, England and France excluded, are despotic. The inference is plain. Men naturally hate tyranny when they see and feel it as such. They reflect, they demur, they resist. Knowledge is the great enemy of Oppression, and in proportion as the first is diffused, the strength of the latter is diminished. Since the French Revolution, political curiosity and enquiry have taken a more active and extensive sweep than they had embraced for ages. In nothing has this been more clearly shown than in the ground which the continental despots were compelled to assume in the last war against NAPOLEON. By representing him as an ambitious tyrant, the triumph of tyranny was for awhile secured. But the plans and partitions of the Congress of Vienna must, surely, have opened the eyes of Europe to the real views of that assembly; and the Will of the French People, so decidedly manifested in the RESTORATION of NAPOLEON, and his establishment as a limited monarch (like the King of England) on a throne from which the Bourbons are a second time solemnly barred, must, we think, have produced an amazing and salutary shock through the whole intellectual surface of the Continent. Hitherto in almost all political transactions, action, at least on the part of the people, has preceded meditation. Now we think that meditation will precede action. Suffering and disappointment have engendered thought and reflection. *Le present est gros de l'avenir.* The Genius of Europe has emerged from the darkness in which for centuries she has been imprisoned, and the Angel of Liberty, waving her white wings in the skies, and pointing to England and France, calls aloud to the oppressed of every region, "GO YE AND DO LIKEWISE."

"B."

ART. II.—*Parliamentary Portraits; or Sketches of the Public Character of some of the most distinguished Speakers of the House of Commons. Originally printed in the Examiner. 8vo. Pp. 235. Baldwin. 1815.*

[Concluded from p. 359.]

WE resume this subject with pleasure. Our artist is highly skilled—his touches are those of nature—his finish that of a master. We prefaced his last portrait with a few observations on the compound qualities of a public speaker. In exhibiting the parliamentary features of Mr. Canning, we desire to say a little more. This gentleman is from a country renowned for flowing talent; but flowing talent is not, always, emblematic either of a cultivated mind or a sound understanding. Pretension is often a better advocate for preferment than merit; and when success has been realised, some how or other, few persons take the trouble to enquire into the legality of the claim. Hence it enjoys the "*otium cum dignitate*"—like the Right Honourable Mr. Canning.

"Among the foremost of these—says our author—whose pretensions exceed their deserts, and whose pretensions have been allowed, may be placed Mr. Canning; a gentleman, whom fortune, in a joke, has pushed above his natural elevation, to be pointed at as the quintessence of wit and statesmanship."

Now, wit is a native endowment with the Irish. It is proverbial among their lower orders, and gives exquisitely companionable qualities to their higher classes of society. The Edgeworths, in their *Irish Bulls*, are eloquent in depicting native wit and native oratory. But the qualifications of a statesman are cast in a loftier mould.

MR. CANNING.

"In his youth, at a time when Whigs were a very different sort of people from those who now bear that name—when their fire was carrying annoyance into every quarter of the ministry, and their humour was casting ridicule over all its disasters—at such a time, the aid of a young man of talents, with some fun at his command, was hailed as a most useful acquisition by a minister, who, though he rarely condescended himself to use any but great guns, was not displeased to see small-arms in the hands of his auxiliaries. Then it was, that by the strength of a few ludicrous and well-timed parodies, not one-third of which by the way were his own, Mr. Canning caught the notice and consequent patronage of Mr. Pitt. Coming into Parliament under such auspices, he could not but make his way: he delivers a speech more

shallow and more frothy than a college-declamation; but what can be done? One side of the house is bound to protect the young man on whom the premier smiles, and the other side is not disposed to much severity, partly because the maiden orator is a kind of *élève* of its own, and chiefly because the house is at no time inclined to damp the ardour of a young gentleman of tolerable promise who attempts to rise in the world. Encouraged on one hand, and not opposed on the other, with his path smoothed and disencumbered of all those difficulties which might exercise his understanding or enlarge his experience, and raised by a train of lucky circumstances into high situation, he soon forgets the cause of his elevation, becomes proud and dogmatical, and fancies himself a great statesman; when his sole qualifications are a memory well stored with the school-boy's common-places, a solemn utterance like that of the prologue-speaker to a tragedy, and an unbending pomp of attitude and manner strongly resembling the burly dignity of a country pedagogue. Indeed, the great characteristic of this orator is his mock importance; he seems always to walk on stilts. Whatever be the subject, whether he is presenting a petition, or delivering a laboured harangue, he always speaks in the same measured tone and set manner. He dares not be familiar: aware perhaps of the slender title by which he holds his reputation, he will not descend into the open and common area, but keeps himself from too near attack behind the formal entrenchment of a constant gravity. It may seem some contradiction to this, to state that Mr. Canning affects to be a joker; but his jokes are all of the dry and scholastic sort, sarcasms which repel—not pleasantries which attract. Never playful like Mr. Fox, nor good-humoured like Mr. Sheridan, he struts through a comic antithesis with the air of a philosopher, and deposits an epigram with equal grandeur as if he were delivered of an epic poem. The house indeed laugh, because it is polite to laugh when a gentleman affects to joke; but it is never a laugh of kindly sympathy with the joker; on the contrary, it merely expresses that the audience are not so dull but that they are able to apprehend a witticism. It is evidently the perpetual care of Mr. Canning to make himself appear wiser and profounder than he is; and yet to any one who thinks it worth his while to fathom him, there is no man whose depth is more easily discernible. His great excellence is the school-taught taste, by which he shuns all vulgarities in opinion and diction, and is enabled sometimes to throw a classical air over a common subject: his great defect is, that he does not think. All he says partakes of the mustiness of memory; it is uttered with the tone of one who talks by book, and has none of the glowing freshness and cheering brightness of thoughts newly combined, or newly created by the genius of the speaker. His mind has none of these qualities which go to the composition of a great intellect: it has no grasp, little penetration, and no foresight. It has been said of some eminent persons, that they

never were boys: it may be said of the person in question, that he will never be a man. He can never disengage himself from his puerile trammels, nor look at a subject with the eye of common sense and common experience. It has indeed frequently fallen to his lot to advocate the cause of wisdom; but even then his thoughts have been but in a low proportion to the dignity of his subject: he has been content to excite applause by pretty arrangement of phrases, instead of impressing a respectful conviction by the enlargement and accuracy of his views. I allude to his florid harangues on the Spanish war, on the catholic claims, and on some late occasions. A few plain, straight-forward sentences uttered with the calm reasonableness of Lord Castlereagh, and the simple manly energy of Mr. Whitbread, have and deserve more weight than whole folio volumes of such speeches. In fact, the House listens to Mr. Canning not as a statesman, but as one who may amuse them by his well-selected centos and apt quotations: for it is pleasant now and then to be thrown back on one's school associations."

Our author proceeds to deprecate the imputation of being considered inimical to classic learning; but he insists that Mr. Canning's style of thinking, the character of his knowledge, and his consequential manner, would have made him an excellent first master of Eton. He does not object to this gentleman, because he quotes Virgil or Tacitus; but because he merely quotes, and does not embellish the language of others with the personal reflections of a poet, or the sagacity of an historian.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Canning has more rivals than his vanity permits him to acknowledge. Mr. Grant, junior, with his defects, has more fancy as well as more learning. Mr. Peel and Mr. Robinson display his smartness and classic recollections, but are free from his assumed importance. To the rank of a statesman, Mr. Canning has lately added—*we hope for his good deeds!*—the exaltation of an ambassador.

MR. PONSONBY.

"It is a novel and not very pleasant feature in the Whig-regiment, that its leader is an Irishman: genius and worth are indeed of all countries; and what Englishman would not be proud to be directed by Burke, or Sheridan, or Grattan, as far as intellect is concerned? I am, however, yet to learn, and the nation has yet to learn, what are the intellectual pretensions of Mr. Ponsonby, whence it is that no Englishman can be found, of at least equal abilities, to fill the usual post, and why, *ceteris paribus*, a heavy Irish lawyer, but newly acquainted here, is to be selected by preference for that place, which, from various circumstances, seems to demand a man bred up in English habits, and thoroughly

acquainted with English manners and customs. The reason seems to be his close connexion with most of the great aristocratical families, or what perhaps is of still more consequence, that the Whigs who are pledged to him do not know what else to do with him. Certainly a worse leader could not have been chosen : a man who fills that important situation should have extensive knowledge, commanding eloquence, perpetual vigilance, and last, though not the most trifling qualification, pleasing and conciliating manners. Let us examine Mr. Ponsonby by this standard. It is said that he was an excellent chancellor, which implies that he has considerable erudition in his profession ; and though a vain and selfish Englishman is apt to laugh when you talk of lawyers out of England, yet the law must be allowed to be a well-cultivated science in a country which has produced such men as Plunkett, Saurin, and Burroughs. I will suppose, therefore, that Mr. Ponsonby is a learned lawyer, though with a curious sort of courtesy the phrase of 'learned gentlemen,' which usually is given to legal members, is dropped with reference to him. Is he ashamed of his business, or would the title which is borne by Sir Samuel Romilly disgrace Mr. George Ponsonby ? Be this as it may, the knowledge of law seems almost the only knowledge possessed by this gentleman. He does not speak very often ; but in all the speeches which I have heard, I cannot recollect any happy historical applications—any illustrations from those arts or sciences which ought to be to a certain extent familiar to every gentleman's mind—no allusions borrowed from the sublime fictions of poetry, at once to embellish and strengthen the cause of truth. All this, and tenfold more than this, were found in Mr. Fox : and some of this may of right be expected from any person who puts himself forward as the intellectual leader of a band of well-educated gentlemen. Has he any eloquence ? This question may best be answered by saying that he is never animated : nothing seems to rouse him except personal pique, and then he is warm without spirit, like the sullen, uncomfortable heat before a thunder-storm. Subjects of the deepest interest, occasions which electrify men of the usual feelings, are all met by him with the same dull measured offerings of a scanty understanding. Thus he is the coldest debater of the catholic claims among the Irish members ; and even at the dinner given to the catholic delegates, where the social glow of honestly-indulged feelings seemed to elevate every mind for a time into a moral enthusiasm, Mr. Ponsonby utters a few trite dogmas in his usual *bow-wow* way, neither his thoughts being raised nor his feelings warmed by the noble spectacle around him. What, however, most unfits this statesman for his imposing situation, is his habitual and apparently incurable indolence.

"A person who goes into the House of Commons for the first time must be rather puzzled with his appearance. He sees a stout and rather ungainly gentleman, not remarkably well dressed,

with dirty boots and old unbrushed hat, sitting cross-legged, and his head almost sunk in his breast, as if asleep after the fatigues of a fox-chace. The sleepy personage then doffs his hat and rises; his unpolished manner and grim features hold forth but little promise: with the aid of jumping, and violent jerking of his head, which, like the cadence of a mallet which it imitates, seems a most appropriate exemplification of a knock-down argument, he gives utterance to about a score of sentences. The stranger expresses some surprise, and exclaims, 'Why, really, that country gentleman says some sensible things: but, pray, Sir, don't you think his manner not exactly the thing in a polished assembly?' What then is his astonishment when he learns that the person of whom he is speaking so disrespectfully, is the chief of the aristocratical faction, and considered as the fittest person to conciliate and preserve the confidence of the people. What would be his astonishment if he should attend every day for a session, and should observe that this leader of a party could not prevail upon himself to rise a dozen times during the whole season; that questions of vast importance were suffered to pass without one single observation; that, when Mr. Whitbread brought forward his motion on the American war, neither the Whigs nor their leader were to be seen at their post; that, when the cause of an injured Princess occupied the thoughts and feelings of a whole nation, Mr. Ponsonby had nothing to remark, except a few words in defence of his political friends; and, lastly, when the Parliament was legislating for the interests of an almost boundless empire, Mr. Ponsonby, after one or two puny efforts in a subject which he allows to be of incalculable importance, steals away to the other side of the Channel, to follow fox hounds in his county of Kildare. After this, it will seem mere anticlimax to state there is nothing prepossessing in his appearance, or conciliatory in his manners, nothing to please the eye or soothe the senses, in the absence of those greater qualities which command conviction and enforce regard. After all, I am not so foolish as to imagine or to wish that I could convince any person that Mr. Ponsonby has no claims to respect. He is a sensible, clear-headed man, with too much prudence to incur ridicule by any attempts beyond his powers; but, except on the score of family, he is no more fitted for his post than the lowest retainer of his party. Some persons think he has humour; he certainly has some skill in sarcasm; but then he exercises it on the paltry satellites, instead of bravely attacking the chiefs of the party."

We take leave of this portrait with a short memorandum,—
 "Enough has been said of a man about whom the public feels as little curiosity as about his footman. Mr. Ponsonby is said to be fond of fox-hunting, and to have regretted the day when he left that *intellectual* enjoyment for politics: let him go back to it—he will not be missed. If he kill but one fox in a sea-

son, he will do more service to the common weal, than by whole years of stiff, reluctant, lazy sitting on a bench, which was once adorned by Mr. Fox!"

The Chancellor of the Exchequer for England, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, occupy one frame. Like courtship and matrimony, they form a ridiculous contrast.

"Certainly—continues our author—it is hardly possible to bring under view two persons more dissimilar. If there be any difference between sedate intelligence and bubbling shallowness, between unpretending mildness and impertinent irritability, between modesty self humiliating almost to a degree of debasement, and conceit soaring to the height of insolence—then there is an interval, wide as the poles asunder, between these two gentlemen."

The portraits are at full length before us; but we shall merely add, that the one man is a profound financier, respected and looked up to as such; the other, a bouncing orator, who threatens the threatener—a Being wholly unconscious of the proportion between his talents and the respect which belongs to them.

The monotonous gibberish of a raree-show man is "Music—sphere-descended maid!" compared with the introductory compliment to our next portrait—"There are two vices, HYPOCRISY and APOSTACY; against which, more than against any others, the indignation of mankind appears to be universal and unqualified."

MR. TIERNEY.

"This gentleman, when he considers his present unpopularity in the nation, and his utter want of weight in the House of Commons, must look back with some astonishment or regret on those days of juvenile ardour when, either from intemperate zeal or from the sordid desire of inveigling a foolish faction, he uttered those glowing denunciations against existing systems, which stole the hearts of the Borough electors. The man for whose presence no one cares, and whose sentiments scarcely ever elicit one smile of regard, must hold it to be the very baseless dream of a shadow, when the recollected scenes of former times pass before his mind,—when his imagination pictures to him those stately burgesses, Messrs. Alcock and Favell, almost dancing with rapture at his oracular sentences,—when even a glance of his person was sufficient to convert that most reputable but dirty district of Southwark into a theatre for gait and festivity,—when even the infants of the enthusiastic electors* were baptised in his

* "Some years afterwards, when Mr. Tierney became odious to his old friends, they took an odd method of showing their contempt, by calling their dogs by his name."

name, to pledge them to the future admiration and imitation of so great a patriot. Was Mr. Tierney then sincere in his popular professions? or, at the time when he presided with so much *éclat* over that sacred band 'the Real Friends,' in a paltry club-room, (Mr. Tierney will understand the allusion,) when the active citizen worshipped no idol except that rather Nebuchadnessar image, the majesty of the people, did he even then adhere to the opinions of his aristocratic friends the self-named Whigs—did he even then feel that love of place which made him so easy a prey to Mr. Addington? These are questions which none but Mr. Tierney can answer. I certainly shall not erect myself into a judge of hidden motives and impenetrable causes. There are not sufficient data for the solution; and Mr. Tierney, great arithmetician as he is, knows that even in the doctrine of chances, some sure and definite quantities must be given to find merely a possible result. I can discover no such certain starting-grounds for this investigation; neither in the nature of man nor in the character of Mr. Tierney. I will not believe that it is easy and obvious for any individual man to assume and personate whatever figure he pleases: still less will I believe that a gentleman of such education and such steady sagacity, as all must feel the late Southwark representative to be, could miscalculate or misapprehend so grossly as to think that a solid superstructure could stand on the flimsy basis of insincerity. The matter must, however, remain undecided to the world, unless the only person who can elucidate the mystery will condescend to instruct our ignorance by a confessional treatise, which, as it shall turn out, may serve either for a comment or an antidote to the politics of Machiavel. As to myself taking it for granted that Mr. Tierney's professions were honest—believing that he was actuated by the sincerest principles when he opposed Mr. Pitt with such vehemence, and defied him 'to the utterance,' even at the hazard of his life: (for though many have laid down their lives from mistaken zeal, yet few, if any, have done so merely to give effect to a joke)—believing also that his former ardour of Reform was, though he was not quite a boy or a novice, yet a relic of the fiery heedlessness of youth, and that his subsequent conversion was the consequence of impartial conviction:—with all these items of belief in my mind I must say, that Mr. Tierney has been very ill used by the misjudging public. They have hastily taken a rational alteration for an interested tergiversation, and suppose that one of the ablest and clearest-headed men of the age could not see what every child sees, that consistency is the best policy. This unjust dislike, these unkind suspicions of the people, have been of serious injury to Mr. Tierney, and I think to the community. From this cause it comes that the most disposeable and useful talents for business, the utmost shrewdness of discernment, the most perspicuous views of trade and finance, the most powerful because the most intelligible logic; and, above all, the most penetrating sarcasm, and the most invulnerable self-

possession,—qualifications which might raise him to the highest eminence in a popular assembly,—are nevertheless entirely robbed of their use and effect.

“Such is the result of that unfavourable opinion which is attached to the man who has abandoned his old professions. He who could even make the firm seat of Mr. Pitt to totter, and might frequently, almost without an effort, have shoved the present ministry from their stools, must now be content to get a majority on a matter of form, and think it gain to beat such a statesman as Mr. Garrow on a technical objection. But though Mr. Tierney unfortunately has but little weight in the House, yet from his abilities he is always heard with pleasure: nor is there any man who is treated with more external respect by a minister. This is but politic; for Mr. Tierney has a power of ridicule, and a caustic severity of satire which can corrode the very heart's core, which, therefore, those who love safe skins are not eager to provoke. One thing there is, which, independently of all the above-mentioned causes, greatly diminishes the confidence of Mr. Tierney's auditors: in his most serious and earnest speeches as to argument, there is an air of conversational carelessness and levity in the manner, which seems to hint that the speaker is almost indifferent as to success, and that he would be the first to laugh at those who should be persuaded by his ratiocination. This I have no hesitation in saying would be a most illiberal inference: the defect in question evidently arises from that coolness of temperament, which reasons rather than feels, and which scorns to attain its end by any surprise on the heart, when it can fairly and dispassionately convince and conquer the understanding.

“In a popular assembly, however, where for one man who thinks there are ten who feel, such a manner cannot fail to be detrimental, or at least useless, to him who adopts it. Upon the whole, Mr. Tierney may be quoted as one of the most unfortunate instances of popular injustice. I will not annoy him by stating to him what he might have been, if he had been less precipitate and unreserved in former times; but shall merely lament, in the name of the public, that youthful errors, or popular mistake, have deprived the nation of the effective services of a man who might have been the most useful (I can scarcely except Mr. Whitbread) of all the parliamentary characters of the day.”*

MR. SHERIDAN AND MR. GRATTAN.

“I think I see some similarity, rather however in kind than in manner. Mr. Sheridan's aim was always, if he could, to expose

* “This character, I cannot tell why, was by some misunderstood, as if it was intended for a panegyric on Mr. Tierney: the obscurity, if any, arises from the perplexed nature of the subject; for the motives and intentions of Mr. Tierney must be classed among those things which are perfectly inaccessible to the human understanding.”

the propositions of his adversary by a series of ludicrous contrasts; the mind of Mr. Grattan leads him to the same play of opposition and antithesis, though his disposition seems to feel anger, where the other would only laugh. The understanding in these cases is evidently alike, though the habits of society have engendered a different taste. Again, there is some likeness in their style; there is about them at the beginning a conversational carelessness amounting almost to laziness, a sort of lounging indifference, which more than half conceals their strong feeling. On a sudden, some thought, some word, sets fire to the train of their impressions: they fling away their sloth as Ulysses flung away the beggar's weeds, and walk abroad in all the majesty of excited intellect and irresistible passion. Who shall oppose it? Reason is content to admire, and forgets to examine: but fortunately a tempest must be temporary. Indeed the paroxysms of Mr. Grattan are much shorter than those of Mr. Sheridan: and the former sinks at once from his celestial elevation down to mere earth. Not so with Mr. Sheridan: he, when once roused, never subsides into an uninteresting mediocrity; when he ceases to be energetic, he becomes elegant; when he is no longer the angel of the storm, he becomes the benignant genius, whose presence cheers even the waste, and at whose every step upsprings a bed of living verdure. I must confess however that I have not known Mr. Grattan in his best days: looking at him now, a veteran not much short of seventy, and observing that attic fire which still warms his heart, I will not presume to say that he does not deserve the high reputation which he enjoys. I am content to bow with reverence to the consistent advocate of his country's rights, who for a long life has stood forward the powerful and almost successful champion of her cause against an unparalleled weight of influence and prejudice, and who disdains to further his purposes by any paltry intermixture with the vulgar views of the Whig party, who somehow or other have of late years thought it right to advocate the catholic cause. Some have said that Mr. Grattan sunk in character by his transplantation into the British parliament. I cannot think so: there is no man heard with more fond respect; and deservedly, for there is no man who gives more pleasure. Indeed I know not a more gratifying sight than when Mr. Grattan rises: his petit person and fumbling voice at first awake no feeling but surprise that this man should be a commanding orator: in a moment you become interested by his gentlemanly manner and warm though very subdued tone: a striking thought or glowing expression drops out as if by accident, and assures us that we shall not be disappointed. He then rises to the dignity of eloquence, and every expectation is answered."

We cannot withhold the following definition of impudence from our reader.

"If this quality were as dangerous as it is vicious, it should

CRIT. REV. VOL. I. *June*, 1815.

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be driven from society with execrations; but like many of the most offensive vices, it carries about it its own antidote. It is an impostor which cheats only itself: it seduces its observer neither into pleasure nor admiration; on the contrary, all are able to discover and appreciate its object, while some hate, and most despise it. Yet it succeeds, in general, as far as it aspires; it wears its way, not wins it, and owes its greatness, not to the kindness of friendship, but to its own invincible importunity. It moves along, through the hisses of disgust and the mutterings of hatred, with perfect content, because it is conscious that such is the element most appropriate to its nature: it takes its wished-for seat of rank with a shrug of contempt at those who would not pay the same price for the same dignity. It is very seldom however that impudence is ambitious; it is in general too sordid to aim after honorary distinctions, and confines itself to the search after gain; hence it is less found in the political sphere (except among the underlings of state) than in the walks of common and daily life. There, its most complete picture is to be seen, when a determined fortune-hunter has started a wealthy girl: in vain she flies, in vain she despises, in vain she hates: he looks upon all the struggles of resentment with the same calculating pleasure as a poacher views the strength-exhausting efforts of the captive bird, which tires itself into his possession. The poor girl, with all her loathing fresh about her, is, from the sex's characteristic inability to resist perseverance, compelled to yield, which it may be supposed she does with a sort of feeling like that with which a person flings himself into the sea, to avoid the approaches of a tiger, who will take no repulse."

MR. W. POLE AND MR. CROKER.

"To begin with Mr. W. Pole; he is, as I have hinted, exceedingly self-important, though as in most cases of the sort, it would be almost impossible to discover on what grounds he fancies himself so momentous a personage. He has, indeed, for one brother, a statesman of considerable acquirements, and no mean understanding. He has, for another brother, a man whose simplicity of character excites general respect, and whose substantial services to the good cause entitle him to the gratitude of his country and mankind. Certainly Mr. W. Pole may justly congratulate himself on such a relationship; still I do not see how this circumstance is to explain his dignified self-opinion, when he can show neither the talents of one relative, nor the services of the other. His tone and manner make him nearly the most unpleasant speaker in the House. He is always angry, and his voice being sharp and shrill, and always raised to its highest pitch, grates on

the ear a discord nearly as horrible as the tuning of five fiddles. One is at no time much disposed to sympathise with anger, even if just; least of all can we take any interest in a resentment which becomes louder in proportion to its want of cause, and lashes itself into a rage for no probable reason, unless it has been medically recommended as a wholesome exercise of the physical powers. It is sometimes amusing to witness the intellectual spars between the two Ex-Chancellors of Ireland, Mr. Pole, and Sir J. Newport. The Baronet, though highly respectable for his independence, integrity, and general amenity of manners, is, however, more testy than becoms a wise statesman, especially when any reference is made to his administration:—and anger, as has been already observed, seems the element essential to the vitality of the other legislator, who also piques himself in no small degree on the wisdom of his government. With such feelings it is not matter of surprise that the disputes of these opponents should sometimes be pushed even to exasperation; while each of them, with his own peculiar eagerness, is insisting on his own infallibility, and the other's absurdity. The spectacle is the more entertaining, because the matter in debate is generally some local Irish law, which, however important, is yet almost always regarded by the House with the utmost indifference. Mr. W. Pole has, of course, received the education of a gentleman, and has been familiar with the best society; yet I know not how it is, but there is more offensive obtrusiveness in his manner, and more meanness in his language, than are usually found in that class of life which is called genteel, unless indeed where the eminent rank or talent of the individual has precluded the necessity of compliance with accustomed forms. After all, this gentleman is of so little consideration in the state, that it may seem a waste of severity to descant on his character: I confess I feel so much tenderness for him for the sake of his family, that I could wish him to exercise the leisure which want of office affords, partly in cultivating his taste after the example of his elder brother, and partly in lowering the tone of his impatience, by studious reflection on the quiet unaffectedness with which his soldier brother performs illustrious actions.

"The high tone of Mr. Croker may perhaps be explained with less difficulty: the writer of doggerel verses on the Dublin actors, and the puerile imitator* of the easiest of all models, Walter Scott, may reasonably feel some surprise at finding himself at so important a post as the secretaryship of the Admiralty; having too little discrimination, or too much self-love to discover the real cause, he is led to conclude that he may possess great qualities, though unknown to himself, and that he should assume a consequence of manner equal to that latent dignity of character which is some

* "The Battle of Talavera" is usually ascribed to Mr. Croker.

day to be revealed. It must have contributed to spoil this gentleman, to see a man of Mr. Southey's eminence passing by all the rank and talent of the nation, to dedicate a rather favourite work to him: nor does one wonder that his gratitude should have made him the patron of the dedicating poet. The day, however, has been, and with a man of Mr. Southey's mutable thinking, the day may yet return, when a blush shall dart across the Laureat, to feel that, under such circumstances, he owes his honours to the patronage of such a person. It is usual with those who dislike this young secretary—and he should know what perhaps he is too careless to consider, that his manner is of all others the most calculated to make enemies—it is usual with them to object to the lowness of his origin. Such an objection, in a country like this, is despicable and unnatural: it is the pride of our constitution that it opens the paths of honour for all who have skill to tread them; and a good Englishman should hail with joy every fresh instance of plebeian elevation. I rejoice, therefore, with Mr. Croker, that his origin has been no obstruction to his promotion: and indeed I feel some kindness for his father, if he is, as I have heard, the translator of the *Satires of Ariosto*. The translation is indifferent, and indeed it would be no slight task to render those elegant sketches of a Court's vices and a poet's simplicity, with the Horatian point and delicacy of the Italian; but it is some praise to have been fond of such a work; and I would rather be the son of an indifferent versifier, than of a lazy, unlettered grandee. No—my quarrel with Mr. Croker is not on account of his pedigree, but for the arrogance of his manner, unbecoming in any man, but least of all suited to a man of his small pretensions. I object to that defying tone which seems to wish to provoke,—to that sore manner which implies a consciousness that what he says ought to offend, and therefore anticipates that anger as a shield, which it knows it merits to have directed against itself as a weapon of offence. Luckily for Mr. Croker, few of the persons whom he attacks with such vehemence seem to hold it worth while to repel him: but a gentleman so exceedingly sensitive as the Admiralty secretary should be cautious never to utter a sarcasm unless he feels secure that, if answered, he shall have a repartee which will blow his adversary to pieces. Mr. Ponsonby, on one occasion, silenced him with a furious rebuff; and on another, Sir Francis Burdett, with his usual gentlemanly coolness, combined a few words whose united force seemed to sting to the very quick. Not however to leave this gentleman in despair—if he will cease to speak till he has conquered his high and irritable tone, and continue to discharge his office with his present exemplary diligence, he may justly look forward to as much praise as usually falls to the lot of second-rate officers of state. Meantime let him continue to patronise poets; and may the next poet whom he befriends be able to receive the honour without any injury to the consistency of his character."

In addition to our exhibition, a variety of other portraits may be viewed in the original gallery, which is rather extensive, and well deserving public patronage. It will be remembered, however, that the collection commenced nearly two years ago; and that allusion, consequently, will sometimes relate to almost forgotten objects. It was, we believe, remarked from the Bench, at the complaint of a certain *travelling knight*—on the inanity of his pocket book—that an author was a sort of loose fish and fair game for the harpooning tribe; that, from the moment a person displayed himself before the public, he became arraignable at the bar of criticism, both as to his moral and mental character. If the poor devil, who often writes from hard necessity, is thus to appear, in *puris naturalibus*, subject to the exposure of the arcana of his garret; surely those public characters, who occupy the most distinguished niches in the gallery of state, are lawful objects either of commendation or censure—of ridicule or contempt.

It is to the interest of every individual, that the transactions of Parliament be assembled in grand review; and that, as the ranks of political leaders pass, all may scrutinize their pretensions to **EMINENCE**, either for their **WISDOM**, their **ELOQUENCE**, or their **INTEGRITY**!

“In turning our thoughts—continues the author—to the composition and proceedings of a great popular assembly, all whose transactions appear at least to be conducted through the medium of speech, it is impossible not to be struck with their dearth of dexterity and excellence in the management of the chief instrument of its operations. What should we say of the main army of a military nation which had not attained common precision in the use of fire-arms? or, to descend lower, of a company of watchmen, who, like Dogberry’s followers, should think it belongs to a watch to sleep?”

In a translation of the ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΣ ΟΑΤΝΘΙΑΚΟΣ of Demosthenes, we find the following passage—

“Attendez à juger chacun d’après sa conduite, en rétribuant vos honneurs; vos éloges au bienfaiteur de l’état, et vos supplices à ses malfaiteurs.” Shakspeare almost parodies this maxim in his dramatic works:

“Use every man after his deserts, and who shall escape whipping?”

E,

ART. III.—*Travels in South Africa; undertaken at the Request of the Missionary Society.* By JOHN CAMPBELL, Minister of Kingsland Chapel. 8vo. Pp. 582. Black and Co. 1815.

[Concluded from p. 472.]

RESUMING this subject, we have to express our regret that Mr. Campbell was not attended on his mission by some scientific character, who would have embellished the discoveries of a previously unexplored region. The author evidently possesses a promptitude in observation very creditable to his natural intellect; but he wants the advantage of education to polish his style. Still, we must confess, his travels have afforded us much amusement; and, presuming that his novelties will be equally entertaining to our readers, we devote a few pages—not to criticism—but to a succession of extracts highly interesting. Previously thereto, however, we will make some observations on a very singular anecdote related in the Appendix,

It will be recollected, that some years ago the Grosvenor East Indiaman was wrecked off the Coast of Caffraria, and that nearly the whole of the passengers and crew perished on the occasion. It was, however, discovered that two young ladies had survived the miseries of this dreadful event, and were resident in the interior of a country uninhabited by Europeans. Mr. Campbell does not relate this occurrence from personal evidence, but we cannot doubt the extraordinary fact,

The landdrost of Graaf-Reynel had been deputed by the British government to pay a visit to the King of Caffraria, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any survivors from the wreck of the Grosvenor. Finding there were two females, he succeeded in procuring an introduction to them. He saw them habited like Caffree women: their bodies were painted after the fashion of the native inhabitants, and their manners and appearance were altogether anti-European. The landdrost, however, sought to obtain their confidence by a liberal offer of his best services to restore them to their country and their friends. But they were unmoved by his solicitations. They stated that they had fallen into the hands of the natives after they had been cast ashore from the wreck; that their companions had been murdered; and that they had been compelled to give themselves in marriage: that having affectionate husbands, children, and grand children, their attachments were bounded by their actual enjoyments. Upon being repeatedly urged to depart with the landdrost, they replied, that probably at their return to England, they might find themselves without

connections or dependance; and that their acquired habits ill-fitted them to mingle with polished society. In short, they would not quit Caffraria.

Such, then, is the powerful influence of habit! Two young ladies, highly educated—and in all probability lovely in their persons—are taught by habit to forget those scenes of gaiety they were so well calculated to ornament; to forget the anticipated enjoyments of a dignified union of the sexes; to forget their parents, their relatives, the accomplished companions of their youth, and all the refinements of life! Among a savage people they acquire congenial opinions: their vitiated nature ceases to repine: they love the untutored husbands given to them by fate: they rear their children in the ignorance of Hottentot faith: they bless their wretched hovel with the sacred name of home: they expel memory from their occupations: and regret no longer mingles with their routine of barbarous pleasures! Is this, in reality, a picture of the human mind, with all its boasted attributes, its delicacies, its refinements, its civilized superiority?—Yes!—for custom is a second nature.

At his interview with the king, the landdrost asked him how he could murder a number of unfortunates, thrown by the elements on his mercy—the king replied, “these people had no business on my coast; they should have remained in their own country. By their own country, he meant the sea, from which all the Caffres supposed the Europeans had risen. They had first descried the masts of a vessel; gradually, the object enlarged upon their view, until they beheld the hull: from the progress of this vision, they believed these devoted people to have been natives of the ocean.

“When Dr. Vanderkempt remonstrated with Gika, (the king), for having murdered the people who were cast ashore from a ship which was wrecked while he was there, he replied, ‘Why do you kill wolves? they belong to this country, but not these people.’ Had the persons cast ashore from these vessels, who escaped from the Caffres, and attempted to reach the Cape by travelling along the coast, after two or three days journey, struck up the country, instead of keeping by the shore, they would soon have fallen in with Dutch farmers; but, by keeping near the sea, they doubled the distance, following the windings of the coast, and were likewise out of the way of obtaining assistance, as the ground near the sea is barren, and consequently uninhabited; though now, for the sake of cutting timber, inhabitants may be found in the neighbourhood of Plattenburg’s Bay, and probably one or two other places. But, should any ship afterwards be wrecked any where south or south west of the Great Fish River (to the north of which the Caffres are now driven), it will be wise in those who reach the

land instantly to strike up into the country, when they will soon fall in with waggon tracks, by following which they will arrive at the residence of white men. This is the more necessary to be made known, as the number of ships sailing along that part of the African coast must be greater, in consequence of the trade to India being more open than in former times; but I know no harbour or refuge into which a ship could enter. The mouth of the Buffalo River, though about a quarter of a mile wide, appears to have a bar running across it; at any rate, the entrance must be very intricate to a stranger; and, in a storm, the most eligible place nearest to Caffraria would be Algoa Bay, which might afford protection, should the wind blow from the south or south west, but none from the east or north east."

On the 25th May, Mr. Campbell and his party discovered an extensive plain, perhaps an hundred miles in circumference, with a considerable lake on the west; which he questions whether any European ever saw before. No country is less favoured with lakes than South Africa, and this water was the first worthy the name, the others being merely large pools. He named this place Burder's Plain in honour of the secretary to the Missionary Society. Game abounded in the vicinity of the lake. The travellers shot nine bucks of various kinds, a quacha, and an ostrich.

Advancing up the country, they beheld the Great River, a sight they had long anxiously desired. It must be highly exhilarating to travellers in this burning clime, where water is scarce, and the little to be found generally 'impregnated with saline particles, to sojourn on the banks of a fresh river. Mr. Campbell calls it "a river of life" and says that even the sight of it gave them fresh strength, vigour, and animation. It was as broad as the Thames at London Bridge, deep, and rapid, presenting a formidable obstacle to their progress. Two days journey beyond this river was the station of Klaar-water, which our travellers were anxious to visit. The passage across the river was formidable; but we leave the party to cross. The land is very fertile, producing, year after year, feed for many million cattle, although at present a few wild beasts alone roam over it.

"It is grievous (observes Mr. Campbell) to see so much of the world remaining in a wilderness state, and so much of the annual productions of the ground perishing without being useful to man or beast. Much money must be given in most countries for a small spot of ground; but here, a cask of tobacco, or a parcel of beads, would purchase a district as large as Yorkshire."

The source of the river Krooman in the Matchappe country is, perhaps, more interesting than that of the Nile.

"It is the most abundant spring of water I ever had an opportunity to examine. I measured it about a yard's distance from the rock, from whence it flows, and found it three yards wide, and from fourteen to eighteen inches deep; but after a course of fifty or sixty miles, it becomes invisible by running into plains of sand. Perhaps, by leading it in another direction, or cutting a bed for it across the sands, it might become a more extensive blessing to the country. The last experiment is likely to be the least successful, as probably the first storm of wind would fill up the new bed. We entered the cave from whence it proceeds, on purpose to examine it. The entrance was narrow; but we soon reached a kind of central room, the roof of which resembled in shape, though not in height, the dome of St. Paul's cathedral; from which went four passages in different directions, in all which streams of water flowed. Though we had lighted candles with us, we could discover no end to any of these passages. Within, the water was almost lukewarm, but in the outside it was very cold. The rock is composed of limestone."

One would be almost led to think that, in this wild state of nature, Providence has been most bountiful to such of his people as were most addicted to vice. It appears, that throughout this vast track of land, overrun by the barbarous Bushmen, fresh water was seldom to be found; while in the Matchappe country wholesome fountains and pure streams frequently present themselves. Mr. Campbell names several after passing the great river, at convenient distances from each other.

On the shortest day of the year, the sun setting at five o'clock, our travellers discovered the track of Mr. Burchill, the only European now living who visited Lattakoo,

"Proceeding further, they were joined by four young men, about sixteen years of age, whose faces were painted red, and stroked with white paint in a regular way, which had a very odd appearance. They had lately been circumcised,* as a sign of their

* "Though these people observed this strange Mahomedan rite, yet they are totally ignorant of its origin. They do not, as among many similar sects, perform the operation during childhood, but wait until youth exhibits signs of puberty. For this purpose they are seized, as few of them will voluntarily submit to the barbarous and unnecessary operation, which is forcibly performed. The patients are not permitted to sleep until their wounds are healed; and, to keep them awake, men are employed to beat them on the ends of their fingers. One man performs this rite for a whole district, and he is paid by a calf, or an assegai. The youths dance a manly dance together, with an apron round their waist, made from a certain plant. When recovered, they

having attained the years of manhood. One of the four was the son of their late king, Malleyabang. They were all well shaped, their bodies painted red, and their hair powdered with blue powder. They asked very modestly for a little tobacco, which we gave them. They all carried assegays, or spears, over their shoulders, and wore brown coloured skins, with a round musk-cat skin sewed over the cloak between the shoulders, which made them resemble soldiers with their knapsacks."

We follow Mr. Campbell and his friends to Lattakoo. This metropolitan settlement boasts a population of eight thousand souls; yet, when our party entered, they were struck with the apparent desertion of the inhabitants, and the awful silence that surrounded them. Proceeding in search of the kingly dwelling, they reached a rude square, formed by bushes and trees laid one above another. Here they found several hundred persons assembled; and a number of tall men, armed with spears, were drawn up in military order. Presently crowds of women and children flocked to the square from all quarters, making a violent uproar. The crowd, at length, became so immense, that the travellers lost each other; and, if they chanced to gaze upon the women and children, the latter fled in dismay. Mr. Campbell, however, found an opportunity to caress some of the children, at which they were so pleased, that others sought his attention, and the general scene of terror began gradually to subside. At length they, with some difficulty, contrived to pitch their tent, which they flanked with their waggons to keep off the pressure from the crowd, and a large house was assigned to them for a kitchen. Numbers of the principal inhabitants entered the tent, and the mob occupied the waggons, continuing their discordant uproar. At length, on a certain token being laid upon a table, the mob retired. The travellers were now completely at the mercy of this savage people; but they looked confidently for safety, nor were they mistaken. The Lattakoos proved a quiet, well-regulated order of society.

About seven years previously, however, Lord Caledon, when governor of the Cape, sent up a party, consisting of Dr. Cowan, Lieut. Donovan, twenty of the Cape regiment, a boor, and a person from Klaar-water, to explore Africa as far as the Portuguese settlement at Mosambique; since which they had never been heard of by the government.*

wash themselves in the river, and receive each a new garment from the women. The houses in which they were confined, and every thing in it, is burned; after which a young female is presented to each."—Appendix.

* This unfortunate party were all murdered by the Wotketsons, the next tribe north of Lattakoo, who are numerous, treacherous, and cruel.

The whisperings, the equivocal manner of the Lattakoo chiefs, and the strange silence observed on our travellers' entry into the city, was found to arise from a suspicion that the visit was for the purpose of avenging the murder of Dr. Cowan's people. King Matabee was absent on a jackall hunt; and his ministers, when invited to a conference by the strangers, referred the explained object of their mission, and the offer of sending missionaries among them, to his majesty, whenever he might return to his capital.

King Matabee, according to Mahomedan rites, had two queens. One of them brought the visitors some milk, for which her majesty, and those who came with her, received a little tobacco. She asked Mr. Read for some snuff; he said he did not take snuff; to which she shrewdly replied, "he would have the more to give away on that account."

The strangers paid a visit to the wife of Salakootoo, the king's uncle, whom they found grinding tobacco; then to the queen—both had fine children, but they were terrified at seeing white men. Notwithstanding the seeming desertion of this heathen city on the entrance of the missionaries, it was the time of sports—the carnival of the natives.

"Our attention was next attracted by a crowd of women approaching the square, holding long rods in their hands, and their faces disfigured by white painted strokes in various forms. They marched at a slow pace, closely crowded together, making such bawling as required adamantine lungs and throats of brass. They were attended by a number of matrons, dancing and screaming. On reaching the entrance to the square, there was a feigned battle between the aged and the younger women, which the younger were allowed to gain, when they entered in triumph. The people then formed a large circle, six or eight deep, when upwards of forty girls entered, from twelve to sixteen years of age, having their persons whitened with chalk. They danced in a kind of measured regularity, striking the ground most violently with their feet. Many of them had small shields in their hands, which they moved very dexterously in front of all parts of their bodies, as if warding off arrows shot against them. Every one's eyes were constantly fixed on the ground, and they retained a gravity of countenance the whole time, which I shall not soon forget. After dancing about a quarter of an hour, on some signal given, they instantly retired from the circle, were out of sight in a few minutes, when they returned, and immediately commenced dancing in the same manner. This dancing, retiring and returning, continued about an hour and an half, when the meeting broke up."

These grotesque exhibitions, with varied daubings of the

body, and different disguises, continued several days. At the house of a headman, who was most venerable in his appearance, Mr. Campbell saw his two young wives preparing to attend the public diversions. One of them was painting her body with stuff composed of red chalk, ground to a powder, and mixed up with grease; the other had black lead dust* mixed with grease, which gave her hair a blue and sparkling appearance. The husband was painted red; he wore an elegant fur robe, and various ornaments at his breast; his house was neat and clean, and his back yard had much of an English appearance. All the headmen looked well. Our missionaries, not being permitted to exercise their functions; and finding the return of the king might be uncertain, had contemplated leaving Lattakoo. Previous, however, to their departure, they waited upon Mahootoo, (who appeared queen paramount) and Seetezoo, the king's sister. The queen was averse to their departure without seeing the king, and a messenger was sent to pray his return; whereupon they promised to remain. She asked the following questions, evidently as things she had formerly thought of, "Will people who are dead rise up again? Is God under the earth, or where is he?" When these questions were answered, she observed that when Matabee came home she would advise him to send his servants to hunt jackalls, for there was enough for him to do.† A watch was shewn to these ladies—they were astonished and terrified. On observing the work in motion, they thought it a living creature; and on its being offered to their ears, they held up their hands to drive it away, as if it had been a serpent.

The women do not appear under any restraint, and the men take little notice of them. The former often use the privilege of the tongue; they can scold when vexed; but it is difficult to ascertain whether they are in a rage or in good humour without

* Mr. C. speaks of a mine of black lead, and another of blue powder, in this country.

† In Caffaria the natives often hunt wild beasts. A whole kraal assemble, forming a circle round a large tract of land, and by gradually drawing in the circle they enclose every beast within a narrow space, leaving an opening for them to escape, during which the hunters shoot them. On one of these occasions a large ostrich was encircled, which, in running at full speed towards the opening, with one stroke of his foot killed a Caffre, which excited universal alarm. When a Caffre, as in the case of the anchor already mentioned, passes the spot, he makes a low how as an act of reverence. Mr. Campbell's party had a sight of these extraordinary species of the feathered race; but though they killed 182 wild beasts and birds, one ostrich only was among them. They, however, found their eggs, one of which served for a delicious meal for three hungry men. This mode of encircling and killing large game is practised in the Highlands of Scotland, (see our last Number, page 440).

observing the countenance. When least interested they speak with all their might, as though to a person at a distance.

The Lattakooos are described to be scrupulously honest, and by no means prone to vice. One day, however, Mr. Campbell was alarmed by an unusual uproar. On enquiring into the cause, it appeared that one of the natives had committed a theft—not of a purse or a pocket book—but simply of two buttons torn from the trowsers of the interpreter to our travellers. The natives were vociferously charging each other with the enormity. When the great seal of England was stolen from Lord Chancellor Thurlow, there was not half so great a hurly-burly. The buttons were recovered—the great seal, with the robber, entirely disappeared. The Lattakoo pilferer was soon apprehended, and given up to the interpreter, who inflicted upon him summary justice—a punishment commensurate to the crime—he was turned out of the square of waggons; and the *degradation* was approved by his fellow-citizens.

We read of another plunderer—a privileged royal robber—a noisy turbulent fellow, as Mr. Campbell calls him. This is no less a personage than the king's uncle, Salakootoo, who possesses more of the savage than any of the other *courtiers*. He frequently falls upon the flocks and herds of neighbouring tribes under futile pretences, and drives them to his house. The plundered, unable to resent the insult, are compelled to abide by their loss. The king, to save appearances, assumes great wrath at his uncle's proceedings; but a little of the plunder soon pacifies him.

These people procure copper and tin from some nation beyond them, which they would not mention. Copper mountains were said to be not far distant from Lattakoo; but Mr. C. conjectures their utensils are brought from Europe by the Portuguese. The people of this savage city are ingenious, and make a variety of useful and ornamental metallic articles; and their houses are far superior to the nations nearer to our colony. Their cloaks are made and sewed as well as could be done by Europeans. The city is divided into districts, with a headman (or alderman) to each, who, in turn, treated our travellers with thick milk, boiled wheat, or porridge made of ground wheat. The women are the farmers. Even the queen digs her ground along with other females. The first ladies of the city now came to offer our travellers their arm-rings and ear-rings for a little tobacco; and the children wanted snuff. Many of the people returned who had fled under the dread that Dr. Cowan's death would be avenged.

An instance of mischievous humour was played off by some of the great officers of state upon each other, in the following manner :

"When at dinner in the tent, Mananeets the governor, Mateere the lieutenant-governor, with two others, were present. Mateere observed us taking a little Cayenne pepper, when the redness of it attracting his attention, he asked for a little, which we gave him. On feeling its pungency, he shut his eyes, hastily put his hand to his mouth, and held down his head. He concealed his pain, and slyly touched Mr. Read with his foot, to intimate that he should say nothing, but give the same dose to the others. Mananeets next took it, and as soon as he could speak, he asked for a little for his wife."

The approach of King Matebee is thus announced—

"Two parties, as forerunners to Mateebe, arrived in the morning; and at noon he arrived himself, with many attendants, carrying spears and poles, dressed with black ostrich feathers, which are stuck into the ground around places where they halt to frighten away the lions, who it seems are not fond of their appearance."

"The arrival of Matebee occasioned no more stir in the town than usual. On coming into the square he took no notice of us or our waggons, but acted as if ignorant that strangers were there. He then with his people crouched down in the form of a circle, when Mateere related to him every thing that had passed during his absence. He then told the circumstances of his own excursion, both which speeches did not occupy ten minutes; after which, in consequence of orders, we walked up to him, when without looking at us, he stretched out his right hand, which we shook, saying to him, 'Matebee O Iss,' which is the salutation given to the king. During all this time there was not the smallest alteration in his countenance. He appeared thoughtful, deep, and cautious; extremely like the portraits I have seen of Bonaparte, which were taken ten or twelve years ago."

The savage monarch, before he spoke a word, had an eye to the presents—the sure bribe to a great man's favour. Mr. Campbell gave him some trinkets, furnished him (to their honour do we record it) by the ladies of Kingsland. When the monarch found all were offered, but not until he had slyly looked for more, he condescended to speak, greeting them kindly, and saying, "When I was informed of your arrival, I came to you."

To the proposal of sending missionaries to him he objected, observing that his people had no time to attend to their instruction—that they had to attend to their cattle, to sowing, reaping,

and many other things—that what they would teach was contrary to the custom of his people, which they would not give up—that it would not do for them to live at Lattakoo; but if they settled at a distance, he should have no objection to send some of the children to them to learn the Dutch language. By dint of argument, however, he at length complied, saying, “Send instructors, and I will be a father to them.” The king presented his visitors with two oxen.

Mr. Campbell describes the royal family of Lattakoo at dinner. The kings of France and some other European monarchs made dining in public, on certain days, a court etiquette. We shall give this account of an African royal banquet in the words of our author—

“The royal family were at dinner in a corner of their yard, outside the house. The king’s distinction seemed to consist in his sitting next the pot that contained the boiled beans, on which they were dining, and having the only spoon we saw, with which he helped himself and his friends, by putting a portion into each hand as it was held out to him. One of the princesses was employed in cutting with an axe a dried paunch into small pieces, and putting them into a pot to be boiled, either to complete the repast, or to serve for another soon after. One of Matebee’s sisters was cutting up a filthy looking piece of flesh, and putting it into the same pot. Certainly, an Englishman would be dying for want of food before he accepted an invitation to dine with the King of Lattakoo.”

Like their Abyssinian brethren, these people are far from possessing nice stomachs. They eat, with relish, the flesh of lions, tigers, cameleopards, quachas, &c.; but they are not hoggish at their meals. The men do not, as Bruce relates of the Abyssinians, suffer themselves to be fed by their women, with raw flesh cut out of the living ox, which stands outside the house of the unnatural banquet, bellowing in excruciating torments, which gives a zest to the meal; nor do they afterwards indulge in grosser sensualities before each other. The great men of Lattakoo do not consider it a mark of grandeur, at the risk of choking, to swallow larger mouthfuls or chew with a greater noise than the common people; nor have they among them the proverb, that “Beggars only eat small pieces, or without making a noise.”*

The king now became communicative, and spoke of the country beyond his territory.

* Vide Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia, vol. iv. p. 382.

"The first nation, he observed, to the N. E. is a people called Makquanas, and that their city was three times the size of Lattakoo—their manners the same. They are exceedingly rich in cattle. The Watketzens are continually at war with them, for the sake of plunder. Beyond the Makquanas are the Magalatzinas, from whom other tribes obtain clothing, and beads of European manufacture. They ride upon elephants, and use buffaloes to draw carriages—are of a brown complexion, and have long hair. Next to them E. S. E. of the Watketzens, are the Mōonshuyanes; then the Mookoobes; then the Makaones; then the Bakquanes; beyond them the Borametees; beyond them the Legoceyas; then the Bochakpapeeles; then the Borapootsaans; then the Bakotes; then the Mapantues. On the side of the yellow river are the Moleezanyanas; and beyond them, in a N. E. direction, towards Delagoa bay, are the Maquapas. A nation of cannibals are reported by the Matchappes to live beyond them. The same is also reported by Hottentots and Bushmen."

We have followed our indefatigable author through these hard-sounding names of tribes or nations hitherto, perhaps, unheard of by Europeans, in order to shew our readers that this immense quarter of the globe increases in population as the country is penetrated into its interior; though we greatly doubt whether it will ever be practicable for white men to penetrate through Ethiopia, or indeed to proceed much farther than Lattakoo.

King Matebee, who seemed at first to have a forbidding aspect, grew every hour in the estimation of our travellers. He parted with them reluctantly, and upon that occasion asked for a neckcloth: he was presented with two, one of which he put round his neck, and the other over his head as a nightcap; which completely distinguished him from his subjects; but they were nearly red with the paint with which his body was covered. Of the Lattakoos, more commendation may be given than to any savage tribe ever visited by an European; for though the baggage of our travellers and their persons were always exposed, yet no theft had been committed upon them, save the two buttons.* After remaining at Lattakoo a fortnight, our worthy missionaries departed, surrounded by a gazing multitude, and directed their course eastward to a part of Africa, hitherto unexplored by any European traveller.

* Theft is stated to be so rare with the Fantes, that "an article may be left in the public road without much danger of being touched by any person in the same neighbourhood." This honesty, however, is only among themselves, for "whatever belongs to a white man is considered fair game."—*Meredith's Account of the Gold Coast of Africa, 1819.*

It has been before observed, and Mr. Campbell confirms the assertion, that the savage inhabitants of inland parts are more laborious and less vicious than those on the coast, who have more frequent opportunities of intercourse with Europeans. Spirituous liquors, which the white man carries with him, first to stupify, and then cheat the natives of new discovered countries, is the principal cause of this difference and degeneracy,—causing drunkenness, profligacy, and every species of savage brutality.

On the 8th of July, the morning after their departure, the ground was covered with a hoar frost. They killed a buffalo and her calf, which gave great pleasure to the eleven Matchappees, who accompanied them as guides. They petitioned for the breast of the calf, which is the part allotted to the Bootchuana chiefs of every beast that is killed; and seemed particularly anxious to taste this forbidden part.

The road for two days was on an ascent, and they were soon on very high ground. In the morning the thermometer was at 24, and the ice an inch thick. In the afternoon, after having been menaced by wandering Bushmen, they arrived at a Bootchuana Bushman village, which had the appearance of extreme wretchedness; and the people were greatly alarmed at their approach. A village of Red Caffres, equally wretched, next presented itself to their view, from which the inhabitants fled to the top of a hill. Their dwellings were so low, as to be hardly visible among the bushes; and on nearer approach, seeing the Matchappees, they beheld our travellers with astonishment, being a most novel sight to them. Even here, so strenuous is Mr. Campbell in the cause in which he had embarked, that he observes, “for a Christian man to spend his days in delivering such beings from wretchedness in this remote part of Africa would be one of the noblest acts of benevolence which could be recorded in the historic page.”

This hitherto unknown part of Africa, Mr. Campbell describes to be more luxuriant than any he had passed. The natives, so far from molesting him, were apprehensive alone of being themselves attacked. They beheld the strangers with looks of suspicion and wonder; but when their fears were lulled by conciliatory advances, they were friendly; the chiefs, generally, wishing for missionaries to come among them. The country abounds with beasts of prey, particularly lions. The following extract confirms the opinion that this king of quadrupeds is awed by the fixed eye of man:

“About sun set I observed one of our men standing for several
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minutes motionless; when our waggons came near, he turned about, and walked to us rather agitated. On enquiry, we found he had come rather suddenly on two lions; and they stood looking at each other, until the great noise of our waggons among the stones inclined them to walk off. Had he not possessed sufficient fortitude to continue looking directly at them, he would certainly have been torn to pieces; but so long as you can steadily look a lion in the face, he will not attack you. He declared that he trembled before he saw the lions."

The natives are described to remain in a sort of primitive innocence. At one of their villages they seemed to live as one family. A large pot, filled with the flesh of the quacha, was on the fire, which contained food for them all. Saltpetre abounds, and saline particles are frequently named; but here the ground was covered with salt, white as snow, half an inch thick; yet the water of the springs is not brackish, as in other places, where there is much saltpetre on the ground. On visiting the Bushmen, they were much pleased, particularly on Mr. Campbell's noticing their children. They were dancing around a fire, the women beating time with their hands and singing, as at Lattakoo. Their attitudes were disgusting and terrific.

"These people never heard of Europe, or any of its distractions; but, like hermits, live without care, afflictively contented with their ignorance of God, of the Saviour, and the rest of mankind. About a dozen women were busy in digging a certain kind of root, which emits a pleasant smell. This they pound down, and mix with grease, with which they smear their bodies, to give them a more agreeable scent, like our fashionables in Europe. In England the cheeks are only smeared with paint; in France they add the neck and bosom; but in this country they lay it on from head to foot."

We have been told by other travellers of that stupendous swift footed animal the cameleopard. Mr. Campbell's people, after many attempts during their route, shot one of them. The length of his fore legs measured nearly six feet, so that a high horse could have walked under his belly; from the hoof to the top of the head measured fifteen feet. Mr C. preserved the skin, in order to carry it to England. The people in this part were called Bastards; but upon their being told how offensive the word sounded to the English and Dutch ear, they submitted to any alteration: both of that and any other matter pointed out to them. The missionaries finding that the majority descended from a person of the name of Griqua, they agreed to be called Griquaas. A code of laws of the rights of persons, founded

upon the English constitution, was given to them: murder alone to be punished with death—theft, according to its amount or aggravation. They appointed nine magistrates, and the resident missionaries were associated with two captains as a court of appeal. The inhabitants, consisting of Griquaas and Corannas, who consider themselves connected with them, amounted to 2607. The next missionary station visited was in Namqualand, which lies on the western coast of Africa, near the mouth of the Great River; whereas Griqualand lies towards the eastern shore. This route, which lies wide of the road back to the Cape, was chosen, as Mr. Campbell observes, for the purpose of discovering what was contained in the very heart of Africa.

Near Hardcastle, in the mountains of Abestos, is a mineral found in great plenty between strata of rocks, which may be beat as soft as cotton, and of a Prussian blue colour. Ascending a mountain alone, he found some of the colour of gold, but not soft, or of a cotton texture; some white, brown, and green. He observes—

“ Had this land been known to the ancients in the days of Imperial Rome, many a mercantile pilgrimage would have been made to the Abestos mountains in Griqualand. Were the ladies gowns in England woven of this substance, many lives would annually be saved that are lost by their dress catching fire; for cloth made from it stands fire. A considerable portion of it is used in making their roads. It is very remarkable, that it is called by the Griquaas, the *handkerchief stone*. ”

Most of the stones of which the mountains are composed are yellow, and sound like bell-metal on falling against each other; and they are well shaped for building. Limestone is also often to be found in various parts of the country. The natives commonly ride on *ox-back*; and this most serviceable animal will carry their houses—a facility of removal, which induces them to frequent change of situation. In proof of this, Mr. Campbell thus describes his crossing the Great River attended by many of the friendly natives.

“ An ox, carrying on his back the materials of a house, above which sat a little naked boy, was the first of our train that entered, followed by loose oxen, the sheep, and the goats; most of the two last were dragged by the men, till they got beyond the strongest part of the stream; during which they made no small noise, like the screaming of children. Our three waggons followed; then eight or ten Griqua women, riding on oxen, most of whom had children tied to their backs; next came several men

mounted on oxen, some of whom had females in tow, holding them by the hand, to assist them against the current. I observed a little boy holding fast by the tail of an ox the whole way across, violently screaming while the current was strong. The procession was closed by a mixed multitude of men, boys, girls, dogs, loitering oxen, sheep, and goats. A great many of the oxen, sheep, and goats, were the property of the Griquaas, who went with us on a visit to their friends down the Great River."

The business of raising huts is exclusively allotted to the women of a Coranna kraal. Our travellers came up with a party of them just come to settle there; and they were laboriously employed in this masculine avocation. They were alarmed on seeing white men, and this was increased as their men were not yet come forward. Mr. C. observed among them a venerable old woman who was blind, and appeared the oldest he had seen in Africa. The skin of her body did not appear to be united to her flesh, but rather resembled a loose sheet wrapped round her. A curious tree is here described, upon which the natives sleep, as on the roof of a house. A Hottentot, who had climbed to rest upon one of them, fell down upon a lion sleeping under the same tree. The lion was so much alarmed by the suddenness of the stroke, that he fled, and gave the man an opportunity of regaining his situation.

The travellers soon came to two Coranna towns, from which the inhabitants retired to an eminence to view their intruders. They had many hundred oxen, cows, sheep, and goats; and yet they neither sowed nor planted; but depended upon their cattle for subsistence. They were a dull, gloomy, and indifferent people; on conversing with them they expressed a desire to receive a missionary. The road was over hard, loose stones, chiefly of marble, white, blue, and purple, and through thickets of trees and bushes. The inhabitants had no idea of the sea, and appeared perfectly indifferent whether the strangers staid or went away. A little farther the wheels of the waggon sunk axle-tree deep in sand; then again the road was covered with large stones. The waggons were sent by a circuitous route, and our missionaries mounted their spare oxen. My ox, (says Mr. Campbell,) was some times on his knees, and that he was then in danger of having his eyes pierced with its horns. The waggon oxen were quite worn out, and unable to travel; twelve laid down, and one bled at the mouth and nose. The fattest failed the first.

"No wonder the earth is turned into sand, for there had not been a shower of rain for six months. They know of no inhabit-

ants in the country immediately beyond north of them ; indeed, they say it is impossible to exist in it, as there is not a drop of water to be had ; yet the country has its beauties. The hills are covered here and there with fine trees and charming shrubs, with rocks of crystal, sparkling like diamonds, and also of marble. Were a lapidary there, I have no doubt but that he would soon collect a waggon load of valuable stones—each of us collected a few crystalizations. As many of these sparkling stones might easily be collected as would cover the front of a house, which, when the sun shines, would certainly, in point of magnificence and grandeur, vie with any house in Mahomed's imaginary paradise ; nay, outshine the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem."

A variety of serpents are in many parts of this work described, which, like the rattle-snake of America, will avoid you until their fear causes them to turn and bite the unwary traveller. The Hottentots are said to catch these serpents, squeeze out the poison from under its teeth, and drink it. They say it only makes them a little giddy, and imagine it preserves them afterwards from receiving any injury from that reptile. Mr. C. however, doubts this assertion ; and whether it can, if taken into the mouth, produce that effect, he leaves to the decision of medical men.

We next read of a most annoying insect, and a singular act of Providence in freeing cattle from it, called the bushlouse. When they fix on the skin of a man, it is hardly possible to get them off without cutting them in pieces ; but when full of blood, they will drop off, like the leech. Cattle are sometimes covered with them : in such cases the welcome crow perches on the beasts, and devours their tormentors. In this land of drought grow many succulent plants, which bear small berries, containing water. It was a matter of surprise how the multitude of lizards and mice, with which the country swarms, could exist without this indispensable element, until it was observed that they had recourse to these water berries.

Our travellers had thus far escaped the many perils and dangers of the interior of this uncivilized quarter of the globe. At length, however, they were attacked by a party of wild Bushmen,* who made an attempt to steal their oxen, and killed one

* The Boshemen, or Bushmen, are a wild nation, with no settled abode, who traverse the country to the extent of eight or nine degrees of longitude, and plunder whenever they can find an opportunity. The term Caffraria, or the land of infidels, was probably given to this country by the Arabs ; and it is certain that the Caffres are in the rudest state of heathenism ; but their country is far more populous than that of the Bushmen or the Corannas. These nations, with the inhabitants of the Cape, may form a population of a million.—*Wilson's Dictionary of all Religions*.

of their party. While driving the oxen, in search of water, the friendly natives attached to our party discovered some Bushmen at a distance lurking among the bushes. When almost dark they began their attack, and one of their poisoned arrows, shot from behind a bush, pierced the stoutest of the drivers deep into the neck. He ran to his companions, and asked them to pull out the arrow; but it broke, and two pieces remained in the wound, which he had the fortitude to suffer them to pick out with an awl. The Bushmen were driven off, and the oxen rescued; but the unfortunate wounded Hottentot died in dreadful agony. The effects of this species of poison is thus described:

"We did every thing for the poor man in our power, by cutting out the flesh all round the wound, administering eau-de-luce and laudanum to mitigate the pain; but he lay groaning the whole night. At half-past one, next day, his pain was so great, that we were obliged to halt at the foot of a mountain composed of black loose stones, and to lay him under a bush, from which he was never to rise. His appearance alarmed us, being greatly swelled, particularly about the head and throat. He said that he felt the poison gradually work downwards to his very toes, and then ascended in the same manner; as it ascended, his body swelled. He felt very anxious, often turning on his face, and crying to Jesus for mercy on his soul. He thought he felt the chief strength of the poison lodge in one of his cheeks, and requested that the cheek might be cut off, which we did not comply with, persuaded that his whole frame was equally contaminated. The Bushmen we had with us said in the morning, that he would die immediately on the going down of the sun, which he certainly did; for the sun had not dipped under the horizon five minutes before he breathed his last. His countenance was frightful, being disfigured by the swelling. On his brow was a swelling as large as a goose's egg."

A missionary settlement, called Pella, bounded on the great Namaqua country, is described as the most barren looking spot that can be conceived, covered with sand, and so impregnated with saltpetre, as to greatly retard any kind of vegetation. Water is the only temptation to a residence at Pella. The missionaries here endure greater privations than in any other part of Africa. The native inhabitants live entirely on their cattle, which go for food to a distance in the morning, and return in the evening. The people have no trades, and but few wants, are very honest, and spend most of their time in little groups conversing together. Leaving this sterile spot our travellers entered an extensive sandy desert. The lowing of the oxen and the

howling of the dogs for water, was painful to hear. The loose oxen set off full speed. They had smelled water; and there certainly was water at the place they ran to, but not above ground. They felt disappointed, and stood snuffing in the air; then set off in another direction, and actually found what they thirsted for. They came to what is called

“Quick fountain, which consists of two pools of water. They all rushed into the pools; and the sheep and dogs, who reached the water nearly at the same time, pushed under the bellies of the oxen, and all drank together, at least as many as the pools could hold: such as could not gain admission ran with violence against those who were standing in the water, by which they obtained as much room as permitted their mouths to reach it. Several went away twice, as if satisfied, but soon returned to drink more. It was extremely difficult to detain the oxen that were yoked in the waggons till their yokes were taken off. As they got free, every one ran towards the water, without waiting for his fellow. None of them had tasted water for thirty-eight hours, perhaps some of them for several hours longer, and had dragged waggons through deep sand for above ninety miles. It is remarkable that not one ox perished in the desert.”

During five months our party had travelled beyond the boundary line of the Cape, before they came to a boor's house on their return into the colony. Here we find a very different sort of people—better informed than the Lattakoos—but more lazy and debased. His Hottentot servants exhibited extreme wretchedness; being covered with tattered sheep skins, and their bodies most filthy; while their mistress sat with a long stick in her hand, commanding them in a haughty tone of voice, and her orders were instantaneously obeyed. In a corner was a space inclosed by a mud wall, with some sheep skins spread on it, whereon was stretched a great lazy young fellow, their son, gazing on the strangers. The place resembled a den; but the owners gave milk, butter, and a small loaf, which were valuable presents to such way-worn travellers.

“Thus ended—adds Mr. Campbell—a journey of nearly nine months, and all of us were in as good health as when we set out; indeed, I was much better. Were I to forget to praise the Lord for his protecting care, I should be one of the most ungrateful beings under the sun.”

We cannot take leave of Mr. Campbell, without assuring him his benevolent mission claims our respect. It was a service of some danger; and, in all probability, he is indebted for personal safety, to the suavity of his natural disposition, his unassuming manners, and his Christian precepts.

A.

ART. IV.—*Guy Mannering; or the Astrologer.* By the Author of *Waverley*. 3 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1815.

THIS work is creditable to the talents of the author, be he whom he may. It revives the animated portraits of Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, and other novellists skilled in the intricacies of human nature. It displays superior claims to approbation; but we must lament, that it is too often written in language unintelligible to all, except the Scotch.

Lady Morgan, and the Edgeworths, have been warm advocates for their country; but their delineations are strictly national, without being enveloped in vernacular drapery. They are graceful in simplicity; admirable in pathos: they are true to nature; and arouse the approbation of sensibility.

With the exception of language, these are the pretensions of our anonymous author. His observations on life are prompt and comprehensive: his descriptions, minute and conclusive. In developing the mind of man, he traces it, as it were, throughout a labyrinth; and he may be styled the modern painter of life and manners:

We are not, however, aware that we can exclusively compliment the morality of the piece. It advocates duelling; encourages a taste for peeping into futurity—a taste by far too prevalent; and it is not over nice on religious topics. Guy Mannering is an Englishman, an Oxford scholar, who encounters a variety of adventures during a journey to the North. He eventually arrives at the residence of Godfrey Bertram, laird of Ellangowan. This noble Scot was of high descent; but his hereditary fortunes had been considerably decreased by occasional forfeitures to the crown. Here the mystic ceremonies begin. The lady of the laird is just about to present her husband with an heir; and Guy Mannering undertakes to cast the infant's nativity. The operations of this prediction form a leading feature in the tale. To this, so far as relates to its morality, we professedly object; and the dangerous tendency of this lesson is impressively heightened by the introduction of a modern Hecate, y'cleped—**MEG MERILIES.**

This mysterious personage, however, is merely denominated as the head of a gypsey clan—we introduce the mystic hag singing—

“ Canny moment, lucky fit;
Is the lady lighter yet?
Be it lad, or be it lass,
Sign wi' cross; and sain wi' mass!

"Her appearance made Mannering start. She was full six feet high, wore a man's great coat over the rest of her dress, had in her hand a goodly sloe thorn cudgel, and in all points of her equipment, except her petticoats, seemed rather masculine than feminine; her dark elf locks shot out like the locks of a gorgon, between an old fashioned bonnet and a bongracie, heightening the singular effect of her strong and weather-beaten features, which they perfectly shaded; while her eyes had a wild roll that indicated something like real or affected insanity."

Advancing to the laird, she demanded, in terms we cannot translate, who kept off the spells from his child; and then, without waiting a reply, repeated her song—

"Trevail, vervain, John's wort, dill,
Hinders witches of their will;
Weel is them, that weel may,
Fast upon St. Andrew's day.

"Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Culme and her cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keeps the house frae relf and wear."

Mannering enters into a controversy with Meg Merilies, whom he confounds with sententious scraps from Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Diocles, Aracenna, &c.—The scene ends with our astrologers presenting his host with a sealed paper, under a solemn charge that it be not opened for five years. This is the talisman of the infant's future destiny; who is, however, lost almost as soon as born.

Possibly all this may be true to nature, as the Scotch have not yet thrown off their belief in witchcraft, and continue bigots to the influence of second sight. Many pages are devoted to the history of this clan of gypsies, who are a lawless marauding crew, very like our Norwood community. But the singularities of Meg Merilies are drawn with peculiar vigour. At moments the solemnities of her incantation approach to sublimity. There is an awful wildness about her manner and address, that gives an almost supernatural character to her eccentricity.

"In a retreat of the gypsies, their rear was brought up by Meg Merilies, who halted, with a well grown sapling in her hand; and thus, addressed her persecutor as he passed her:

"Ride your ways, laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways,
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Godfrey Bertram! this day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blither for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottages—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster. Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram; what do you glour after our folk for? There's thirty hearts there, that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched a finger. Yes, there's yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred, to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out to sleep with the tod and the black cock in the muirs! Ride your ways, Ellangowan. Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw candle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born. God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father. And now, ride e'en your ways, for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merilies speak, and this is the last reise I'll ever cut in the bony woods of Ellangowan.' "

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road.

These descriptions are in the true spirit of witchcraft. The poetry proclaims the energy of W. Scott; and the general language of Meg Merilies breathes the inspiration of superhuman agency.

At another time certain travellers encountered a mischance at night in a snow storm. Their carriage was buried in the snow; the postillion proposed to reconnoitre a distant light which glimmered in their view; but one of the party undertakes the enquiry, and leaves his companion to await his return. Proceeding, he discovers the light to issue from a decayed castle: he approaches; and listens, with surprise, to the following rhapsody, from a female voice—

" Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away;
Hark! the mass is singing.

" From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need,
Hark! the knell is ringing.

" Fear not snow driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap the fast,
And the sleep be on the cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee to begone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on;
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan.

"The songstress paused; and was answered by two or three hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agonies of the mortal strife."

The gypsey, in order to procure a passage for the soul of the dying man, opened the door; and like Macbeth's witches, vociferated

"Open lock—end strife:
Come death; and pass life."

The door was unbarred; and presented the form of Meg Merilies to the astonished traveller. He soon, however, became composed; for this was not his first encounter with the hag—who viewed him with a sort of ambiguous kindness. At the present moment, she feared the danger which awaited him, and resolved on protecting him. The banditti might arrive, and then his fate would be inevitable. To avert impending danger, she concealed him in an obscure corner of a dungeon, and proceeded to wake the corpse.

In this state he remained all night. Unseen himself, he beheld all that passed on the arrival of the banditti. His portmanteau was brought in—broke open—and the spoil divided. All night these wretches celebrated a carousal over the corpse: but the protégée of the hag escapes, through her contrivance in the morning; when the banditti sally forth to bury their dead companion.

At parting Meg Merilies gave him a greasy leather purse: he would have refused the present, but she awed him into an acceptance, and with hasty strides mysteriously disappeared.

This traveller, who appears under the assumed name of Brown, is, in reality, the young Bertram, whose nativity had been cast by Guy Mannering and who was carried off as it afterwards appears by smugglers. He undergoes a variety of fortune; becomes a lieutenant under Colonel Mannering, the astrologer; and is eventually recognized to be the long lost heir of the laird of Ellangowan.

The machinery incidental to this *dénouement* is full of the marvellous: it displays the potency of second light, in the hag Meg Merilies, through whose sagacity, or rather preternatural capacity, the whole plot is wound up to a conclusion. Still we repeat, that the characters are drawn by the hand of a master.

A.

ART. V.—*A Practical Synopsis of Cutaneous Diseases, according to the Arrangement of Dr. Willan; exhibiting a concise View of the Diagnostic Symptoms, and the Method of Treatment.* By THOMAS BATEMAN, M.D. F.R.S. Physician to the Public Dispensary, and to the Fever Institution. 8vo. Pp. 342. Longman & Co. 1815.

[Concluded from p. 521.]

WE offered a few remarks on this interesting publication in our last Number, for which we beg leave to refer our readers. In that review we were induced to make some general observations, chiefly on the chemical changes which the ingesta of the stomach undergo when submitted to the process of digestion. We were prompted to advance many examples of this singular property, to prove that the natural qualities of bodies were so entirely altered by the operation of this organ, that their effects were neither to be relied on, or anticipated after the chyle had reached the circulation of the blood; and this fact has raised a presumption, that no specific property has yet been discovered in any article sufficiently potent to destroy the source of morbid affections, by incorporating its virtues with the circulating fluids. This seems further illustrated, by finding that the blood of animals exhibits no difference by chemical tests, whether they live on animal or vegetable food. If this fact has been truly stated, it may be asked upon what principle it is that the constitution exercises her alterative power on the diseased system? Can aliments of any denomination, when received into the stomach, cause cutaneous diseases by sympathy? or can medicines or regimen transfer their intrinsic properties in promoting the cure of such affections, after they have been incurred? The reply to these queries would prove of extensive importance, if it could be direct and decisive in every instance. But the fact is otherwise: as, unfortunately for the patient, gentlemen of the faculty are not in possession of any simple or compound formula, that, when internally administered, they can place any confidence to cure diseases of the skin; and yet there are cutaneous appearances suddenly produced by the application of various articles of ingesta to the internal coat of the stomach, which render it undeniable that there exists a sympathetic disposition between this organ and the surface of the body; for who has not witnessed the efflorescence and various exanthematous eruptions in certain predisposed habits, by the use of cyder, vinegar, shellfish, or cold water, as well as many other articles too numerous to mention.

It is no easy task to account for these appearances, which are too immediate to owe their effect to an increased impetus

by the left ventricle of the heart, or any absorption through the lymphatic system. The truth is, that there must reside a nervous relation between the gastric organ and the skin; for it is not more difficult to explain similar occurrences arising from passions of the mind, than the sympathy which subsists between the stomach and the skin. Who must not have been charmed and delighted by the cheek's beautiful tint from a modest blush? or have not witnessed the more roseate hue produced by a sensation of conscious disgrace, or a still more decided scarlet from the effects of outrageous fury? All these manifestations of the mind have their origin in the brain, through which a nervous influence is communicated to the vascular system; for it may be observed, that the extremities of the most minute arteries are accompanied with corresponding nerves: and it is rational to believe that a distribution of nervous filaments is not only extended over every point of an animal body which possesses sensation, but that every arterial ramification to its extreme point is inclosed by a rete nervosum, which communicates an increased vibration, by which means it is capable of representing on the human countenance all the various sensations so remarkably denoted by the passions of the mind; and it is the study of such expression which furnishes the superior intelligence in the science of physiognomy, giving a character to persons far more essential than such as may be discovered upon the principle of Lavater, or the more recent propositions of Dr. Gall. It seems apparent the Creator ordained that the features should truly represent the real condition of the mind to observers. But hypocrisy, it is feared, is a science early and deeply studied, which renders the natural delineations of character so obscure, that unless it is in the stronger marked passions, the expressions derived from the visage are no longer a true indication of the feelings of the heart. Many may suppose that this knowledge is only derived from such passions as tincture the features by the increased energy of the heart, such as joy, anger, &c.; but the sensations of a different order, and which occasion the blood to recede from the surface of the body and retire to the heart, are not less conspicuous; such as envy, hatred, malice, grief, love, terror, and wild despair, and which operate sedatively upon all constitutions; and these indications are often so strongly marked, as to be expressed on the features even after death, which is philosophically depicted by that celebrated English poet, who had powers above all other writers to soothe, astonish, and delight mankind. On this subject we may therefore be allowed to quote Warwick's exclamation on seeing the body of Duke Humphry:

" See how the blood is settled on his face!
 Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost,
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless;
 Being *all descended to the labouring heart*,
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the *same* for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
 Which *with the heart there cools*, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 But see, his face is black and full of blood;
 His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
 Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man;
 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
 His hands abroad display'd as one that grasp'd
 And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued—
 Look on the sheets! his hair, you see, is sticking;
 His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
 It cannot be, but he was murdered here,
 The least of all these signs were probable."

Henry VI.

Again, in his King John—

" The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
 Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast,
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do."

The preceding disquisition has grown naturally out of the more immediate matter of our consideration. But we have been anxious to combat the principle of humoural pathology, and controvert a maxim which we apprehend has not proved injurious to society, more from the error of the principle, than an intention to delude the public by a recommendation of the long continued use of diet-drinks, and other preparations, for the purpose of changing the blood, dulcifying alkaline or acescent properties, correcting its impurities from whatever source they may have originated, and altering the humours into salubrious balsams, and renovating decreasing powers, or even perpetuating the juvenility of the system. We only say, that such prospects of success held out are liable not only to operate delusively upon incautious patients, but to every class of sufferers, who are already labouring under infirmities of chronic disease; and amongst these none, we are persuaded, have proved stronger examples of this species of deception, than the pustular order of cutaneous diseases.

It is not our province to enter so largely into this subject as

it requires, our limits not allowing us to glance even generally upon every topic we should otherwise be prompted to do in Dr. Bateman's publication; we can only give the definitions of the eight orders, and a few reflections, interspersed with brief remarks on some of the principal orders.

DEFINITIONS.

" 1. *Papula*, (Pimple); a very small and acuminate elevation of the cuticle, with an inflamed base, very seldom containing fluid or suppurating, and commonly terminating in scurf.*

" 2. *Squama*, (Scale); a lamina of morbid cuticle, hard, thickened, whitish, and opaque. Scales, when they increase into irregular layers, are denominated crusts.

" 3. *Erythemata*, (Rash); superficial red patches, variously figured, and diffused irregularly over the body, leaving interstices of a natural colour, and terminating in cuticular exfoliations.

" 4. *Bulla*, (Bleb); a large portion of the cuticle, detached from the skin by the interposition of a transparent watery fluid.

" 5. *Pustula*, (Pustule); an elevation of the cuticle, with an inflamed base, containing pus.

" Four varieties of pustules are denominated in this arrangement as follows:

" a. *Phlyzaciūm*; a pustule, commonly of a large size, raised on a hard circular base, of a vivid red colour, and succeeded by a thick, hard, dark coloured scab.

" b. *Psydraciūm*, a small pustule, often irregularly circumscribed, producing but a slight elevation of the cuticle, and terminating in a laminated scab. Many of the psydracia usually appear together, and become confluent; and after a discharge of pus, they pour out a thin watery humour, which frequently forms an irregular incrustation.

" c. *Achor*; and

" d. *Favus*. These two pustules are considered by the majority of writers, from the Greeks downwards, as varieties of the same genus, differing chiefly in magnitude. The achor may be defined a small acuminate pustule, containing a straw-coloured matter, which has the appearance and nearly the consistence of strained honey, and succeeded by a thin brown or yellowish scab. The favus is larger than the achor, flatter and not acuminate, and containing a more viscid matter: its base, which is often irregular.

* The term papula has been used in various acceptations by the oldest writers; but the nosologists have nearly agreed in restricting it to the sense here adopted. Sauvage defines it, "*Phyma parvulum desquamais, solitum*," Nosoe, class 1, Meth.—In this sense Celsus seems to have understood the term, although he uses it generally: for when he calls it a disease, in which the skin is made rough and red by very minute pustules, he means obviously dry papula; as by the word pustula, he understands every elevation of the skin, including even wheals.

is slightly inflamed, and it is succeeded by a yellow semi-transparent and sometimes cellular scab, like a honey comb, whence it has obtained its name.

"6. *Vesicula*, (Vesicle); a small orbicular elevation of the cuticle, containing lymph, which is sometimes clear and colourless, but often opaque and whitish, or pearl coloured. It is succeeded either by scurf, or by a laminated scab.

"7. *Tuberculum*, (Tubercle); a small hard superficial tumor, circumscribed and permanent, or suppurating partially.

"8. *Macula*, (Spot); a permanent discolouration of some portion of the skin, often with a change of its texture.

"The following terms are used in the ordinary acceptation; viz.

"9. *Wheal*; a rounded or longitudinal elevation of the cuticle, with a white summit, but not permanent, not containing a fluid, nor tending to suppuration.

"10. *Furfur*, (Scurf); small exfoliations of the cuticle, which seem, after slight inflammation of the skin, a new cuticle, being formed underneath during the exfoliation.

"11. *Scab*; a hard substance, covering superficial ulcerations, and formed by a concretion of the fluid discharged from them.

"12. *Stigma*; a minute red speck in the skin, without any elevation of the cuticle. When stigmata coalesce, and assume a dark red or livid colour, they are termed *petechiæ*."

Against the title-page of this publication there is a very correct delineation of the eight orders of cutaneous diseases; and it is with much satisfaction we are able to greet the public on the probability that they will soon be in possession of very superb plates, exhibiting all the various appearances upon the skin on a large scale, under Dr. Bateman's direction.

In treating of diseases of the skin, we think it our duty to state, that the best means of preserving all animals from its numerous maladies, is a constant attention to cleanliness, and to consider a dirty skin the same as a dirty shirt; neither is it of less consequence, that every description of patients should be particularly observant in removing all *feculent matter*, during the existence of eruptive disorders. Warm water and soap do not perfectly answer the purpose; and we recommend to our readers a lotion, composed of twelve ounces of common spirits, four ounces of spirit of turpentine, and two drachms of salt of tartar, which is nothing more than common gin, abstracting the *alcalie*. This acts powerfully in detaching the skin from all filth.

We have much reason to believe that diseases are caused much more frequently from the *larvæ* and *ova* of insects, and

the irritation of living insects themselves, than those generally imagined; for, independent of those which bite or sting, there are classes of diminutive insects which take up their residence between the cuticle and true skin, or its laminae.

We well remember visiting a very interesting young lady, wife to a Member of Parliament, whose complexion was unusually fair, and had proceeded near seven months in her pregnancy. Her body was tumefied to double the size it ought to be, and covered with large acuminated pimples, accompanied with great difficulty of breathing, intense heat, her pulse 120, and with other symptoms denoting immediate danger. She was repeatedly bled within forty-eight hours; cooling aperient remedies were administered, and likewise the usual medicated lotions, without avail, but without any diminution of pain or swelling, and her danger became imminent on the third day. We remembered to have been informed by an Italian traveller, some time before, that there were often very desperate cases in Italy, from the bite of an insect invisible to the naked eye, and which scarcely affected any but the most delicate complexions; and that he had been relieved in a few minutes by the external application of camphor. On this hint a piece of camphor was applied round the white acuminated part of the pimple; and, watching the most elevated point, a small insect was observed to come out, and run with the greatest agility; after which the painful irritation immediately subsided. This was practised on every painful pimple with the same success. It is unnecessary to say, this patient was perfectly relieved of every distressing symptom in two hours. It has never been our lot to be informed of a similar case; yet this solitary instance may serve to demonstrate to our readers, that various other insects may be capable of communicating the most virulent irritations. We are confirmed in this suggestion by what we learn from the effect of various infusions; for, as it has been ascertained that any drop of simple water, after having been exposed to the atmosphere, is only a stagnant pool containing various species of animalcules, so we find that the atmosphere itself is pregnant with the ova and larvae of every kind of ephemeral insects and living creatures.

What is very remarkable, there appears something like a sentient principle by which they are governed before their figures attain perfection; for if various vegetable productions are infused in common water and exposed to the open air, the infusions will abound with an inexpressible display of minute creatures, peculiar to the liquid in which they are suspended, and represented in all forms and sizes. At the same time,

there are many of the same species of animalculæ to be met with in different infusions, but there are always some insects peculiar to the varied leaf or seed from which the infusion was extracted; and this is more especially the case in the month of September: and the same insect no doubt exhibits different appearances as the season varies, it being probable that they originate from the spawn of some invisible volatile parents, like larger insects we know more of, that are generated like gnats and various sorts of flies, undergoing their several changes in water before they take wing. Some may be insects or real fish, small enough to be evaporated in spawn, and fall again in rain, and then grow and breed in water, which remains in a state of rest. It has been suggested by Swammerdam and others, that such minute flies, and their ova, hover every where in the air; and when they find a fluid stored with convenient nourishment for their future offspring, they resort in swarms to lay their eggs, which being soon hatched, the amphibious animalculæ swim about, who perhaps may live happily; but when sufficiently gratified in the watery residence of their terrestrial paradise, avail themselves of an advantage no other animals possess, which is, that they change their forms, take wing, and fly away.

It is observed, that if any infusion is covered with very fine muslin, much fewer animalcules will be found therein; but if exposed, it will be full of life in a few days, and often in an hour.

Infusions of oats, hay, straw, grass, vinegar, pepper, or paste, will each produce their peculiar insects, ex. gr. eels and serpent-like animalcules will be found both in vinegar and paste; but it is not a little remarkable, that if the vinegar is heated, it seems to destroy the life of these productions; and if oil is added to the vinegar, and the latter is froze, they all creep into the oil; but when again thawed, they return back to the vinegar.

We cannot help remarking here, that the sordes or filth which infests the interstices of the human teeth is filled with similar reptiles, and those who think they liberate their mouths from them by frequent ablution of water are mistaken; for if cleansed ever so perfectly with water, they are present the next day: but, fastidious readers, be not alarmed, as a spoonful of French vinegar taken into the mouth causes their certain destruction. There are many curious insects from the cold infusion of black pepper, and most of these of hideous forms; of white pepper very different, and those of long pepper vary from the rest; infusion of senna gives an insect of eleven ringlets; the liquor of oysters has a single animalcule, which

moves very slow, but very numerous, and oval in their shapes; but the fresh oyster liquor has a different kind, like worms, with a pointed snout, whose chief exercise appears to be drawing each other by the beak: such is the endless variety of forms of these animalcules. Every flower in a nosegay produces dissimilar animalcules. The infusion of tea, in a few days, contains myriads of a round figure, but which move slowly, and have a beautiful black ring in the circumference of their bodies, whilst all the other part is perfectly white and transparent; at the same time they swim with surprising celerity; their bodies appear to be composed of a very delicate consistence, the figure not being preserved for three minutes after death. It is a little curious that rhubarb infusion requires a period of five or six weeks before it produces, and then only one insect. This has been observed to be very different from that of senna; but if a drop of one is mixed with the other, neither animal is immediately destroyed, but in the space of fifteen days the rhubarb animalculæ are all dead. It is unnecessary to multiply further accounts of these productions; we shall only notice that it has pleased Nature to diversify all the objects of her productions *ad infinitum*, and she is admirable in all her works. We cannot refrain, however, from giving one more specimen of variety, which is the product of an infusion of the flower of anemone; it is a solitary animalcule, and has no where else been visible. In eight days this infusion discovered a frightful looking insect, with the surface of its back covered by a mask *extremely resembling the human countenance*, perfectly well made, having three jointed legs on each side, with a tail that comes out under the mask. All nature is swarming with animal life; but it is a misnomer to call putrefaction a dissolution of this property, as it appears manifest that it is nothing more than a process of regenerating the vital principle into another form.

From such a diversity of forms, figures, and powers, as the invisible creation of animals seems to possess, it cannot be thought surprising that the structure of the skin should be considered a favourable nidus for the future stages of their being.

Dr. Bateman, speaking of the scabies, or common itch, expresses himself as follows:—

“This troublesome disease, which, from its affinity with three orders of eruptive appearances, pustules, vesicles, and papulæ, almost bids defiance to any attempt to reduce it to an artificial classification, nor is it easily characterized in a few words; an extreme lassitude in the acceptation of the term has indeed been assumed by writers from Celsus downwards, and no distinct or limited view of the disease has been given until our own times.”

He then says—

"The scabies or itch is an eruption of pustules or of small vesicles, which are subsequently intermixed with, or terminate in, pustules; it is accompanied by constant and importunate itching, but not with fever, and is in all its varieties contagious; it appears occasionally on all parts of the body, the face only excepted, but most abundantly about the wrists and fingers, the fossa of the nates, and the flexures of the joints.*

"1. The scabies papuliformis, or rank itch, consists of an extensive eruption of minute itching vesicles, which are slightly inflamed and acuminate, resembling papulæ when examined by the naked eye. They commonly arise first about the bend of the wrist and between the fingers, or in the epigastrium, on which parts, as well as about the axillæ and nates, they are at all periods most numerous, and often intermixed with a few phlyzacious pustules, containing a thick yellow matter.

"2. Scabies lymphatica, or watery itch, which is distinguished by an eruption of transparent vesicles of a considerable size, and without any inflammation at their base."

Afterwards—

"3. The scabies purulenta, or pocky itch, is, I believe, often mistaken by those who confine their notion of the disease to the ordinary small and cohorous vesicle of the two former. The eruption consists of distinct, prominent, yellow pustules, which have a moderate inflammation round their base, and which maturate and break round their base.

"The majority of the cases of scabies purulenta, which I have seen, have occurred in children between the age of seven years and the period of puberty, and in these it not unfrequently assumes this form.

"4. The scabies purulenta cannot be easily mistaken for impetigo when it occurs in patches, in consequence of the large size, the greater prominence, and comparative small number of its pustules; not to mention the absence of the intense itching, and of contagion in the former.

"From the porrigo favosa affecting the extremity, it will be distinguished chiefly by its situation about the fingers axillæ, fossa natus, and flexures of the joints, and by the total absence of the eruptions from the face, ears, and the scalp; by the nature of the discharge; and by the thin, hard, and more permanent scab which succeeds, instead of the soft, elevated, semi-transparent scab, formed by the viscous humour of the favi.

* Scabies est pustularum purulentarum vel sabiosarum vel papularum siccarum, ex duritie et rubreundiore cute eruptes; pruritum, saepe quoque dolorem, creans, interdum totum corpus facies excepta, invadens; sapissime tamen solus artus externos, digitorum imprimis interstitia occupans."

Callisen Syst. Chirurg. Hodiern. i. § 824.

"The only other disease with which the scabies purulenta has any affinity, is the ecthyma; but the hard, elevated, vivid red or livid base, which surrounds the pustules of the ecthyma—their slow progress both towards maturity, and in the course of suppuration—the deep ulceration with a hard raised border, and the rounded embedded scab which succeed, as well as the distinct and separate distribution of them, will afford the means of discrimination; to which the incessant itching and the contagious property of scabies may be added."

Besides these different species of itch, there is the scabies cae-
 chectica and scabies vermicalis, any particulars of which we
 must be excused from entering upon. The reader will find the
 different scabies scientifically, but too briefly, treated. We
 hope, in a future edition of this work, that the author will speak
 more at large on the methodus medendi, and enter more pro-
 foundly into the rationale of cutaneous eruptions; and submit
 his opinion why pimples, rashes, or pustules, when they owe
 their origin to external causes of irritation, should always dis-
 tinguish themselves by specific forms, figures, or patches;
 why a single grain of variolous or small-pox poison, applied
 upon the skin, should usually continue one hundred and sixty-
 eight hours before its progress is felt by the heart; why, after it
 is so affected, the space of seventy-two hours more should
 elapse before the surface of the body is covered with pimples;
 and why, in the regular period of ninety-six hours after the
 pimples appear, should they be changed into pustules, often
 containing a gallon of infectious matter, more than 60,000 times
 the quantity of a similar poison than had first caused the fever;
 why this matter should remain one hundred and sixty-eight hours
 more before the absorbing system conveyed it back to the blood,
 and from thence to be discharged by the usual emunctories, re-
 quiring the space of five hundred and four hours,* or twenty-
 one days, to complete the whole process? We should also be
 glad to be informed why the contents of various pustules under
 other denominations are frequently many months before the ab-
 sorbents act upon their contents. We do presume to think

* Since vaccination has been introduced, the observation we are about to mention loses much of its interest. It is well known that the danger of small-pox is chiefly owing to the influence or number of the pustules; and, in consequence of the load of matter retiring from the circumference of the body to the centre, the constitution sinks under the oppression. We have the satisfaction to believe that many hundred patients have been saved under our own care by this process, who would certainly have died. It is this:—On the fifth day of eruption open every pustule with the point of a lancet, and use a bibulous paper very diligently for three days to absorb all the matter—a practice, which would have cured many patients who died under the care of Sydenham and Huxham.

that the theory of all cutaneous diseases has been too much disregarded; as they are a class of diseases common to all ranks, are very troublesome by their prurience, permanence, and not less loathsome in appearance than from their offensive odour.

We shall say no more upon scabies, than a few words on its doubtful origin. The cause of many specific cutaneous diseases remain still very ambiguous; but it is a point of infinitely greater difficulty to precisely determine the essential character on which the principle of contagion consists; and we are always impressed so deeply with the important magnitude of this question, that we presume to pronounce no medical thesis can be proposed to *experimental* enquirers so momentous to benefit the world: for should ever the nature of contagious atoms be discovered, so that the effect of their virulence could with certainty be frustrated or subdued *ab initio*, the discovery would be estimated of more essential value to society, than all the medical tracts that ever were issued from the press. Could such a prophylactic have been known in earlier ages, the plagues of Athens or of Egypt had not raged; neither would there exist in Constantinople, London, and other large cities, such constant depopulating causes of mortality; the military and naval forces would not in all climates and in every age, have had to deplore the calamitous effects of this mighty source of destruction; the Americans might contemplate with indifference the origin of the yellow fever; and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland would not have to lament the fate of their valiant countrymen in the fatal valleys of St. Domingo, or their own western colonies.

Should ever Providence deign to prosper the benevolent efforts of any mortal in prosecuting this *desideratum*, and should all the wide objects and important points of this arduous undertaking be fully embraced and accomplished, it would prove of greater value to the ease, happiness, and longevity of mankind, than any other discovery that has ever been made since the creation of the world. We ought to be inspired with the stronger hope of success, in observing what has been so lately experienced by a means which neutralizes the dire consequences of the small-pox, effectually subduing one of the severest scourges that ever afflicted the human race. The world would then be renovated with augmented vigour, and England might witness a Parr or a Jenkins in every parish; hospitals and pest-houses would diminish; and population would be promoted, without apprehending any danger from the prophecies of Mr. Malthus. We can only now hope that the College of London, or the Medical Board, will take this suggestion into their devout consi-

deration; and if they should decline to exercise such a patriotic motive, it ought to become a state question, whose object should be to interest the medical world—not by Sir W. Brown's medal, or the inadequate reward of ten guineas—but honorary donations from £100 to £500 annually, for the best five tentamina on the subject of contagion and infection, having for their basis experiments on gaseous effluvia, to be awarded by the College of Physicians, with a medal adorned with the motto—*Qui meruit palmarum, detur*.

Digressing in some degree to a more important subject, we had almost omitted to notice, that Dr. Bateman seems to doubt whether any of the different itches are owing to an insect. Now, although it is understood that animalculæ are not visible in every species of this disease, yet in some of the vesicles of the rank itch we believe no doubt can exist; for we ourselves have seen a very diminutive insect twice, but not alive. Its proportions were sufficiently observed to denote it an extreme ugly creature, with something like a proboscis; and seems very well delineated in Adam's Micros. Bononio, and Philosophical Trans. 283. But, as it may be curious to some of our readers, we shall give the account of it.

Dr. Bononio says, “On observing people in this distemper pull out of the scabs little bladders of water with the point of a pin, and crack them like lice upon their nails, from a place scabbed over, and where there was a grievous itching, he picked out a little pustule, and from thence squeezed a thin matter, in which he could but just discern a small white globe; but, on applying it to his microscope, found it to be a minute animal of a whitish colour, in shape resembling a tortoise, but somewhat dark on its back. They have some long hairs, six legs, a sharp head, two horns, and are very nimble.”

He repeated this on persons of all ages, sexes, and complexions, and at all seasons of the year, and found the same sort of animals in most of the watery pustules. They are supposed to enter the furrows of the cuticula, by gnawing and working, first their heads, and afterwards concealing their whole body, where they cause a grievous itching, and force the infected person to scratch; but this only increases the malady. Bononio says, that after having made many observations of this insect, he saw one of them drop an egg, almost transparent, from the hinder part of its body, and afterwards saw several of the same kind.

This accounts why the distemper is so very infectious, since by simple contact these animals can pass from one to another, not only by the swift motion it is represented they have, but by

clinging to every thing they touch, and crawling as well upon the surface of the body, as under the outward skin.

It may be conceived, that having once made a lodgment, they multiply upon their eggs; nor is it any wonder if this infection is also propagated by the sheets, towels, handkerchiefs, or gloves, particularly used by baby people; as these animalculæ may with facility be harboured in such things, for they will live, some have remarked, three days out of the body.

The discovery of the habits of this insect may account why the distemper seldom or ever can be cured by internal medicines; and sometimes so difficult, that the usual mode of using sulphur will fail to cure, but requires linivial washes, baths, or ointment, compounded with salts, vitriols, mercury, precipitate, and even sublimate, and the most penetrating remedies; as sometimes it is found that these vermin will elude the most powerful applications. The anointment should continue many days after the apparent cure; for, though the ointment should have destroyed all the living animals, it is not always the young in the eggs will be killed, as they are congregated in nests within the skin, which, if suffered to hatch, will renew the disease.* We may see from these remarks, how the public are deluded by the nostrums, which are usually advertised to cure in once anointing. The insect, which causes warbles on cows and other quadrupeds, are never killed by internal remedies, and requires the strongest remedies externally; but it is the best practice to extirpate the maggot by an instrument.

We shall conclude the subject, by turning the reader's attention to the blotches arising from syphilis; and most particularly recommend to practitioners to be very observant of all the particulars of this description of cutaneous diseases, and not to treat them with indifference, until their cause has been ascertained. Surprised indeed we are to learn that surgeons should be looking for new remedies to cure syphilitic complaints. It must be conceded that this semi-metal appears to have been sent from heaven, as a specific of confidence, being the only one that is known for this or any other disease; and, had it not been for our knowledge of this remedy, the celebrated art of Talicotius would have been daily required, or the same operation performed in the oriental taste, which has been revived of late in London, by robbing the patient's forehead to furnish a covering for his nose; yet fictitious noses

* Spallanzani has shewn that the living principle of many ova of insects will not be destroyed by boiling water.

will never be found necessary, if patients put themselves under the care of respectable surgeons; who, it is to be expected, will exhibit this miraculous remedy safely, and with all the powerful and valuable effects of which it is capable.

We now take our leave of Dr. Bateman's publication, on the merits of which, simply as a synopsis, we offer our unqualified approbation. But we trust he will pardon us in remarking, that, in the next edition, it will admit of some emendations; yet we consider it as the most respectable treatise extant upon cutaneous diseases, and which ought to be found in the library of every medical practitioner.

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ART. VI.—*Strong Reasons for the Continuance of the Property Tax: to which is added an Estimate of the National Income, recently made by Patrick Colquhoun, LL.D. By a Friend to his Country.*—Pp. 110. E. Lloyd. 1815.

LITTLE did we anticipate three months ago, that we should at this time have to vent our execrations against this odious impost, as an *existing* evil. Animated with a very strong conviction, that the public sentiments, so generally, so loudly, so indignantly expressed, must prevail over every obstacle, and permanently triumph—placing some, though very slight, confidence in the colourable professions of the minister of finance,—we lent ourselves to the pleasing illusion of speedily witnessing the final extinction of a tax, fraught with grievous oppression and incalculable misery; and of soon hailing the period, from which we ventured to predict, its pernicious influence would live only in bitter remembrance and retrospective detestation.

Waving all reflection on the causes in which it had originated—on the rash conduct, the shallow policy, which had induced its projection—on the hostilities, to the fomentation and protraction of which it had almost constantly been devoted, (hostilities still reviewed with pain by the increasing majority of enlightened thinkers, and with satisfaction only by the imbecile and corrupt,)—not dwelling on the visionary schemes on which it had so frequently and so wantonly been lavished—on the abortive expeditions to which it had been made subservient—on the crumbling coalitions it had been employed to cement and uphold, but employed in vain—passing over, we say, *these* topics of gloomy consideration—we yet did presume to imagine there were *other* circumstances equally fertile in cogent and me-

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lancholy evidence, to prove the necessity of its being suffered to expire—circumstances, perhaps the more interesting, because arising immediately before our eyes and appealing directly to our hearts. What has been the scene perpetually presented to us at home since the adoption of this measure? Has the public happiness received augmentation? Have the national incumbrances decreased? Have our manufactures flourished? Have commercial failures diminished, either in number or magnitude? Have the channels of wealth opened their abundance to the honourable claims of industry, to the solid and progressive enrichment of the community? Has this, or any thing like this, been really and substantially the case?—On the contrary—it is notorious, that from the period referred to, the public case has experienced alarming encroachments—that the public debt has swollen to unprecedented and inordinate dimensions—that domestic traffic (as far at least as the staple commodities of the kingdom and articles of pure luxury are involved), has languished almost to stagnation—that bankruptcies have increased in a prodigious ratio—and that the general condition of the country has exhibited, what some would call, a frightful spectacle of national anti-climax.

We do not here stop to enquire whether these calamities are justly attributable to the peculiar character of the late war—to unforeseen contingencies—or to the impolicy of our governmental councils:—that is altogether foreign to our purpose. It is sufficient to state that this is an inartificial and undeteriorated picture of our decay, during the last seventeen years. It is sufficient to know that its truth has been and still continues to be felt by the great bulk of society, and is disguised or questioned only by those, who are either wilfully or stupidly accessory to their own deception. Confining our view, then, simply to our internal affairs, were we not (and we put the question boldly) amply fortified with reason in expecting an alleviation of the public burthens, on the termination of the recent disastrous contest? In looking, in the new-sprung era of felicity, for the instant repeal, or at least natural dissolution, of that impost, which, for a series of years, had borne a pre-eminent part in the generation of domestic wretchedness—in the exhaustion of the current wealth—backed too, as we were, by the unanimous voice of the country?—In the sincerity of our hearts we did fully believe, that such expectation was legitimate and well-founded.—In the sincerity of our hearts we did confidently suppose, that the distress and embarrassment into which every class of society, between mendicant poverty and superfluous opulence is plunged by war—at the dawn of peace call

imperiously for mitigation--that with the same, the substantial advantages of peace, ought to be conferred;--that among these advantages, diminution of public tribute holds a primary station; and that, though under the most suspicious circumstances it were sheer folly to look for any thing like total exemption from taxation, it is yet the simplest justice to demand at the conclusion of war, the immediate abolition of all taxes instituted for its support, or, at any rate, the non-extension of the term originally assigned to their existence.

For, if we be wrong in this supposition, in what consists the difference between the actual impoverishment induced by war, and the blessings ascribed to peace? If the same overwhelming imposts be perpetuated through both political seasons, what appreciable distinction can be taken between them; however opposite their alleged names? We are indeed well aware it will be asserted--"the return of pacific relations with foreign states brings with it benefits altogether independent on the diminution of taxes. It puts an end to the career of carnage and devastation. Releasing many from the detestable toil of human destruction, it restores them to their former civil and useful occupations. It enables government to retrench the national expenditure. And lastly, though by far the most important result, intercourse between nation and nation is renewed--the springs of commerce recover their wonted elasticity--domestic industry receives a new impulse--and the general melioration is attested by the general influx and augmentation of riches." But this is more specious than sound. In the first place; while we conscientiously declare that we yield to none in execrating the infernalities of war--or rejoicing in their cessation--we must be allowed to express our doubts of the presumed validity of the two first of these allegations. It must be remembered, the question concerns national comfort and prosperity--and this solely with regard to the actual state of, and the means of recruiting, pecuniary resources. Now it is evident, nay, experience teaches, that at the close of a long series of arduous hostilities--hostilities maintained chiefly by pecuniary agency, the condition of the respective communities cannot be any other than that of accumulated want, and retrogressive affluence. The produce of public exertion is found barren of public benefit. Multiplied privations are found, in the large, to have seriously discouraged rather than quickened diligence. And, where that is not the case, the hard-earned emoluments of persevering labour have been absorbed as soon as acquired in the voracious gulf of taxation. Is it then, amidst this combination of calamities--calamities which have already thrown multitudes into idleness,

that we can rationally imagine that new artificers, new manufacturers, will meet with patronage and employment? What is the stimulus to activity? Gain. Where is it to be sought? In the service of pennyless indigence and spare mediocrity? No. Unless, therefore, a very considerable reduction of taxes accompany the restoration of peace, we see not what marvellous advantage attends the disbanding of armies. Unless wealth receive an increase of circulation,—unless industry enjoy its fruits with less restriction and diminution—and until it do, the spirit of enterprise and speculation by which it is accelerated and fostered must remain dead,—we are equally blind to the possibility of a disembodied soldiery resuming their peaceful vocations.

With respect to the third assertion, we feel no disposition to deny its truth. That the cessation of war affords scope, and abundant scope too, for the abridgement of national expenditure, is obvious to the humblest capacity. But though acted upon, of what avail is this circumstance, while the public burthens remain unlesened? Retrenchment, *confined simply to expenditure*, never can be an object worthy national pursuit; nor, when obtained, worthy national gratulation. For though considered as a *means* of working great and beneficial changes, it stands in a highly important point of view, yet regarded as an isolated measure, as a measure containing within itself the *principium et finis* of its operation, its importance shrinks into a mere nullity. Not extending itself and effecting corresponding *retrenchment in the public imposts*; not enlarging the sphere and invigorating the circulation of public opulence, not exciting public energy, nor giving a fillip to public industry; it is destitute of the results which alone can impart value to it, and promotes not any one end of political economy. But in addition to these negative evils, there are others hanging about it of a positive nature. Retrenchment cannot take place without the dismissal of a numerous body of governmental dependants, to whom deprivation of office is deprivation of the means of subsistence. These individuals will either sink into utter poverty, or be compelled to cast themselves on the benevolence of their relatives, who, from the vicissitude of political affairs may, we had almost said must, have to deplore their own loss of fortune and reduced condition. Thus, then, we see the happy effects of this boasted advantage. The coffers of government become replenished, and the finances of the country are depressed. Fresh opportunity is afforded to the few of retaining what the exigencies of the million require. And; as though misery and affliction were not sufficiently diffused; that which is held out as a blessing proves a curse and an aggravation.

Our ideas on the concluding observation have a similar bearing. If, after a ruinous and expensive war, the revival of intercourse between nation and nation were indeed, *per se*, productive of the consequences depicted—if the renovation of an extinct commerce were indeed the certain and inevitable result—if new facilities presented themselves to the arts of labour, and the acquisition of riches,—then should we most willingly concede the point. But the realization of these flattering prospects depends not exclusively on the event of peace. Nay it cannot be brought about without the influence of another cause. The continuance of an exorbitant system of taxation—a system which goes far to devour every item of one's substance—mocks the efforts of the most indefatigable toil. The enormous sacrifices which during war impaired property and diminished industry, in time of peace will beget the same effects. These effects will remain so long as the causes which produce them subsist. And it is quite vain to urge that commerce can spring up in this state of things, or flourish where there are no means of carrying it on. For, while trade continues to depend on supplies of money and material, dearth of the one, and the falling off of labour necessary to render saleable the other, must tend to its extinguishment. Taxes must therefore be circumscribed before peace works improvement; and the latter is to be prized, not for its intrinsic virtues, but in proportion to the extent of its operation on the former. Not that we mean to aver, that peace is productive of no other benefits; but that the diminution of taxes is the principal; the one from which the rest immediately and directly proceed.

From the whole then we would draw this corollary;—that at a time when the finances of a state are at a very low ebb, the primary source of public opulence is the lightness of public incumbrances. Because (as we have seen) with a heavy taxation, there is little or no floating wealth, nor any capability of converting to profit the most auspicious events; and because, by the letting loose of a more copious pecuniary fund,—by detracting from the gains of industry and the emoluments of speculation only so much as is indispensable to the well-being of government,—labour and ingenuity are pushed forward with a continually-increasing impetus, commerce becomes amplified, and prosperity is enjoyed by all.

But to the main subject of this article.

We are by no means forgetful (as we have already intimated) of the intention declared by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in obedience to the unanimously-expressed will of the nation, of adhering strictly to the provisions of the act of parliament

which established the property tax, and of not proposing any extension of the period to which its duration was limited. But though of this we are fully aware, though we were cheered with the success which for a short season crowned the efforts of all ranks and conditions united, though we beheld with pleasure the hopes which revived, and the fears which subsided, on the announcement of this intention—yet what is the issue? that success proves nugatory, those hopes are blasted, and those fears again prevail. The property tax is renewed, and with it all its odious and multiform oppression. The objections advanced and cogently advanced, against it, in the numberless petitions presented to the legislature, and in the public meetings held in every quarter of the kingdom, were of a nature which it might have been thought would clearly and incontestably shew; the banefulness of its operation and the anti-constitutional spirit of the methods adopted, and indeed unavoidably adopted, for its enforcement. These objections were not the work of a moment, nor the phantoms of minds irritated by imaginary grievances; they were the solid, substantial, and indestructible fruits of what is preferable to a thousand hypothetical arguments, to a thousand sagacious conjectures—**EXPERIENCE**. Experience demonstrated, that, superadded to the co-existing mass of taxes, it makes terrible inroads upon almost every species of possession, that it puts the humblest and most ordinary comforts of life beyond the reach of those, who, by their exertions are entitled to participate in them, that it cripples industry, and that, in order to its acting with full vigour and effect, not even the privacy of domestic concerns, nor the sanctity of private transactions, can be respected or escape inviolate. So repugnant is it to the freedom of the British Constitution! All this, we think, ought to have been well weighed before so ominous and mischievous a resolution was formed, as that of re-enacting the impost in question. But it is contended that, however obnoxious this measure may be, whatever misery it may engender, and however little prospect may exist of the country being competent to endure it long, there was in the late change of political affairs ample and conclusive evidence of its absolute necessity, and that not to have recommended and promoted it, would have been a gross and unpardonable dereliction of ministerial duty.* Let us investigate the reasons alleged in support of this assertion.

* To a mind undebauched by modern state craft and finesse, it would seem a more wise and judicious course, were public functionaries to regulate their conduct by the sound and wholesome political maxims which lie scattered in such profusion in the great works of antiquity. We will quote one, which, as

First, it is insisted, that the restoration of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON to the sovereignty of France; is an infraction of the treaties of Fontainebleau and Paris—of the former on the part of that monarch, of the latter, on that of the French nation. That in consequence, England; being a party to those treaties, has a justifiable cause of war: and that war being determined upon, the resumption of the property tax is not only not blameworthy, but is sanctioned by every consideration of legitimate policy, as well as regard to the national interests and honour. Secondly, it is said, that even were the opportunity thus offered of recommencing hostilities not ultimately embraced; still it was incumbent on government, instructed by past events, in the character, military propensity, and inordinate ambition of the EMPEROR, to assume an imposing attitude, and re-organize the war establishment. And that the accomplishment of this necessary purpose, irresistibly called for all the resources and assistance which the tax could furnish.*

Now it is obvious, that the first points to which our attention is directed, are the treaties of Fontainebleau and Paris. And in discussing them, it will be proper to remember, that we confine ourselves solely to their reference to *this country*: inquiring neither into the nature nor extent of the stipulations, as they affected the allies. With respect therefore to the *first* of these treaties, the very essence and gist of the question is, what affirmative or negative duties NAPOLEON undertook to perform, and what rights attached to us when we solemnly guaranteed to him the unreserved, uncontrouled dominion of the isle of ELBA?—this being, with the exception of acceding to the territorial arrangements relative to the EMPRESS, our only share in this celebrated convention. Now it requires no very exalted faculties to discern that NAPOLEON was under no pledge to perform, or abstain from performing, any thing. The article declaring the guarantee was simple and specific. It did not, neither could it, state, that in consideration of certain occurrences that had already taken place—in consideration of certain promises to be fulfilled hereafter—in consideration of the resignation of the thrones of France and Italy—in consideration of an engagement not to endeavour to regain them—in consideration of a covenant not to revisit the continent—in consideration of an

it appears to us, eminently deserves the constant attention of those personages, from the universality of its application, and the wisdom of the admonition which it conveys. Ἀγαθὸν ὅρα, τοῦ ἀρχιερέως τρεῖς δὲ μαθηταὶ πρὸς τοὺς μὲν, ὅτι ἀνθρώπων ἀρχὴ· δευτέρου, ὅτι κατὰ νόμον ἀρχὴ· τρίτου, ὅτι οὐκ αἰεὶ ἀρχὴ.—Stobæus, mor. ecl. 44.

* Vide the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech on the first reading of the Bill.

undertaking not to return to France at the head of an armed force—it did not, we say, state, that in consideration of all or any of these circumstances, ELBA was ceded to the Emperor in full sovereignty and perpetuity. The cession was perfectly inconsequential and unconditional. For in the light in which we at present contemplate the treaty, it is necessarily stripped of all the surrounding matter, and stands precisely as if this article were its *entire body and substance*. NAPOLEON was absolutely unshackled. He made no stipulations, he contracted no obligation. The obligation lay wholly on *our* side. He was to enjoy, we were to protect him from ejection. From the total absence of any thing even breathing an insinuation of duty or restriction, (so far, at least, as *he* was involved) his actions were as free as his thoughts. He still retained full and uncircumscribed liberty to move how, where, and when he pleased—to digest and execute whatever plans of future aggrandisement suggested themselves to his mind, always excepting such as might aim at us and our possessions. He was as much master of his conduct then, as when invested with the purple of FRANCE. It was a matter still open to his choice—a matter on which ENGLAND had not provided herself with either a deliberative or negative voice—to attempt a descent on the French coast—to strive to recover his lost dignity—and re-instate himself in all the splendour and puissance which before shed glory around his person and fortified his throne. All this, we say, it was competent to him to attempt, without subjecting himself to the accusation of breach of treaty with *this country*—or placing himself in a situation which could give birth to any *just* complaint on *our* part. For had we reserved to ourselves the right of complaint; we should have been armed with right of prevention—a right which it would have been our bounden duty to exercise. For no principle can be more manifest, nor more undisputable, than that the right of the latter is inseparable from that of the former—that if an engagement be entered into, the infringement of which would furnish a ground for demanding satisfaction, either of the contracting parties may employ means which shall induce the other to forego the intention of violating it. As—had it been stipulated by the EMPEROR, that his vessels should not traffic with a given state, or that he himself would never return to the continent after he once landed on ELBA—measures of precaution might have been adopted against any proceeding which would have had for its object the contravention of such stipulations. In the first case—his vessels, freighted with commodities of barter, might have been prevented from navigating

the forbidden seas;—in the second—constant vigilance might have been exerted, without disrespect to the laws of nations, in regard to the foreign policy of NAPOLEON. But nothing in the shape of terms was imposed on that Prince. To us he bound himself to no particular line of conduct—neither to do, nor refrain from doing, any defined act. Consequently, from him we had nothing to expect. From him, nothing could emanate, saving hostilities towards the country, upon which we could build even a plausible charge of want of faith—nothing which could call for our interdiction—nothing of which we could *operatively* question the legality. The agreement, so far as it associated us with NAPOLEON, was a guarantee on our part, without an equivalent on his.

If any thing be deemed wanting to the complete establishment of this conclusion, it is supplied in the speeches of the noble lords at the head of the treasury and foreign departments, on the Marquis Wellesley's motion on the subject of the RESTORATION. These personages distinctly and unequivocally stated, that, "as to attempting to watch the movements of the EMPEROR, or taking precautionary steps against his leaving the island and debarking on the shores of France—that was altogether impossible—and, if possible, quite inconsistent with the tenor of our engagements."* Now does not this declaration speak volumes for the argument? Does it not set the question at rest? Does it not shew that, by not subscribing unqualifiedly to every item and tittle of the compact, we deprived ourselves of those advantages which, it was supposed, full consent secured to the allies? Does it not irrefutably prove, that we possessed no *authority* to prevent the fulfilment of the great object which has given death to the treaty, and rendered it waste parchment—the return of NAPOLEON, and his subsequent re-anthronement?—And when once it is admitted, (and it *must* be admitted by every man not of blighted capacity) that acquiescence in the solitary article which guaranteed the dominion of ELBA, (for the other is immaterial to either side of the point in dispute) clothed us with no prerogative to restrain his person, no right to oppose his passage to France, nor to treat him as any other than "a sovereign and independent potentate," when once, we repeat, that is the case—then all idea of considering his conduct faithless to—

* We by no means vouch for the authenticity of the words. We venture only to give the *substance* of the Noble Lord's observations—which has not yet met with any contradiction:—at least we have seen none.

wards us sink into utter foolishness and vanishes into air. Did it not so—two paradoxes the most absurd and unrighteous would subsist:—we should impugn him for not doing what we confess we were unentitled to demand, and arraign him for doing what we acknowledge we were unempowered to abstract.

But it may be affirmed, that though England acceded to no more than certain portions of the treaty, yet the EMPEROR, by affixing his seal to it, without reservation, virtually recognised her as a party to the whole. This will not bear a moment's examination. Can it for an instant be supposed, that NAPOLEON was so bereft of common sense, as to insinuate this comprehensive inclusion of a Power, which studiously avoided; and explicitly refused, to assent to such inclusion? That in spirit he embraced what in substance was pertinaciously withheld? That in essence, "*he renounced for himself, his successors and descendants, as well as for all the members of his Family, all right of sovereignty and dominion, as well to the French empire and the kingdom of Italy, as over every other country,*" to a nation which excluded itself from bearing witness to the abdication? Such interrogatories need only to be put, to be laughed down in contemptuous silence. And we beg pardon of our readers for introducing them to their notice.

Now to the treaty of Paris.

It is not even pretended that NAPOLEON has violated this treaty. He was not a consenting party—he was not pledged to observe its provisions—he therefore could not by the most violent construction be distorted into its infractor. But though the matter has not been carried to this extremity, it nevertheless is very strenuously maintained, that the partisans of the EMPEROR, that is, the universal French nation, have been guilty of a most palpable and most audacious transgression of its fundamental condition—his permanent exclusion from the throne:—And this is, "the very head and front of their" alleged "offending."*

Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.

Now the treaty was ratified by Britain and the late govern-

* It really appears the predestinated lot of the majority of mankind, to labour under constant delusion, and in consequence of mere sluggishness, to be the instruments of propagating the falsehoods by which they themselves are deceived. Now eternally applicable is the very sensible reflection of Thucydides! Ουτως ἀταλασπερος τῆς πολλῆς ἡ διτήσις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ ταῖς ἱστορίαις μάλλον τρεφόνται. 1. 20.

ment of France. The French people stood committed, therefore, to adhere to its stipulations. For we cannot but concur in the doctrine, that "Nations are bound by treaties concluded by their governments, whatever they may be." But then *à converso*, it must be also allowed, they are not bound to any thing (excepting the ordinary rules of the *jus gentium*) not contained in those treaties, nor to any thing to which their governments are not parties. Because, in the first place, as nations, like individuals, are perfectly unconstrained by the particular terms of a convention previously to its ratification; so, after ratification, they are similarly situated, in respect to points not specially inserted. And, because, in the second place, as governments are the only organs through which nations can mutually bind themselves; so it follows that whatever the former have not assented to with the customary solemnities, cannot be binding on the latter. Hence, then, it is too plain to admit of cavil, that, though the French lay under obligation to punctiliously conform to the treaty in question, yet it could not be demanded of them to extend obedience beyond its limits:—or in short, that the duties not imposed on their kingly representative, it could not, by possibility, rest on them to perform. This settled, it will be our business to enquire, whether any condition, fundamental or not, like that of NAPOLEON'S permanent exclusion from the throne, was expressly incorporated with the treaty. And should it appear that it was not, neither that the Bourbons were engaged to such condition—it will inevitably ensue, from the premises laid down, that to impeach the FRENCH NATION of breach of treaty, would not only be not equitable; but notoriously unjust.

The treaty is chiefly occupied with the detail of regulations respecting the reciprocal positions in which the two countries are for the future to stand. Certain cessions are made by France, certain grants by England. But from one end of the treaty to the other, not a word on the present topic meets the eye. No stipulation that the covenant shall ensure, only so long as the contracting parties remain in power—no stipulation against the EMPEROR'S return—no stipulation that the affairs of France shall not be conducted at GHENT—no stipulation that a given event shall be the signal for universal war. Nothing of all this is to be found. The name of NAPOLEON is never once suffered to stain the paper. He is never alluded to by any amusing circumlocution—such as "the late ruler of France"—"the late usurper of the throne of St. Louis"—the "Corsican tyrant"—the "late despot of France"—the "Emperor of

Elba"—and a thousand other charming forms of phraseology, the result of profound thought and erudition. What then is the deduction—the self-evident deduction? Why that, exulting in the consummation of their hopes, fondly conceiving it more than temporary, and fancying impossible the resurrection of their recent terrible antagonist, the elysian security into which the high contractors were lulled, deprived them of dispassionate reflexion, and prevented them from guarding against the occurrence, which has since excited their rage and hostility. Not contemplating the practicability of any design, NAPOLEON might entertain, of recovering his lost dignity, they did not so much as think of including an article, by which the Bourbons should stand pledged to oppose the attempt. No security was solicited by *us*, no pledge was given by *them*. And the very omission of the demand *then* is, *per se*, irrefragable demonstration of the non-existence of any the slightest title on our part *now* to enforce compliance. Since then we are without claim upon the BOURBONS we have none upon the FRENCH NATION:—agreeably to a former position—that—“as governments are the only organs through which nations can mutually bind themselves, so it follows that, *whatever the former have not assented to with the customary solemnities, cannot be binding on the latter.*”

Should it, however, be urged, that the very idea that a stipulation of this nature ought to have found its way into the treaty, is absurd and ridiculous, because we possessed every sufficient security in the Bourbons, from the circumstance of their tenure of power depending entirely on *their* preventing the re-appearance of NAPOLEON in France: we answer, that such security as the *personal motives* of the BOURBONS, was not what the country required; *we* wanted security in the FRENCH PEOPLE;—*we* wanted a stipulation from the government of France, which would have essentially bound the nation to *us*—a stipulation, which, sealed by the executive authority, the French people would have been responsible to *us* for infracting—a stipulation, in fine, which would now sanction *us* in thus addressing them—“In a treaty for the re-establishment of peace, solemnly concluded between *us* and your late government, it was explicitly declared, that France would never again place herself under the dominion of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, but would employ every possible means to repel him from her shores, should he endeavour to make a descent on them, an engagement, which emanating from your chief magistrate, was obligatory upon you. Contrary to the law of nations, you have outraged it without reserve or qualification—the EMPEROR again presents himself, and you hail him with

unbounded rapture—he traverses your most populous regions; and is every where surrounded with acclamations—he is received as a protector, not as an enemy—not as a destroyer, but as a benefactor—every town he enters manifests the most lively enthusiasm, and the constituted authorities devotedly await his mandates—uninterruptedly he proceeds, nay his journey is surpassingly triumphant—he approaches the capital with an augmenting train of admiring followers, and is borne to his palace amidst the transports of countless and unanimous multitudes. Such being the case, you stand self-convicted of trampling on the bond to which you were made a party, and, consequently, forfeit all right to be considered an amicable power. Our honour thus insulted, our claims thus contemned, we are driven to hazard the chances of war, to vindicate the one, and compel observance of the other.”

Such is the language we should be entitled to use, had such a stipulation formed a member of the treaty. But, really, after meditating on the precise nature of the transaction, after weighing every, the minutest point with the utmost coolness and impartiality, we feel irresistibly constrained to avow our utter inability to discover what hold we had on the French nation, what condition they have violated, and consequently, what cause we have of war. Nothing that is not binding on a government can, by the most most specious reasoning, the most finely-spun sophistry, be construed binding on a people. We, therefore, leave to the judgment of our readers, the task of deciding on the question, viewed in its native colours, and with the arguments of which we have ventured to give the perspective.

It will be in vain to insist, that though the treaty furnishes no positive testimony, no express evidence, of the existence of this undertaking, it is yet quite clear it is necessarily deducible from it, and in perfect concordance with its spirit, because the compact originated virtually in the abdication:—for, in the first place, to learn the *spirit* of any covenant, it is indispensable to examine the *letter*;—if the *letter* bear not even the remotest reference to the object of enquiry, then may we safely pronounce, nothing of the kind can be included in *spirit*. Now in the treaty, we have already demonstrated (unnecessarily indeed, we believe, for who is not fully possessed of the fact?) that no mention, no allusion, is made of, or to, NAPOLEON—no stipulation that the Bourbons, and consequently, none that the French nation were to oppose his re-entrance:—here, therefore, there is no substratum for the inference—no *body* from which the *spirit* can effuse. In the second place, were it permissible

to act upon visionary notions about that which is unexpressed, the substance of treaties would be reduced to a dead letter. We should see alliances broken of from hypothetical causes of offence, and wars waged to redress imaginary wrongs. Anarchy and illegality would prevail where nought should reign but order and law, and the great ligaments which unite nation to nation, would be dissolved by the lawless potency of this spiritual interpretation. These reasons, therefore, effectually subdue the allegation, that the abdication was the essential groundwork of the treaty. For the idea is purely fanciful—an idea which is overthrown by its irrelevancy to the provisions of the treaty. Were we to aver that the treaty of AMIENS inferentially excluded the BOURBONS, we should be as strongly fortified by fact as they are who assert, that the return of the EMPEROR was inferentially precluded in the treaty of Paris.

Having thus developed our sentiments on these topics, we shall summarily speak to the second division of the subject—the policy of the English cabinet in restoring the military establishment, on foot during the late war—for the renewal of the property tax, it is said, is amply justified by this measure. Now giving credit, *arguendi causâ*, to the multitudinous reproaches so pleasantly levelled at the EMPEROR of the FRENCH, it is still, we think, too extravagant to proclaim, that relations of peace and amity are incapable of being preserved by that potentate. He is accused of infracting treaties. But if the truth of such an accusation be sufficient to authorize his proscription, it must be equally cogent in regard to others. Certain sovereigns whom we could name, have not been found overweeningly delicate as to the sanctity of treaties. They have made and unmade them among themselves as well as with us, with as much nonchalance and as little compunction of conscience, as can well be supposed becoming persons of their elevated condition. These gentlemen, as far as we have been concerned, have deserved our denunciations, and, according to the principle practically applied to NAPOLEON, ought long since to have been shut out from our fellowship. And thus, by considering breach of treaty incontestable proof of incorrigible perfidy, should we involve ourselves in interminable warfare, and the world be destined to perpetual conflict. If, on the contrary, we bury in oblivion the misdeeds of those individuals, we see not the justice, nor even the plausibility of rejecting NAPOLEON's overtures. But, whatever may be our opinion on the point, insuperable difficulties seem to present themselves in the way of shewing the grace with which England can raise her voice to declare the EMPEROR so extremely faithless, as that his most

solemn acts admit not the slightest confidence.—England who, not fifteen months ago, was present through her representative, at a congress of plenipotentiaries at CHATILLON, for the very purpose of listening to the offers of NAPOLEON, for the very purpose of entering into pacific arrangements with him, for the very purpose of striking a treaty which would have afforded convincing evidence of her disbelief in her own assertions—England, in fine, who, had not Alexander of Russia announced *his* determination not to treat with the EMPEROR, would willingly have subscribed the treaty, and might now perhaps instead of again brandishing the sword, be standing on terms of friendship and alliance with the man whom before she stigmatized with every epithet of opprobrium, denounced as a traitor to his word, and the common deceiver of princes.

From hence it will appear, that we do not coincide with those whose counsels have led to the augmentation of our military force. It is, moreover, our opinion, that situated as the country is, deriving manifold advantages from her insular position, and protected by the strength of her unrivalled navy, it would prove a policy far superior and less onerous to keep up a land armament sufficient only to defend her integrity and independence. And in this opinion we feel powerfully corroborated by the jealousy with which the constitution views not only a standing army, but every increase of the regular forces.

In discussing these momentous themes, we have endeavoured to adhere as closely as possible to facts and arguments, without deviating into vain conjecture, or deserting the path of legitimate reflection. We have been especially careful to avoid expressions which might seem to infer, that we are actuated by motives unworthy or anti-patriotic; and we trust our readers will be impressed with the conviction that, though our reasoning may differ widely from their own, it is yet conducted in a spirit perfectly candid and unimpassioned. Our polar star has been truth; and, if we have not kept within its illumination, the error is ascribable to our defective perception.

We must not conclude without stating succinctly the prominent objections to the tax in question, considered simply as a tax.

Firstly, its *inequality*. It is alleged that the tax is equal, because it exacts from all indiscriminately a uniform proportion of their clear profits. But, until it can be demonstrated that an individual, depending for subsistence on his talents and industry, can make the sacrifice as safely as the landed proprietor, whose estate is continually productive without personal exertion; or that one, whose annual net income is two hundred pounds,

can afford a tithe of that sum with as much convenience as another who enjoys two thousand, we shall be insensible to its boasted equality.

Secondly its *inquisitorial* nature. It is a concomitant inseparable from such an impost, to penetrate the sanctuary of domestic privacy, and bring to light the most secret transactions. For, by what means shall the intended end be fulfilled, if the the commissioners be uninvested with the prerogative of extorting confession, of compelling persons assessed to produce schemes of their respective dealings, and to explain upon oath the minutest item? Surely none. This consideration alone, therefore, furnishes an invincible objection. Such process is directly at variance with the better days of our constitution; and utterly abhorrent to the genuine freedom which is emphatically the birth-right of ENGLISHMEN.

Thirdly, its *enormous increase of the influence of the Crown*.^{*} A tax so inordinately prolific as that upon income, necessarily calls into action a new and incalculable host of agents in the shapes of commissioners, assessors, and collectors. These persons, deriving their offices mediately or immediately from the crown, must, from the most powerful stimulus which animates the human breast, self-interest, and perhaps, from gratitude to their patron, feel an uncontrollable disposition to flatter its propensities, and exhort others to follow their course. This we think is undeniable. And, when we contemplate the numerous ramifications into which the power of the crown diverged, previously to the enactment of the property tax, we do not discern any other conclusion, than that since its institution, that power must have experienced an enhancement, particularly alarming to the liberties of the nation.

The author whose pamphlet has given birth to the foregoing remarks, styles himself, facetiously enough, *a friend to the country*. We do not pretend to say what are his notions of patriotism, but thus much we will observe, that the country stands not in need of many such friends to bring it to perdition. And should it ever be so unfortunate as to lend its support to the plan which he recommends, then may it exclaim in the words of Æneas—

Hic mihi nescio quod trepido male nutren anticus
Confusam eripuit mentem.

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* It will not be deemed strange, we trust, that we mention this incident, when it is recollected that nothing has been done in pursuance of Mr. Fox's famous motion—"the power of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

THEOLOGY.

ART. 7.—*Thoughts on the Probability of our being Known to each other in a Future Life.* 8vo. Pp. 33. J. Johnson. 1815.

HOWEVER speculative the theory of an anonymous writer, his arguments are very imposing. It is, he tells us, believed by a very considerable portion of Christians, that virtuous friendship will be renewed in the life to come; and it will be readily acknowledged that persons holding this opinion have one powerful motive for consolation under the loss of friends, of which others, who have not a similar persuasion, cannot avail themselves. It will also be allowed that such an expectation is not repugnant to reason, but is, at least, as probable as the contrary supposition. The wish for such re-union is natural and innocent; it is closely interwoven with the best feelings of humanity; it harmonizes with our best conceptions of the divine benevolence. Still, he admits, that the utmost powers of the human mind, unassisted by divine communication, have ever been found unequal to the solution of this important question.

“Whether, in a future state, we shall be permitted to enjoy the society of those who have been our friends in this life?” Now, although this expectation has not been positively REVEALED, it is not forbidden by the scriptures. If the language of the New Testament does not directly *express*, it does not *oppose* the idea. On the contrary, it is rather favoured than discouraged by the general tenor of the scriptures.

This little treatise cannot be read without exciting very pleasing emotions, and elevating the mind to a contemplation calculated to render life more happy, and death more welcome to us all.

EDUCATION.

ART. 8.—*An Introduction to Arithmetic, in which the Method of Teaching the Elements of this Science is simplified, and particularly adapted for private Instruction.* By R. VINCENT, Private Teacher of Writing and Accounts, and Inventor of the British Abacus. 8vo. Pp. 104. Key 29. G. and S. Robinson. 1815.

THE Abacus, as invented by Mr. Vincent, proposes to exhibit, at one view, the elements of arithmetic. It is extremely compendious. Addition and subtraction comprehend respectively an intersecting square of 10 by 10. Multiplication and division a similar square from 12 to 12. It is very ingenious; and as the elements of this science are greatly dependant on memory, we in-

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cline to think Mr. Vincent has materially facilitated the means of early acquirement. We shall not decide that the Abacus is equally fundamental with the multiplication table—that will be best understood by elementary teachers of arithmetic—but, whether or not, the very minute and clear explanations with which this work abounds, must necessarily conduce to lessen the dry study of figures. It is, therefore, worthy the attention of the master, and will be agreeable to the pupil.

We have particularly to approve the arrangement adapted by our author which enables his books to be used without the aid of a slate. This mode not only diminishes the labour of the scholar, but it keeps constantly before his eyes the directions of his master; so that it may be said to consolidate progressive acquirement in a way more attractive than the methods generally in use. It also removes any objections that might be urged against the key, given at the end of the work, by rendering the same less difficult of access. We give this elementary treatise, which does not extend beyond the rule of practice, our best wishes.

ART. 9.—*Arthur and Alice, or the Little Wanderer*. Pp. 61. Harris. 1815.

THIS pleasing little tale is well adapted to awaken early curiosity, and to delight the juvenile mind.

ART. 10.—*The Juvenile Atlas*. By THOMAS DIX, North Walsham. Containing Forty-four Maps, with plain Directions for copying them; designed for the Junior Classes. 4to. Darton. 1815.

A WELL arranged elementary compilation. Junior classes may study it with facility and advantage. Geography is a very essential branch of education, and the sooner the taste of the pupil is so directed, the better.

NOVELS.

ART. 11.—*Adelaide, or the Counter-Charm, a Novel*. By the Author of *Santo Sebastiano, or the Young Protector*, &c. 5 vols. Pp. 429, 419, 432, 436, 424. G. and S. Robinson. 1815.

“MUCH ado about nothing.” The character of the heroine probably is outraged to exalt human nature. The Irish domestics, who had served the heroine from her infancy, and are voluntary partakers in her embarrassed fortunes, are well drawn; but this kind of national compliment abounds in every novel.

ART. 12.—*Warwick Castle, an Historical Novel.* By Miss PRICKETT. 3 vols. 8vo. Pp. 209, 238, 293. Baldwin and Co. 1815.

We have seldom read a modern production of this class with so many claims to our favour: Miss Prickett has portrayed her characters so judiciously, that we no sooner become familiar with them, than we are delighted and interested.

The descriptive scenes are drawn in a language evincing so much richness and purity of style, that whenever Miss Prickett may secede from the light imagery of romance to devote her abilities to more serious attraction, her's will be the powers to write and to captivate.

ART. 13.—*Life Smooth and Rough as it Runs.* Pp. 216. Martin. 1815.

A DETAIL of common place incidents, interspersed with remarks, neither displaying talent nor observations, above the pigmy standard of the Minerva press.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 14.—*Advice on the Study and Practice of the Law; with Directions for the Choice of Books: addressed to Attorney's Clerks.* By WILLIAM WRIGHT. Second Edition, enlarged. Pp. 180. Taylor and Hessey. 1815.

IN the preface to this little manual of advice, the author says,—“He solicits correction under errors; he feels how highly he may improve under just criticism, and he will receive it with gratitude: but he must stand excused if he should prove regardless of the censure of persons who condemn a book at once upon slight and superficial inspection, without giving themselves the trouble to examine it, and who make no allowance for the motives which dictated the instruction it contains.”

This is at once modest and manly. It evinces a just sense of the probability of error, without abjectly deprecating exposure; and displays a proper contempt for illiberal strictures, without questioning the equitable dispensations of criticism.

We can assure Mr. Wright, that we have paid an attention to his work, neither “slight” nor “superficial;” and that far from feeling disposed to “condemn” it, we think it deserves considerable approbation. The course of study recommended, is enlightened and comprehensive; the authors selected are highly classical, and rank foremost in their several departments; and the general tenor of the didactic matter bears the stamp of sound judgment and extensive experience. We consider this volume as supplying what has long been a desideratum in a solicitor's office—a judicious plan of theoretical and practical instruction.

If, however, there be any parts which we could wish to see ex-

punged, we should name the chapters on "company" and "exercisa." Of these topics, the former we think too trite, and the latter too frivolous, for notice.

ART. 15.—*Paris Chit Chat; or a View of the Society, Manners, Customs, Literature, and Amusements of the Parisians; being a Translation of Guillaume le Franc Parleur, and a Sequel to L'Hermite de la Chaussee D'Autin.* 2 vols. Pp. 201, 210. Hookham, jun. 1815.

AN entertaining dissertation on the characteristic traits of the French nation, with observations on the present customs and opinions of that people; an occasional display of gasconade, added to a pompous enthusiasm in favour of Louis le Desiré, often excite a smile, which does not however diminish the interest, although it may detract from the good sense of the author.

ART. 16.—*A Letter to William Wilberforce, Esq. M.P. on the Consequences of the unrestrained Importation of Foreign Corn.* By JOHN EDGE, Esq. 8vo. Pp. 84. Longman and Co. 1815.

THE avowed object of this letter is, a laudable effort to reconcile the nation to whatever measures it may have pleased Parliament to adopt—IN ITS WISDOM—on this important question. The author tells us, that what is styled the landed interest of the country, is equally the interest of all classes of the community. The address is mild, sensible, and conciliatory.

ART. 15.—*An Argument and Constitutional Advice for the Petitioners against the Corn Bill.* By JOHN PRINCE SMITH, Esq. Barrister at Law. 8vo. Pp. 44. Sherwood and Co. 1815.

A legal view of a question, no longer important, inasmuch as RIGHT succeeds to MIGHT.

ART. 18.—*Observations on the Diseases of People of Fashion, in which their Causes and Effects are Investigated and Explained; and the most judicious Mode of Treatment, founded on long and ample Experience, recommended: addressed to the Gay, the Dissipated, the Intemperate, and the Sedentary of all Classes.* By M. VENEL, M.D. 8vo. Pp. 24. 1815.

UNDER the impression, that habits, peculiar to fashionable life, generate a nervous system unknown to the less affluent classes of the community, Dr. Venel offers, from his ample experience, simple remedies to prevent the progress to chronic diseases, which often identify with the constitution, and are entailed on posterity. As the proposed regimen will not deprive afflicted persons from engaging in the rational amusements of affluence, we venture to approve the counsel given to the higher orders of society.

ART. 19.—*A Letter to the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews; containing Strictures on the Letters of a Jewish Correspondent. By the Author of "Remarks on David Levi's Disquisitions on the Prophecies respecting the Messiah."* Pp. 31. Gale and Co. 1814.

THE reply of a Jew to "Objections against the Saviour, as the Messiah," does not present itself to us under very imposing auspices. The heathen is converted with more facility than the Jew; we do not, therefore, greatly confide in our advocate.

ART. 20.—*Second Report of the London Society for the Improvement and Encouragement of Female Servants; instituted 1818; with the Rules, List of Subscribers, &c.* 8vo. Pp. 23. Hatchard. 1815.

WE have received this pamphlet from the Committee, to whom we cordially wish every success, in an undertaking founded in benevolence and conducted by liberality. We extract the prospectus.

"While charitable institutions to recover the wicked from the error of their ways are numerous and laudable, few public endeavours have comparatively been made expressly to prevent vice, or to encourage a virtuous behaviour among the inferior ranks of society; yet must it be acknowledged, that such endeavours are duties equally interesting, important, and Christian.

"It is on all hands allowed that our personal tranquillity greatly depends on the good conduct of our domestics: but the paucity of good and respected servants, and the plenty of bad and unhappy ones, are facts constantly acknowledged, and daily lamented. While however we deeply regret these circumstances, we ought not to overlook, or to view without sympathy, the various temptations, and moral dangers, through which most female servants have to pass. If, in every class of society it is found, that 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' surely domestic servants, and especially females, are peculiarly exposed to the accumulating influence of much evil conversation—evil example—and vicious solicitation. Possessing the same common fallible nature with ourselves, and less restrained by circumstances, than persons of higher rank, and better education—far removed from parental observation—and perhaps almost habitually deprived of the weekly means of Christian instruction—servants are certainly liable to imbibe, adopt, and imitate the very worst part of the principles and conduct of the many and various characters with whom, in a succession of services, they must necessarily associate. Hence it happens, that in a multitude of cases, the moral habits of those females, who, through necessity or heedlessness, have frequently changed their situations, become progressively deteriorated. Hence also, many, who began their career of service with the most upright intentions and cheering expectations, have terminated a gradually declining course in the wretched ranks of prostitution; and in

that miserable connection have been the occasion of many burglaries!

"The Society is formed to promote the MORAL and RELIGIOUS improvement of servants—to encourage them to be correct and trustworthy in their conduct, and to abide as long as possible in the same service. By these means, to promote mutual good will and friendship between servants and their employers. Various rewards are proposed for long continued service in the same family; the commencement of which is calculated from the day the subscribers (by letter addressed to the assistant secretary, 10, Hatton-garden) direct the names of such servants to be inserted in the Society's books for that express purpose. But each subscriber of a guinea may annually recommend one servant to receive a Bible or Testament, on her completing her first year's service, provided the subscription has been so long previously made."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOTE.—bd. signifies bound—h. bd. half-bound—sd. sewed. The rest are, with few exceptions, in boards.—ed. signifies edition—n. ed. new edition.

ANTIQUARIAN (the) Itinerary, containing Eighty-three highly-finished Engravings, displaying the ancient Architecture and other Vestiges of former Ages in Great Britain, vol. 1, fc. 8vo.

Bibliotheca Anglo Poetica; or a descriptive Catalogue of a rare and rich Collection of early English Poetry; in the possession of Longman and Co. royal 8vo.

British Lady's Magazine, No. 1, Vol. II. embellished with a beautiful Portrait.

Broughton's (S.D.) Letters from Portugal, Spain, and France, written during the Campaign of 1812, 13, 14, addressed to a Friend in England, describing the leading Features of the Provinces passed through, and the State of Society, Manners, Habits, &c. of the People, with a Plan of the Route from Lisbon to Boulogne.

Browne's (R.) Principles of Practical Perspective, or Scenographic Projection, illustrated by fifty-one plates, royal 4to,

Byron's (Lord) Poetical Works, 4 vols. fc. 8vo.

Calvert's (Robert, M.D.) Reflections on Fever, 8vo.

Catalogue (a) of all Graduates in Divinity, Law, and Medicine, and of all Masters of Arts and Doctors of Music, who have regularly proceeded, or been created in the University of Oxford, between October 10, 1659, and October 10, 1814; to which are added, the Chancellors, High Stewards, Vice-chancellors, and Proctors, from the Year 1659 to 1814; the Burgesses for the University, from 1603 to 1814; and the Matriculations and Regents, from 1701 to 1814. 8vo. in sheets.¹

Catalogue (a) of a Miscellaneous Collection of Books, new and second-hand on Sale, at the Prices affixed by John and Arthur

Arch, 61, Cornhill, including some of the earliest Specimens of Topography, from the Presses of both Foreign and English Printers; also a Collection of Bibliography.

Catalogue (a) of a Miscellaneous Collection of Books in various Languages, on Sale, at the Prices affixed, by W. Gosaling, 308, Oxford-street.

Complete (the) Time-tables, exhibiting at one view the Number of Days from any particular Date exclusively, to every Date inclusively, throughout the Year; upon a Scheme, new, simple, and accurate. By J. G. Pohlman. 8vo.

Edgeworth's (C. Sneyd) Memoirs of the Abbé Edgeworth, containing his Narrative of the last Hour of Louis XVI. post 8vo.

Farre (J. R. M.D.) on the Liver, illustrated by coloured Engravings, Part II. imp. 4to.

Godwin's (Wm.) Lives of Edward and John Phillips, Nephews and Pupils of Milton, including various Particulars of the Literary and Political History of their Times, 4to.

Grainger's (Edward) Medical and Surgical Remarks, 8vo.

Hartstonge's (M. W. Esq.) Ode to Desolation, with some other Poems, 8vo.

Helga, a Poem, in Seven Cantos, with Notes, by the Hon. Wm. Herbert, 8vo.

Historical (the) Remembrancer, or Epitome of Universal History; including a Chronological History of Battles, Sieges, Revolutions, &c. illustrated by a Chart of British and Foreign History. By David Stewart, Esq. 12mo.

History (the) of the Small-pox, by James Moore, with an engraved Frontispiece, 8vo.

Letters from France, written by a modern Tourist in that Country, and descriptive of some of the most amusing Manners and Customs of the French; with characteristic Illustrations from Drawings taken on the Spot. By M. S. 8vo. sd.

Literary and Scientific Pursuits, which are encouraged and enforced in the University of Cambridge, briefly described and vindicated, with various Notes. By the Rev. Latham Wainwright, A.M. F.S.A. 8vo.

Manuel (a) of Instruction and Devotion on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. By the Rev. John Hewlett, B.D. fc. 8vo.

Memoirs of Mr. James H. Wood, late Surgeon, &c. &c. to the Dispensary and Workhouse at Black'urn, Lancashire, who died Dec. 30, 1814, aged Nineteen Years; including his Conversation and happy Death, &c. &c. By the Rev. Thomas Wood.

Missionary (the), a Poem, second ed. with considerable Additions, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

Observations upon the Bulam Fever, the Disease which has of late Years prevailed in the West Indies, on the Coast of America, at Gibraltar, Cadiz, and other parts of Spain, with a Collection of Facts proving it to be a contagious Disease. By William Pym Esq. 8vo.

Philosophic Mouse: a work adapted to render Philosophical Subjects pleasing to Juvenile Minds. By J. Greaves. 12mo.

Political Life of William Wildman, Viscount Barrington: compiled from original papers, by his Brother Shute, Bishop of Durham, royal 8vo.

Poems by Hugh Lawton Esq. royal 4to.

Recent and important National Discoveries of a new System of Farming, Feeding Cattle, &c. at half the usual Expense, by Mr. Drury, late Farmer, 8vo.

Recollections of Italy, England, and America, by M. de Chateaubriand, 2 vols. 8vo.

Rejected Pictures, &c. with descriptive Sketches of the several Compositions, by some ci-devant and other Cognoscenti; being a Supplement to the Royal Academy Catalogue of this Year: to which are added, a few of the secret Reasons for their Rejection; By a distinguished Member of the Hanging Committee, 8vo. sd.

Sacred Sketches from Scripture History, containing Belshazzar's impious Feast, Jephtha, the Translation of Elijah, and other Poems: by Mrs. Henry Rolls, elegantly printed in cr. 8vo.

Series of Questions upon the Bible; for the Use of Families and Young Persons: originally composed for Sunday Schools. By the Rev. Edward Stanley, M.A. 12mo.

Speeches (the) of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, in the House of Commons, 6 vols. 8vo.

System (a) of Land-surveying and Levelling; wherein is demonstrated the Theory with numerous practical Examples, as applied to all Operations either relative to the Land-surveyor, or Civil and Military Engineer. By P. Fleming. Illustrated by twenty-two copper plates, 4to.

Tale for Gentle and Simple. 12mo.

Ten Plain Parochial Sermons on the Doctrines and Dispositions of Christians. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

Thornton's (Rev. J.) Sermons on the most important Doctrines of the Gospel, 12mo.

Treatise (a) on the Breeding, Training, and Management of Horses, with practical Remarks and Observations on Farriery, &c. To which is prefixed, the Natural History of Horses in general, and the Antiquity of Horse-racing in England; together with an Appendix, containing the whole Law relative to Horses, By W. Flint. 8vo.

White Doe of Bylstone, or the Fate of the Nortons: a poem, by Wm. Wordsworth, 4to.

MEMORANDUM.

*** The Editor has the honour to announce his retirement with the close of the present number, on account of the POLITICAL CHARACTER lately assumed by this Review. He will be succeeded by superior talent.

THE
A P P E N D I X
TO THE
First Volume
OF THE
FIFTH SERIES
OF
THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

VOL. I.]

JUNE, 1815.

[No. VII.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ART. I.—DR. SMOLLET.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW, OF ANNALS OF LITERATURE, commenced its publication in January, 1756.

In the plan of this Journal, Smollet, and his literary coadjutors, estimated the duties of the office they had assumed with justice and with moderation. They made strong professions of impartiality and independence, and solemnly promised, that they would revive the true spirit of criticism;—that they would never condemn nor extol, without having first carefully perused the performance;—that they would never act under the influence of connection, or of prejudice;—that they would not venture to criticise a translation without understanding the original;—that they would never wrest the sense, nor misinterpret the meaning, of any author;—that they would not, without reluctance, disapprove even in a bad writer, who had the least title to indulgence;—and, that they would not exhibit a partial and unfair assemblage of the blemishes of any production.

Under these pledges, delicately fostered, criticism flourished in the sunshine of superior talent. Smollet engaged in the arduous task with honest unremitting zeal; and he wrote his ample share, with a skill and taste that proclaimed his judgment, and ensured success.

Such, then, was the FIRST SERIES of our Review; and such, we venture to hope, will be the acknowledged characteristic of its FIFTH SERIES.

APP. CRIT. REV. VOL. I. June, 1815.

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It is true, the public pledge contained in our short address, is not thus lavish in its promised bounties; and, our motives are obvious. We know that the union of talent and education promises much; but we likewise know that it seldom parallels the vigorous mind, the native humour, the felicitous wit, the rich varieties, and the diffusive genius of a Smollet.

The satellites of Jupiter, however, glitter in the presence of that transcendant planet. To be excelled is not to be obscured. With Smollet for our leading star, we will henceforth adventure; and even in the regions of his splendour we will pursue our emulative course of monthly evolutions.

It has been truly affirmed by the biographers of Dr. Smollet, that, of the writers of the present age, eminent for their intellectual endowments, who have reflected honour upon human nature in general, or upon our nation in particular, few will be found more deserving of biographical notice than the object of this compressed narrative. Whether we consider the utility and elegance of his literary composition, the force and vivacity of his mind, or the disinterestedness and independence of his spirit—still the palm of merit blazons on his brow. *Ferat, qui meruit, palmam!*

All who read with feeling will take an interest, and that of the liveliest hue, in details which relate to the lives of those, from whose writings they have been accustomed to derive both pleasure and instruction. We therefore announce, that Smollet was descended from an ancestry, long established residents in the county of Dumbarton, where, throughout the eventful changes of the times, they acquired considerable property, and were advanced to the highest stations in the magistracy, as well as otherwise distinguished by honourable offices in the state.

Tobias George, the youngest son of Archibald Smollet, was born in 1721, at the old house of Dalghurn, near Renton, in the valley of Leven, lying between Loch-Lomond, and the town of Dumbarton.

This valley, in which Smollet drew his first breath, and passed his infancy, is rarely distinguished by nature, in the beauty and sublimity of its surrounding scenery. This abounding imagery, very early in life, appears to have awakened his fancy to poetry; for, by the magic of his youthful pen, the banks of this valley have been metamorphosed into classic ground.

His Ode to Leven-Water is distinguished by delicacy of sentiment, picturesque description, and simplicity of expression. The images are pastoral and pleasing: the numbers correct and harmonious. In short, he celebrates his native stream with the

simplicity of an Arcadian shepherd. Time, however, has changed the rural virtues, occupations, and pastimes of its former inhabitants; who, within these few years, have been gradually retiring from the invading prevalence of manufactures, wealth, and corruption of manners.

In early childhood, Smollet disclosed a lively wit, united with a vigorous understanding; and his amiable mother directed his pursuits to the study of men and manners.

At Dumbarton grammar-school he acquired the rudiments of the classics, exhibiting throughout the progress of his studies, decided proofs of the acuteness of his understanding, the fertility of his imagination, and the independence of his spirit.

From Dumbarton, at a proper period, he removed to the university of Glasgow, where he prosecuted his studies with equal diligence and success, and contracted a predilection for the study of medicine, which induced his friends to apprentice him to Mr. John Gordon, a surgeon of extensive practice, and a man of good sense, integrity, and benevolence.

Speaking of his master—subsequently Dr. Gordon—in the character of Bramble, in his *Humphry Clinker*, Smollet says, “that had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense.”

“Being born,” continues his biographer, “to the prospect of no hereditary riches, and brought up amid scenes which chiefly recalled the memory of warriors and military exploits, he had early imbibed romantic ideas, and expressed a strong inclination for the profession of arms, rather than the profession which sent him.”

‘To wait on pain, and silent arts to urge,
Inglorious.’

But the particular bias which his mind had received from early impressions, was thwarted by his situation: for, his eldest brother having chosen the profession of a soldier, his grandfather prudently discouraged the inclination young Smollet expressed to follow his brother’s example, thinking he should be able to promote their advancement in separate professions more effectually than in the same line.

“During his apprenticeship, he studied anatomy and medicine under the different professors of the university, with sufficient diligence and reputation. These lectures, however, did not engross his whole attention: he found leisure to cultivate the study of general literature, particularly the belles lettres and poetry; and found opportunities, also, of enlarging his knowledge of the

characters of mankind, which afterwards became his favourite study on a larger theatre."

We cannot record those early anecdotes which at this period developed the genius of young Smollet; but the late Mr. Colquhoun, of Camstraddam, informed Mr. Ramsay, that, while at college, he wrote satires on his cousins: and, that Smollet's conversation, though lively, was one continued string of epigrammatic sarcasms against one or other of the company, for which no talents could compensate.

During his studies at the university, he wrote the tragedy, which was afterwards published under the title of "*The Regicide, or James the First of Scotland.*" It is an extraordinary production for so young a pupil in the dramatic school of literature.

In his eighteenth year, young Smollet had the misfortune to lose his grandfather, who had hitherto maintained him respectably: and in the year following he adventured to London, where his tragedy, at the recommendation, as he tells us, of some literary friends, was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men, and, like other orphans, it was neglected.

Although unsuccessful in their efforts to recommend his tragedy to the managers at the winter theatres, his friends succeeded in procuring him the situation of surgeon's mate to a ship of the line, one in the formidable armament about to proceed to Carthage. The ceremony of passing for his warrant is fully described in his subsequent adventures of Roderick Random.

The failure of this expedition Smollet ascribes to the incapacity and misconduct of the commanders,

"The admiral was a man of weak understanding, strong prejudices, boundless arrogance, and overboiling passions. The general, though he had some parts, was wholly defective in point of experience, confidence, and resolution."

At the return of this disgraced armament to Jamaica, young Smollet quitted the service in disgust, and resided for some time on that island, where he became attached to Miss Nancy Lascelles, a beautiful and accomplished native, whom he afterwards married.

In 1746 he returned to London, and practised surgery with the superior advantages of a liberal education, improved by foreign travel, and by the experience he had acquired in the service of the navy. But, however qualified by study, or accom-

plished by practice, his success appears to have been very ill-proportioned to his deserts.

About this period, the rash attempt to restore the House of Stuart to the throne for a while elevated the hopes of the jacobites, and excited the indignation of the loyal people of Great Britain. The accounts circulated in England of the excessive severities practised upon the Highlanders after the memorable battle of Culloden, aroused Smollet's indignation, by offending that *amor patriæ*, which had ever been a cherished feeling in his bosom.

He had been bred a whig, and the sensibility of his heart gave him the feelings of a jacobite. Smarting with the keen sense of his country's wrongs, he expressed his bitter resentment in his pathetic and sublime ode, "The tears of Scotland."

In 1748 Smollet published his *Roderick Random*, which novel was supposed to contain the history of the author's life, under the disguise of fiction—it gained him more reputation than money. In the course of the following year, he took his degree of doctor in medicine, and offered himself a candidate for fame and fortune as a physician; but from what university he obtained this distinction is unknown.

In 1750 he went to Paris to survey the characters of mankind on a new theatre, and soon after wrote his adventures of *Peregrine Pickle*, a work, which certain booksellers took uncommon pains to stifle at its birth. This, like his former work, contained many real characters and incidents; but the most remarkable is the memoirs of *Lady Vane*, the materials for which were furnished to the author by that unfortunate lady, who, in personal charms and in accomplishments, was inferior to no female of her time. Her life, however, exhibits a heart-rending moral to her sex, by delineating the miseries inseparable from misapplication of superior endowments.

Smollet, failing of success in his medical character, retired to Chelsea, where he assumed the profession of an author; in which capacity his genius, learning, and industry, were eminently conspicuous. In him the booksellers found the pen of a ready writer in the path of general literature, comprehending compilation, translations, criticism, and miscellaneous essays. During the progress of his authorship, his political principles were ever unqualified. To the whig administration of Geo. II. he was uniformly, and sometimes indecently, hostile; while his attachment for the tories was unrewarded by the opposition leaders; and the strong enmity he had formerly expressed against theatrical managers, closed the avenues against him, which

might otherwise have conducted him to the most profitable branch of literature.

We do not propose to follow Smollet throughout his literary struggles, or to enlarge on his several works. They are known and appreciated by every reader of literary taste. His translation of *Don Quixote*, in which the character of Sancho Panza is so highly preserved, is irrefragable proof of his having inherited from nature a general fund of original humour; but his talents were versatile as striking: he had a strong sense of ridicule, and a familiarity of style that could adapt itself to every class of composition. He was alternately solemn and lively: he possessed a most inventive genius with a vigorous imagination, and was equally happy in the sarcastic, the burlesque, or the vulgar—rare qualities for a translator of Cervantes.

But we must positively arrest our feelings. The memoirs of Dr. Smollet would occupy a volume with contending interests: his life was greatly chequered by vicissitudes, and his talents depreciated by envy and jealousy; but since his death, his complete *History of England*, with the *Continuation*, has been frequently reprinted, and sometimes in splendid editions; and the metamorphoses of his novels from 24mo. to 8vo. have been too numerous to be particularized. New editions of his travels have been called for, from time to time, and his translations of *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas* have been unceasingly reprinted.

“The true character of Smollet, however, at the present period, when prejudice and partiality have, in great measure, subsided, will be better understood by an account of his life,* than by any laboured comment; yet, as he had the lot to be always more read than applauded, and less applauded than he deserves, it may not be superfluous to attempt to collect into one point of view his most prominent excellencies and defects, and to endeavour, by stating his literary pretensions, and estimating his worth, to ascertain the rank to which he is entitled among the writers of our nation, and to claim for him the respect which is due to his memory.

“In his person and manners, Smollet was fashioned to prepossess all men in his favour; his figure was manly, graceful, and handsome; and, in his air and manner, there was a dignity that commanded respect, joined with a benignity that inspired affection. With the most polished manners and the finest address, he possessed a loftiness and elevation of sentiment and character, without vanity or affectation: his general behaviour bore the stamp of true politeness, the result of an overflowing humanity and goodness of heart.

* Vide the life of Smollet, prefixed to his miscellaneous works, by Robert Anderson, M.D.

“ He was a man of upright principles, and of great and extensive benevolence. The friend of sense and of virtue, he not only embraced, but sought occasions of doing good. He was the reliever of the distressed, the protector of the helpless, and the encourager of merit. His conversation was sprightly, instructive, and agreeable; like his writings, pregnant with wit and intelligence, and animated with sallies of humour and pleasantry.

“ In his opinions of mankind, except when his personal political prejudices were concerned, he was candid and liberal. To those who were above him, he allowed the due superiority; but he did not willingly associate with his superiors, and always with a consciousness of his personal dignity, and with evident indications of pride and reserve. To his equal and inferior he behaved with ease and affability, without the insolence of familiarity, or the parade of condescension.

“ With his amiable qualities and agreeable manners he united courage and independence. In the declarations of his opinions he was open; in his actions he was intrepid; often imprudent. A gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity, or formidable from their rank: no danger could prevent him from saying or doing those things which he conceived in themselves to be right, and in their consequences to be useful to his friends, or his country.

“ He had been bred a whig, and generally adhered to the principles of that party, which suited the independent turn of his mind; but, impressed with a regard for public order and national tranquillity, he maintained a great reserve on the principles of resistance and opposition, amidst acknowledgments of their just foundation, and a sense of the benefits which arise to mankind from their seasonable operation. Regarding liberty as one great basis of national prosperity, he was jealous alike of encroachments on political freedom, and of the abuse of it.

“ He was so far a tory, as to love and revere the monarchy and hierarchy; he was so much a whig, as to laugh at the notions of indefeasible right and non-resistance. He had a sincere love for his country, and a diffusive benevolence for the whole human race. His experience in the world inflamed his indignation against oppression, and his detestation of vice and corruption, in proportion to his love of virtue, and zeal for the public good: and, he thought it no violation of charity to stigmatise fraud, profligacy, and hypocrisy.

“ But, in his support of persons and measures, he sometimes considered only the persons and measures, without taking other objects and relations into the account. He was, more frequently, influenced by personal attachment, and hurried on by present impulse, than guided by comparative views of real advantage, examined by impartial reason. He was too apt to mistake the power of prepossession for the force of conviction. His opposition to

men in power, often, in its warmth, exceeded the importance of the subject. He was, occasionally, misled by a heated imagination, strong resentment, and the mortification of disappointed hope, into bitterness and party violence, long kept alive by the indecent and irritating provocations of triumphal adversaries.

“ Under these impressions, his descriptions, as a historian, were often distorted; and his decisions, as a critic, were sometimes warped by personal prejudice, and expressed in the harsh terms of contempt. He was jealous of his own fame, almost the sole reward of his labours, but he was not envious of that of others. He was easily provoked; but the vengeance he took was public, not circulated in whispers. Whatever end he pursued, he followed with an eagerness that was not necessary to compass it. The defects in his temperament, natural or habitual, made him unprosperous and unhappy. His sensibility was too ardent; his passions were too easily moved, and too violent and impetuous. His disposition was irritable, imprudent and capricious; his candour frequently became incredulity; his liberality often subjected him to deception: his favours were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance, not so much from want of discernment, as from want of resolution—for, he had no fortitude to resist the importunity of even the most worthless and insignificant. He neglected, sometimes, to make use of the acute remarks he has made on the characters and conduct of others. In the domestic relations, his conduct was tender, affectionate, and exemplary. In friendship, he was ardent and steady; and the cordial esteem of his friends and acquaintance is an honourable testimony to his moral and social character; but in the latter part of his life, he sometimes very feelingly bewailed the neglect and ingratitude he had experienced, in consequence of the mistaken connections he had formed, and to which every man of warm attachments will be exposed. He was known, however, to no man by whom his loss was not sincerely regretted.

“ In the practice of physic, for want of suppleness, application, and perseverance, he never was eminent. As an author, he was less successful, than his happy genius and acknowledged talents certainly deserved. His connections were extensive, his friends numerous and respectable. He was intimately acquainted with the most eminent of his literary and poetical contemporaries; he was respected by the world as a man of superior talents, wit, and learning, and had rendered himself serviceable to men in power; but he never acquired a patron among the great, who, by his favour or beneficence relieved him from the necessity of writing for a subsistence. Booksellers may be said to have been his only patrons; and, without doubt, he made a great deal of money by his connections with them, and had he been a rigid economist, he might have lived and died very independent. He was not of that turn of mind which disposes men to become rich, and probably could not have made a fortune in any situation of life. But his

difficulties, whatever they were, proceeded not from ostentation, or from extravagance. He was hospitable, but not ostentatiously so: his table was plentiful, but not extravagant. An irritable and impatient temper, and a proud, improvident disposition, were his greatest failings. In alleviation of his defects, let it be remembered, that a composed and happy temper, a heart at ease, and an independent situation, the most favourable circumstances perhaps to an author's fortune, was not the lot of Smollet. With a necessary indulgence of his frailties and errors, and making due allowance for a spirit cramped by a narrow fortune, wounded by ingratitude, and irritated by the malignant shafts of envy, dullness, and profligacy, it would be difficult to name a man so respectable for the extraordinary powers of his genius, and the generous qualities of his heart.

The predominant excellencies of his mind were fertility of invention, vigorous sense, brilliant fancy, and versatile humour. His understanding was quick and penetrating; his imagination, lively; his memory retentive; and, his humour original. In the course of his literary career he had written variously and much. His writings must be allowed as proofs of a versatility, as well as fecundity of talents, not to be disputed, and perhaps seldom or never exceeded by any writer in the same period of years.

"In extent and variety of science and erudition he has been surpassed by many; but he shews in his compositions, that he was intimately acquainted with Greek and Roman literature, and had studied with success the various branches of modern learning. He had an extensive knowledge, not only of physic and the arts and sciences, but in moral and political philosophy, in ancient and modern history, in the laws and institutions of Europe, and, in the constitution and government of his own country.

"But, the principal subject of his deliberate enquiry was the human character; and, in his literary progress, the representation of life and manners was his principal object. Man he surveyed with the most accurate observation. His understanding acute and vigorous, was well fitted for diving into the human mind; he had a strong sense of impropriety, and a nice discernment, both of natural and moral beauty and deformity. His humour, lively and versatile, could paint justly and agreeably what he saw in absurd or ludicrous aspects. He possessed a rapid and clear conception, with an animated, unaffected, and graceful style.

"With much simplicity, he has much purity, and, is at the same time both forcible and copious. His observations on life, are commonly just, strong, and comprehensive; and, his reasoning generally sound and conclusive. His perceptions of beauty and deformity are vivid and distinct, his feelings ardent, his taste correct. His satire is prompt and natural, yet keen and manly. His humour, though lively and pungent, is not perhaps equal in strength and elegance to that of Congreve and Swift. In chastity and elegance it is inferior to that of Addison, but equal in purity

and moral tendency to that of his contemporary Fielding. It is poignant, sprightly, variegated, and founded in truth; it successfully exposes hypocrisy, impropriety, and such vices as are objects of ridicule. To trace the latent sources of human actions, and to develop the various incongruities of conduct arising from them, was the favourite bent of his mind; and, in describing objects of this kind, whether in the way of fabulous narration, or dramatic composition, he is so peculiarly happy, that as a natural and humorous painter of life and manners, he has reflected the highest honour on the place of his nativity, and must even be considered by his country among the first of her sons in literary reputation."

To conclude—During a residence in Italy, Smollet published, in 1771, his *Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, in three volumes 12mo; in which, under the character of Matthew Bramble, whimsically fretful and misanthropic, he humourously represented his own failings.

This was his last publication. A life of labour, of honourable industry, and of many difficulties and disappointments was now drawing to a close. He lingered through the summer, during which his strength gradually failed him; but he retained his lively humour, his fortitude, and his composure to the last. He died on the 21st of October, 1771, in the 51st year of his age. A plain monument is erected to his memory by his disconsolate widow, on which an admirable inscription, by his friend Dr. Armstrong, is modestly engraven,

HISTRIONIC SKETCHES.

ART. II.—KEMBLE AND TALMA.

THESE gentlemen we understand to have been contemporary students at the Jesuits College; and, to the enlightened instructions of that, then, pre-eminent academy, they stand indebted for the superiority of their classical endowments.

In their riper years, whatever else the wishes of their friends, each appears to have been devoted by taste to the attainment, and by assiduity to the perfection of, the dramatic art. And yet, nature has very partially assisted their ambition. Mr. Kemble's person is noble—M. Talma's is almost diminutive; but each presents us with a bust, so truly Roman, that it might serve a statuary for a model.

Talma's features are rigidly marked; but his eyes are so quick, and so piercing, that they diffuse variety, and apparent flexibility, throughout his countenance. Kemble's animated features are exclusively adapted to a delineation of all the loftier passions of the soul. Talma's voice is rich, even mellifluous, yet it is susceptible of all that heroic climax, which the poetry of Voltaire exacts from the declaimer. Kemble's voice is, altogether, unmusical; still, it is so obedient to his art, that it electrifies in Carionianus, and subdues in Cato.

In the former character, we never behold Kemble. It is the SPIRIT of the proud, inflexible, imperious Hero of Coriolanus that commands our admiration.

In Cato, we see all the milder passions of the human heart expressed in chaste declamation, exclusively, the province of a scholar and a gentleman.

Shakespeare, in his poetry, pursues gradation of feeling; and, the sublimity of his pathos is exquisitely shaded by delicacy and grace. Voltaire, on the contrary, is impetuous; his delineations of the human mind are conceived with gigantic vigour: they are imperative,—never insinuating. But, in one essential excellence, the genius of these two great actors assimilates. We mean, in what is termed the bye-play of the piece.

Talma, released from the fetters of his author, is eloquent in silence. He unfolds his natural sensibility: he freely displays a masterly acquaintance with the minutest affections of the heart. To substantiate Kemble's perfection on this head, we will merely direct our reader's attention to his Cato, when the approaching bier, announced by muffled drums, advances with the dead body of his son.

Here Mr. Kemble surpasses all expectation. To his obedient features, he communicates the sterner virtue of the Roman father; but, during the solemn pause of the procession, while Stoicism is firmly stamped on his expressive countenance, we discover the inward workings of a parent's sorrows. His bosom heaves with repressed, yet violent emotion. Every sinew of his bare neck swells almost to bursting—the conflict is agonizing—he is nearly suffocated by nature; till, at length, the Roman triumphs; and, with an air of exultation, turning to view the corse, Cato exclaims: "Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!"

Talma, however, is the idol of the French stage; and we have seen Kemble, lately, in his best characters at almost empty benches. The French are said to be light, puerile, and fantastic, in all their pursuits. What shall we say of the English,

who run after every trifling gewgaw, with as much eagerness, as Peter Pindar tells us Sir Joseph Banks pursued the "Emperor of Morocco."

Popinjays!—who, for the capricious indulgence of an ephemeral novelty, with their eyes wide open, relinquish every pretension to truth, taste, judgment, or feeling!

ART. III.—MR. KEAN.

WE speak of this popular performer alone. Fashion has placed him on an eminence, from which he is taught to look down on his contemporaries, and to smile contemptuously on all who arrogantly aspire to rival his supremacy. We do not say this, in disrespect to Mr. Kean; it is not his fault: let him, however, remember, that he who is suddenly exalted by caprice, may, as suddenly, fall—even beneath his own level.

That Mr. Kean possesses an active, untutored genius, we are desirous to admit; but, we deny that he possesses judgment to model its course. His great forte is originality; and, originality of conception, united with grandeur of action, are powerful theatrical attributes. But to what object is this talent directed? To new readings of Shakespeare, by a very young man, whose life, like that of Silvester Daggerwood, has been devoted to the enaction of every species of dramatic mummery, from Alexander the Great to Harlequin, in a petty provincial theatre.

Persons accustomed to look through false optics, and flattered in their delusion, seldom like to peep into the mirror of truth. We do not, now, hold it up "to wound, but to amend."

Not to be diffuse in our retrospect, we will select Garrick from the old school, and enquire what were his deficiencies in the reading of Shakespeare. Dramatic critics tell us, he was a scholar, a wit, a gentleman; and so peculiarly gifted by nature, that he was, equally, the chaste representative of tragedy and of comedy.

May we not therefore presume he could read Shakespeare as well as Mr. Kean? We will put the latter to the test.

We well remember being half killed, in crowding to the third row of the pit, on Mr. Kean's debut in Hamlet. It was the first time we had seen him; and the impresssion, at his appearance, was indeed unfavourable. His approach was not marked with the deep-toned melancholy of the Danish prince; but, with an air of shrewd suspicion, which the vivid glances of his inquisitive eyes proclaimed to be the ruling action of his mind. But this novelty was soon lost in others equally absurd; till, in

his scene with Ophelia, where he rudely desires her to retire to a nunnery, he suddenly arrested his hurried exit; and, in a solemn pace, returned to kiss the lady's hand.

It is not easy to describe the pealing applause that almost without ceasing thundered through the house. It now vibrates on our ears. What shall we say? In candour we will admit, that the treatment Ophelia receives in this scene, from Hamlet, is always repulsive to our finer feelings; but we went to see the illustration of Shakespeare's text: and the propriety of this, as it were unpremeditated tenderness, is contradicted by the subsequent speech from the king, on quitting his concealment with Polonius.*

If, therefore, this new reading were agreable, it was evidently unclassical. We will not speak of the person and accomplishments attributed by our immortal poet to his Hamlet; for Mr. Kean's physical deficiencies are not the objects of our criticism: but we will say, that all the sublime soliloquies in Hamlet, require the polished declamation of a scholar; and, that a prince should always bear the outward and visible characteristics of a gentleman. In this reasonable expectation, however, we were much disappointed, particularly in the grave-scene.

Mr. Kean's fencing has been loudly applauded. But we were taught by the late Angelo, that safety ought never to be sacrificed to grace; and Mr. Kean's attitudes constantly exposed him to danger—his *allongement* is much beyond the power of recovery. But, then, he dies so admirably! —Granted.

In Richard, Mr. Kean has a more natural scope for his abilities. His countenance is peculiarly susceptible of great variety, and his eyes are irresistible. The meaner passions of human nature are best suited to his talents. His hypocrisy is admirable; but, when Richard is divested of all art, and appears towards the close of the play in his natural character—the brave, lofty, and desperate tyrant, is lost in insignificance. Mr. Kean has no skill in dignity.

In Iago, he is too much the barefaced villain. Even the confiding, generous, noble minded Othello, must have been wrought into suspicion by perfidy so glaring. In Othello, he wants every attraction. The magnanimous Moor displays his virtues in grandeur. The beautiful Desdemona, full of her sex's softness, yet capable of fortitude, could never have fallen in love with such a black man as Mr. Kean.

* King. "Love!—his affections do not that way tend;
For what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness——"

On Macbeth we shall be silent; it is an effort of temerity which, we presume, nothing but blind popularity could ever induce Mr. Kean to attempt; but of Romeo we will say a few words.

We are told in panegyrics, laboured through whole columns of the daily press, that in this character Mr. Kean surpassed himself. He gave *new* beauties to his Romeo—he was, forsooth, a heroic lover.

Monstrous idolatry! Romeo—the pretty, whining, romantic, love-sick Romeo—a heroic lover! “O, tell it not in Gath; nor publish it in the streets of Askalon!” These are, indeed, new readings with a vengeance!

Luke is, unquestionably, Mr. Kean’s best performance. Like the M‘Sycophant of Cooke, it seems to be altogether his own. In that character, he may be tame with servility, and imperious without nobility—No one will even ask him to look like a gentleman.

ART. IV.—MRS. SIDDONS AND MISS O'NEILL.

WE do not class these ladies in obedience to our own judgment; but, in compliment to the host of critics who have made it, daily, fashionable so to do. We are not, thank God! so destitute of common sense, as to compare a young novice, whatever her promise, with a retired actress inimitable throughout a long series of dramatic excellence. But, independently of this consideration, we would not do it, because, no two human beings, appearing in the same characters, can possibly display more distinct talents.

Mrs. Siddons possesses a mind which “towers above her sex.” She is the personification of nature—not with its ordinary attributes—but, arrayed in all the loftier energies and commanding passions. Her’s, is not simplicity ornamenting the witchery of youth and loveliness; but, it is a majestic fortitude of the mind, swaying a despotic sceptre over the tributary feelings. A twin mould formed her brother for Coriolanus, and herself for Constance, Lady Macbeth, and Queen Katharine.

Never, we trust, will the good sense of Miss O'Neill, willingly, tempt her to these scenes. She is mild without insipidity; gentle, yet dignified: full of overflowing tenderness, yet full of captivating modesty. With her, the ardour of a wife’s embrace is more fervent than we have ever witnessed on the stage; but it is so chaste—so purely the divine impulse of con-

jugal tenderness, predominating in every fibre of her heart, and glowing in every feature of her face, that the most sentimental prude may gaze—admire—applaud!

In *Isabella*, memory so clings to the unfading triumphs of *Mrs. Siddons*, we almost shrink from the indulgence of a hope, that the character could be revived with any pretension to success. Yet—it has been revived; and in a way that must, also, leave its indelible impression.

Miss *O'Neill's* superiority is confined to two scenes. That, in which she kneels to implore protection for her boy, from his unnatural paternal grandfather—Heavens! what a picture she exhibits of maternal worth!—And, that in which she fully recognizes *Biron*; when in the frenzy of her joy she forgets, for the moment, that she has a second husband.

But, in her address to the ring, where *Mrs. Siddons* was accustomed to paralyze—where she aroused insensibility, and dimmed the vision of her agonized audience, Miss *O'Neill* restrains her passions within their native bounds; and, by not presuming, charmed!

Isabella, however, is not an ordinary woman. We turn to *Mrs. Beverly*: and, in so doing, we will make one or two preparatory observations.

There are certain delusions in the scenic art, so operative in their magic, that sober judgment yields, for the evening, to their potent influence. Of this description, was the *Lady Teazle* of Miss *Farren*. It was impossible to gaze on her highly finished drawing of a woman of fashion, without forgetting her ladyship was a mere rustic beauty, just transplanted from obscurity into the regions of *haut-ton*. Her graceful manners, and accomplished smile, threw an oblivion over the country Miss, whose elegant amusements had been confined to “a game at put with the curate—combing her aunt *Deborah's* lap dog—and drawing patterns for ruffles she had not materials to make up.”

When *Mrs. Dickons*, in the *Beggar's Opera*, electrifies her audience with a brilliant display of contending science and execution, we forget the simple ballad that *Gay* destined for a jailor's daughter. And; when *Mrs. Siddons* gave heroism to the character of the unassuming *Mrs. Beverly*, she invariably cheated us of every effort at criticism.

But, who is the *Mrs. Beverly* of Miss *O'Neill*? She is the exemplary wife drawn by the author; and nature has peculiarly enriched Miss *O'Neill* with talents for the delicate representation. Her voice, in its lower tones, is as clear and distinct as that of *Mrs. Siddons*; but, it is deficient in that lady's depth

and boundless capacity. Happily, the latter endowment is not essential to Mrs. Beverly.

Miss O'Neill's countenance is beautiful; and susceptible only of the passions of love and grief—but, then, Mrs. Beverly's attractions are wholly independent of the fire of Mrs. Siddon's eye, the grandeur of her disdain, or the heart-rending variations of her authoritative features. Mrs. Siddon's tyrannized over our passions—Miss O'Neill simply steals our hearts.

We could linger with enthusiasm on every scene of this play. At the opening, we behold a female characterized by all the softer allurements of her sex. A young, lovely, and ill-fated wife, bred in accomplishment, nurtured in affluence, and familiar with all the elegancies of life, yet self divested of the pageantries of distinction, and clad in a humility proportioned to her fallen fortunes. Proud, *ONLY*, in her firmly rooted attachment to a desperate husband, she clothes her lovely countenance in smiles; and, with persuasive vivacity, advocates that beloved husband's cause with his offended sister. The sweetness of her voice, the elegance of her manners, and the ensemble of her lady-like appearance are, in themselves, enough to captivate the most fastidious; but, when a chastened taste, refined judgment, and exquisite sensibility, combine, with these minor accomplishments, to stamp unvarying excellencethroughout her arduous struggles, admiration yields to perfect wonder.

Miss O'Neill's affections are boundless; and her grief is marked by tears and sobs that spring from the heart, giving to this interesting detail of domestic woe, a momentary reality never before so forcibly acknowledged. All her dying scenes are overwhelming. Her hysteric laugh and her suffocating convulsions admit of no description—they wholly subdue the audience.

ART. V.—MRS. DAVISON AND MISS WALSTEIN.

Mrs. Davison, when Miss Duncan, made her debut on the London boards, at a moment very unfavourable to her real pretensions. The charm of novelty had scarcely marked her appearance, ere the Roscious-mania swept away all attraction save its own. When the public recovered their senses, Miss Duncan, therefore, was a veteran performer.

We do not propose to attach any very superior excellence to this lady's performance; but we take delight in doing justice to the talents she unquestionably possesses. These consist in a compound of the fine lady and the romp. We have sat, with great pleasure, to see her in characters peculiar to Miss Farren;

and, in others, peculiar to Mrs. Jordan: and although she does not reach the merits of either, she ever commands attention, and ensures applause. We know not why, but the managers do not always place this lady to advantage. We have seen her, however, in Letitia Hardy, which we think her element.

In this character we propose to speak of Miss Walstein. 'It is a great misfortune to any debutante, to come before a London audience with a flattered reputation. Miss Walstein has long reigned Lady Paramount on the Dublin stage, and probably expected equal admiration here. But she has been disappointed. We saw her first in Letitia Hardy, and considered her countenance better adapted to tragedy than to comedy. She wants youth in this character; but Mrs. Jordan has taught us not to consider that a legitimate qualification. Let us, therefore, confine ourselves to acting.

It appears to us, that the hoyden scene should be characterized by an apparent naïveté—a rustic simplicity—occasionally enlivened by flashes of native sensibility. Doricourt tells us “of the fire of the idiot’s eyes.” This Miss Walstein has mistaken. Her volubility is coarse; her vivacity, boisterous; and her country wit, vulgar.

At the masquerade, where the *travelled* Doricourt is enslaved by the personal graces, poignant wit, and eloquent accomplishments, of a mask, we expect to see those captivations which he so rapturously describes.

Again, Miss Walstein is mistaken. Her talents and manners are decidedly above mediocrity; but the latter are displayed in studied attitude, instead of intuitive grace.

When dressed for conquest, her figure appeared to advantage: but we cannot be satisfied with artificial allurements, when we look for positive fascination. She wanted sentiment in describing what she would be to the man of her heart; and, at the critical moment of removing her mask, she did not evince that fluttering sensibility which ought to be inseparable from the most momentous action of Miss Hardy’s life. We pen this critique with reluctance, as we think Miss Walstein will always be a respectable actress, provided she do not attempt to climb too high. She has since been more successful in Jane Shore, and we congratulate her with sincerity.

We cannot close this article, without noticing Mrs. Davison’s Juliana. Elliston and herself are worthy each other in the Honey Moon.

ART. VI.—YOUNG AND RAE.

As we name these gentlemen more in the way of respect, than of criticism, our remarks will be brief.

Mr. Young and Mr. Rae closed their juvenile studies with the well earned reputation of scholars. Indeed, so liberal were their classical attainments, either might have, honourably, adventured a candidate for fame and fortune in any of our learned professions. But taste directed their views to a career less eminently classed, although certainly not less arduous.

Mr. Young, by a steady pursuit of dramatic laurels, has long been a rising favourite with the judicious amateur. In Cassius he is the noble rival of Kemble's Brutus: each is a shade to the others merit; and justice almost poises the scale between the fiery and the philosophic Roman.

Mr. Rae has been far less fortunate, yet equally emulative. His genius, we admit, was permitted to dawn at Drury Lane; and his Hamlet, his Othello, his Jaffier, his Romeo, deservedly excited general applause in a delighted audience. But his sun had not well risen in the theatric hemisphere, when it was adventitiously eclipsed. A comet appeared!—the managers hailed this new luminary; and, in the zeal of their subsequent worship, they have forgotten, that—

“Not all that tempts the wondering eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize—
Nor all that glisters—gold!”

Thus, the hopes of Mr. Rae actually bloomed and perished with the little hour that had fostered them!

We no longer behold him in those characters which are peculiar to his talents. The managers no longer appear to appreciate his worth; and he seems doomed to be the victim of popular infatuation.

Let it, however, be remembered, that every liberal and candid critic will persist to maintain, that Mr. Rae possesses pure taste, sound judgment, and correct delivery, ornamented by a good person, appropriate action, and gentlemanly deportment. With these advantages, he is gifted for the personation of Romeo; in which character he is unrivalled by his contemporaries, even though he do not, with coldly mechanical calculation, “measure out his grave” like any city undertaker.

E.

LAW REPORTS.

ART. VII.—CRIM. CON.

SHERIFF'S COURT, BEDFORD STREET, DECEMBER 10, 1814.

The Earl of Roseberry, v. Sir H. Mildmay.

WE do not select this cause as a celebrated law decision, but as a celebrated record of high-born depravity. Not, again, because it is a crim. con. action; for adultery is too fashionably prevalent to give it importance as a vice: but because this action is strongly marked with more than ordinary atrocity. The adúlteress was sister to the defendant's lately deceased wife.

The plaintiff, a nobleman of ancient creation, in the northern part of the kingdom, married, in the year 1808, the eldest daughter of the Hon. B. Bouverie; a lady of the most exquisite beauty and accomplishments, and scarcely in her eighteenth year.

My Lord and Lady Roseberry lived together in perfect harmony. Their union was blest with four children—two sons and two daughters; and her Ladyship's conduct was that of an exemplary wife and mother, until seduced from the paths of rectitude by Sir Henry Mildmay.

It would appear, that the relationship by marriage, by uniting the two families in the strictest bonds of friendship, had peculiarly given to Sir Henry and to Lady Roseberry those opportunities which they so fatally employed to the destruction of their own honour, and the eternal peace of mind of the too confiding, honourable Lord Roseberry.

Public curiosity has been so much excited by this discovery, that we should deem it intrusive to enter into a minutiae of detail. Suffice it to say, that Lady Roseberry, now only twenty-four years of age, had not been educated according to the fashionable system of voluptuous accomplishment; but was reared by a father, more distinguishable for the possession of every virtue that can elevate and adorn human nature, than for his high descent. Sir Henry is not more than twenty-seven years of age, and made his visits through a window to the lady's bedchamber, where he was eventually detected by Mr. Primrose, in the garb of a common sailor, with his beard unshaven. In this base disguise he was dismissed by the way he had entered.

On the defence, Mr. Brougham, with great eloquence, deplored the melancholy event which occupied the attention of the

court, forbearing to glance the slightest imputation on the truly honourable character of my Lord Roseberry. The letters that passed between the guilty parties were not only romantic, but amorous beyond the bounds of delicacy. The disgraced pair now cohabit in France.

From this brief statement we will draw a few reflections on adultery. It is a crime which in its commission displays a variety of shades. Some *well-bred* husbands will not see the vices of their wives; and, notwithstanding the infamy is notorious, that my lady entertains her cecibé, and that my lord keeps his Opera dancer, yet the fashionable world is not so prudish as to brand the wife with dishonour, when the husband appears to approve her conduct. This is the *delicacy* of refined principles, and an *amiable* proof of highly polished manners.

These accommodating *hautontiadés* do not interfere with each others pleasures. They politely live together in the same house, eat at the same table, and are patterns of conjugal felicity.

"Nothing," says Joseph Surface, "makes a lady so indifferent to the opinions of others, as a consciousness of virtue." One little faux-pas, on the other hand, will make her so sensitive in appearances, that her amours often continue unexposed even to her family. But as repeated security will sometimes lull caution to a momentary sleep, and notwithstanding detection follow, what is the result? One species of man of honour resorts to the courts, and receives his damages, in full compensation of a worthless wife. It is a nine days wonder! If a duel be the consequence, no matter—the recollection is soon lost in some other novelty.

A divorce obtained, sometimes the guilty parties intermarry: the adulteress is made an honest woman: she is restored to society. What, if a lady desert a young family of beautiful children! will her second marriage lull to peace the pangs of outraged nature? Yes—ambition will calm these uninvited whisperings, when her infamy has elevated her to the rank of a Countess; and, still more so, when it creates her a Duchess. On the passing of the divorce bill, the exalted wanton goes to church—not in the penance of a white sheet, but in the magnificence of a French lace robe, attended by bridesmaids, displaying, like herself, the emblems of purity around their *outward* persons: while, in that sacred edifice, before the altar, and in the presence of her offended God, the unblushing adulteress DARES, with perjured lips, to breathe new vows from a sullied and a corrupted heart!

That a Countess, or a Duchess, may chance to feel the sting

of these remarks, we do deplore—but example does not originate with us: we borrow it from others.

From these right honourable sinners, we will turn to another species of husband: previously, however, let us consider marriage both as a divine and human institution.

Marriage, the sacred ordinance of the Almighty, is a covenant pledged at the altar, by which the human race is increased and multiplied, and the casualties and infirmities of humanity are soothed by the endearing ties of reciprocal affection. In its civil acceptation it is the bond of society. It is a moral union of the sexes, by which domestic felicity is insured, and worldly wealth is handed down uninterruptedly to posterity.

In civilized states it is the reward of virtuous love, and gives a chastened rapture to purified desire. With the softer sex it unfolds the noblest energies of the human mind in the progressive duties of daughter, wife, and mother. To man, it is the cheering solace of his labours. His avocations in an active profession fulfilled, the fatigues of the day are forgotten in the charms of his domestic fire-side. His wife is his treasure—his children his joy. They form a family compact within themselves, in which each has an allotted part. The harmony thus preserved is beautiful. Reared in virtuous principles, they feel their dependence on their Maker. Religion mingles with their enjoyments. In prosperity, they are grateful for the blessings they possess. In adversity they are resigned, and bow with patient fortitude before the chastening hand of Providence.

In barbarian societies marriage still preserves its virtuous attributes. It represses illicit appetite; it calls forth parental affection; and it goads even the indolent to make provision for their offspring.

All this, however, is rather the INSTITUTION, than the RESULT of marriage. In proportion as civilization refines, licentiousness increases in every polished state. The occupations, amusements, studies, and accomplishments, of the fashionable world teem with dormant provocatives to inflame highly educated sensibility. Learning, the arts, the sciences, all have their share in vitiating the heart. Indeed, some of the brightest ornaments of our literary schools disseminate concealed poison throughout the most brilliant efforts of the human understanding. Pope is celebrated for his *Eloise to Abelard*; Voltaire for his *Pucelle d'Orleans*; Rousseau for his *Nouvelle Heloise*; Goëthe for his *Werther*. These, and many others we could name, seduce the mind, by leading the heated imagination to forbidden indulgences. The arts and sciences unveil the mysteries of nature; and the fashionable accomplishments and

dress of the day remove whatever little barrier may be left for the protection of native modesty.

Hence it is that marriages become a hateful bond. Voluptuousness lights her torch at the shrine of Hymen; but when satiety succeeds, the roving heart pursues some new enjoyment. And when an honourable husband, too late, discovers that he has given his affections, and linked his fate with a woman mentally depraved, although corporeally virtuous, how shall his high-minded sense of honour provide for the continuance of such unstable chastity? It is an agonizing doubt; and the best concerted precautions are feeble instruments of safety. If he protect his wife by being the constant companion of her pleasures, he is ridiculed as a jealous monster: if he leave her to solitary pursuits, and temptation follow, he is censured as a conniving husband. What a task has he to undertake! He must protect the wife, whose beauty has enamoured him, whose accomplishments enslave him, whose virtuous wishes are his primary law. She is the mother of his beauteous children. Yet does she stand upon a precipice, from which her own frailty and the villany of others may, alas! too soon, hurl this adored object to perdition. What step shall he pursue to avert this evil?

To-day his heart bounds in the fulness of his felicity. He possesses a jewel, compared with which the treasures of the East would lose their lustre. To-morrow the seducer comes, and with him all the ills of mental torment. The estrangement of his wife's affections becomes too obvious to be misconceived. She receives his tenderest cares with coldness—his chastened endearments with disgust: his honour is blasted—his happiness is wrecked—his home is his dungeon—his former bliss becomes his present bane! His heart shuts itself up in solitude, and withers—he dies a living death!

Perhaps he may appeal to the law. Alas! what relief can that afford him? Will it pour balm into his afflicted bosom? Will it heal his wounded honour? No!—he cannot estimate his loss by arithmetic, or state the sum total of his miseries by the cold rules of calculation. He scorns so base a compromise; and hurries from the court, with contempt written on his brow, and indignation boiling in his heart.

Now let us pursue the weaker criminal awhile. Immorality, we will presume, has not assumed a sovereignty over conscience. In a moment of delirium she sank impulsively into the arms of a villain. Her mind did not consent, but her passions controlled her better judgment—passions, not the native inhabitants of her constitution; but passions artificially created by an indulgence in fashionable customs. What is to be expected

from the prudence of a girl just bursting upon the world, in the delicious bloom of sixteen maturing summers, who, from the dangerous impressions of her private studies, repairs, in all the vanities of revealed beauty, to the fascinations of the ball room? There she waltzes with an elegant youth; and, as she repeats the *mazy round*, her whirling head and wildly-throbbing bosom unconsciously resign her almost naked person to the fervent embrace of her too dangerous partner. They are so united by the dance, that he almost inhales the language issuing in broken sighs from her voluptuous lips: the pressure of his surrounding arms communicates infection; and she retires from the delights of the evening full of new, but imperative wishes.

What can be expected from such a system of education? What, but the fate of the beautiful and accomplished Lady Roseberry, although, as we have stated, her ladyship has not this plea for her frailty!

Now to the catastrophe. The guilty hour of rapture flown, the veil of delusion drops. The unhappy culprit begins to think of her husband. She ponders on his faithful attachment—his smiles of love—his anticipation of her wishes—his watchful tenderness over her slightest indisposition—his animated joy at her recovery. She sighs for her little innocent, forsaken children. Never—never—will she see them more. They advance, in her imagination, to womanhood. They are orphans; for the infamy of their mother hurried their father to a premature grave!—

Maddening vision! shall she implore her husband's forgiveness? Impossible! Shame forbids the rash attempt. Well, then, she is firmly linked to eternal disgrace. The arms of her paramour are her only protection from the bitter scorn of an unfeeling world. We will pursue this picture no longer. Jane Shore now stands before us in the last agonies of life, and we tremble at our own reflections.

Lastly, to the seducer. In what language shall we pourtray his crime? In this world the glittering illusions of fashion may preserve him from the horrors of habitual despair; but, at that thrice dreadful hour, when the soul is about to quit its mortal tenement, and to appear before an all just God, where are his hopes?

Let us not be censured as the stern reviewers of fashionable* morality; for, in this our lesson, we are the friends of the rising generation. May our admonition be impressive! E.

* Consult Gibbon, vol. viii. p. 57 to 70.—Jacob's Law Dictionary, art. Adultery.—Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. iv. pp. 64, 65, 191.—Sale's Koran, vol. i. pp. 55, 56, 90, 91, 93, 129.

THE BELLES LETTRES.

ART. VIII.—*Cours de Belles Lettres. Par J. G. DUBOIS FONTANELLE, Ancien Professeur de Belles Lettres à l'école centrale du Département de L'Isère, Professeur d'Histoire, Doyen de la Faculté de Lettres de l'Académie de Grenoble, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque Publique, et Membre de la Société des Sciences et des Arts de la même Ville. Tom. 4. Pp. 467, 444, 355, 835. A Paris, chez G. Dufour.—IMPORTED, De Boffe, Soho. April, 1815.*

NATURE is the unerring model of Art; Truth is the chaste associate of Nature; and Taste is their graceful handmaid.

The belles lettres, critically defined, are the arts of thinking, speaking, or writing, with purity, correctness, and elegance; but in their more comprehensive form they are embodied with the sciences. It is their province to strew flowers in the paths of genius, and to decorate the sombre avenues of elaborate research.

The ardours of science unfold the previously impenetrable mysteries of nature; but it is the belles lettres that allure study with a delicacy of persuasion, which gives enthusiasm to sensibility, and dissipates the terrors of obscurity. The properties of the latter, indeed, are still more extended: they unite with the precepts of academic philosophy.

Grace and harmony are by no means independent of the most sublime efforts of the human understanding. Poetry cannot captivate the senses without profound ideas; it may please in vivid flashes of fancy, but classical imagery flows solely from a highly cultivated mind. The precious quality of the diamond originates in the mines: its diffusive brilliancy, however, is reflected by the polish of the artist. Hence the ancients taught the belles lettres to elicit lustre from philosophy. Empidocles, Epicharmes, Parmenides, and all the celebrated Greeks, embellished the sciences with the belles lettres, and both with philosophy.

Socrates professed poetry, eloquence, and philosophy. Xenophon, his pupil, was orator, historian, statesman, warrior, and civilian. In Plato, all the essence of the belles lettres and the sciences are united. Aristotle possessed universal genius: the grandeur of the Attic age was equally sparkling and solid. The Muses presided, at the same time, over eloquence; poetry, history, geometry, astronomy, &c. They formed themselves into a choir; and Homer and Hesiod invoked them, indiscriminately, to their labours.

In short, the belles lettres expand the ideas, ornament the

imagination, and elevate the soul: they polish the manners, and ameliorate the heart. With the weeds of ignorance they disperse those of vice: they enrich the human mind with a peculiar soil, in which the social virtues love to flourish. May we not, therefore, assert, that every nation is ennobled by a liberal protection of the fine arts; and that, in proportion as literature is elevated to dignity, science pursues its emulative rank, and claims its station in the temple of fame?

But, in that ill-fated country, where the philosophy of the senses sways a brazen sceptre over the philosophy of the mind; where Bacchanalian orgies triumph over the philosophic revelations of the Lyceum; where the feast of reason is tributary to the appetites of folly—with what glow of energy, or flow of soul, can genius court the coy favour of the accomplished Nine, or urge its ardent speed towards the heights of Helicon?

To an illustrious court, thus degraded by habit, and mentally enervated by excesses from the *anti-Epicurean** school, we would not announce a classic lecture on the study of the belles lettres. But from a court, dignified by royal example, where the splendid attributes of the throne, like dews from heaven, cherish and expand the blossoms of virtue in a happy people; where talent blooms; where the arts and sciences are laurelled; where literature is fostered; we anticipate, with patriotic joy, the general approbation with which our offering will be hailed.

The scenery of a painting assumes its gradation of tint—from brilliant to opaque—from the complexion of the sky. In like manner, every elegant attainment of the mind borrows its degrees of harmony either from the spirit of the laws, or from the munificence of the sovereign. Formerly, the Romans and the Greeks were vicious or virtuous, in obedience to the rival influence of succeeding rulers. Each was, however, celebrated: the one for martial honours—the other for intellectual renown. The classic scholar mourns over their extinguished glories; whereas, the moralist will compare ancient with modern truths, exemplifying the sympathy that did, and still does, exist between the genius of a monarch and that of his people.

It is recorded, that the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus—surnamed Heliogabalus—appointed a senate of women in the capitol, over whom his mother presided. Under this “*PET-TICOAT REGENCY*,” Rome soon became a scene of licentious

* This philosophy is frequently misconstrued. Epicurus taught his disciples, that the happiness of mankind consisted in *pleasure*: not such as arises from *sensual gratification*, or from vicious amusements, but those which flow from the enjoyments of the mind—originating always in virtue.

gallantry. The imperial palace was a brothel; and, the most unprincipled characters became the distinguished favorites of a profligate prince. What was the result?—His reign was memorable for the most oppressive taxes: the unheeded citizens groaned, in vain, beneath their heavy burthens: while the selfish emperor's halls were covered with carpets of gold and silver tissue, and the fumes of a debauch evaporated on pillows stuffed with partridge down. He was the first Roman who ever wore a silken dress; and, such was his devotion to personal ornaments, he delighted to enrich his sandals with precious stones.

" Ill far'd the beauteous city in those days—
Famine stalk'd raving through her silent streets,
And stern oppression drew the galling chains
Close round her captive feet: whilst want
Stretched forth her with'ring hand, and blasted all her fields."

Now we reverse the medal: Solon, the Greek, founded his magnificence in the blessings and prosperity of his countrymen. He devoted himself to the perfection of a constitution, which, for its wisdom and benevolence, survived him upwards of four hundred years. He instituted the Areopagus: he expelled luxury and intemperance from Athens: he gave protection to the rights and privileges of the humblest citizens!—Cicero, who witnessed the benign influence of this noble code, speaks of its moral worth in terms of glowing admiration.

Hence, Athens became the emporium of learning. All Greece was famed for its proficiency in the arts. At the Gymnasium, wrestlers and dancers exhibited: it was the stage for public exercises; and there, philosophers, poets, and rhetoricians, pronounced their respective compositions to an auditory of many thousand persons. The Atheneum, sacred to Minerva, was likewise open to all professors of the liberal arts: it was the eloquent theatre of public declamation.

Having, as we apprehend, demonstrated the infallibility of our data, we proceed to take into consideration the object of our more immediate review.

This course of lectures is a posthumous publication, composed by a gentleman distinguished by a variety of literary titles; and they are the more honourable, from his having been a member of a community, where learning is equally cultivated and appreciated. The plan is not original; it is, notwithstanding, admirable in its arrangement, and the result of fifty years study and experience, amid the tedious intricacies of scientific discovery.

As professor of belles letters to a public academy, M. Fontanelle appears to have been impressed with the maxim of Cicero, throughout his arduous labours—"Studia adolescentiam alunt, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

And it becomes our duty to analyze his pretensions with those of his predecessors. If we turn to the studies of Rollin, we shall find them enriched with valuable research: they are a treasure to the learned; but, beyond the comprehension of the student. In the treatise of Batteaux we discover a classic adherence to the literature of the ancients, unenlightened by comparison with modern attainment. Like the professors of our universities and public schools, he is the pedant of antiquity, unpolished by the refinements of the present day. His lectures are rigidly methodical; they are cumbrous: no display of grace; no trait of sensibility; but a series of austere classification—repressive, not inviting, to the pupil. With Marmontel, La Harpe, and others, we shall not pursue comparison; but, having briefly stated defects in former writers, we will endeavour to shew the superior claims of the work before us. M. Fontanelle, with his learned predecessors, has studied Greek and Roman authors; but he has given the grace of modern drapery to the classic beauties of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Horace, Quintilian, &c.

Those great men were, severally, celebrated for peculiar talent; but these lectures combine the whole into one magnificent groupe, adapted to the taste and feeling of the nineteenth century. By this arrangement, the grandeur of the picture excited wonder in the mind of M. Fontanelle's pupil; and curiosity once inspired, sensibility panted for more accurate and comprehensive instruction.—It is through the optics of the imagination that the youthful mind is led to voluntary study.

These lectures were publicly pronounced before a general assembly, composed of amateurs of both sexes, as well as pupils. The latter were required to take notes on the substance delivered; and, afterwards, to complete a digest, in continuity, of the whole series. This task was facilitated by a key, presented to the pupils, which gave them immediate access to classic authorities, from which they learned to train their ideas with method and perspicuity—the grand secret of composition: and, by these means, at the close of the whole, each pupil had composed an oration.

The artist commences his studies by drawing certain straight and curved lines; he proceeds to the outline of a figure; even-

tually, he acquires method; precision follows; he then embodies objects; till, becoming proficient in art, he confidently aspires to copy nature. It is the same with every human attainment.

The first volume opens with "A general View of the History of Literature, of the Arts and Sciences, &c." This dissertation is succeeded by preliminary lectures—"On the Belles Lettres;" announcing their importance, and exhibiting various modes of acquirement—"On the Art of Speaking and of Thinking;" with introductory remarks—"On the Art of Writing:" closing, with the first division of his course of lectures—"ON ELOQUENCE," which is defined to be—"Oratorical and Rhetorical."

The study—says M. Fontanelle—of the sciences, the belles lettres, and the arts, naturally involves an ambition to become acquainted with their origin, their progress towards perfection, their decay, and their regeneration. We desire to know at what period, and in what country, they experienced their various revolutions. The veil of mystery, however, shades the records of antiquity; and we are limited to those æras, wherein the brilliancy of reason, dissipating the obscurity of primæval ignorance, sheds a lustre around the intellectual enjoyments of man; presenting him to an admiring posterity, clad in the arts and sciences, and multiplying the comforts of life with the elegancies of refinement.

At remote periods, it was the state policy of tyrants, to maintain their despotism in the ignorance of their subjects. Bigotry and fanaticism, at the present moment, are enforced by the same unnatural influence: for when man is taught the full privileges of his native endowment, reflection instantly revolts at an imposed badge of slavery.—We pass, therefore, beyond this vegetative system, to admire human nature, rejoicing in its pre-eminent attributes, and nurturing the infant sciences in the soil of Greece.

THESSALY.

"Whilst yet the rest of Greece was sunk in night,
The earliest dawn of science and of art
Beamed on these plains; their subtle tenants first
Moulded the lyre's rude form, and from its strings
Drew forth to list'ning crowds the solemn notes
Of Harmony: they first, with daring hand,
Rein'd the proud steed, and taught him to obey
The curb and goad; and from his pastures wild
Led him the future partner of their toils,
In chace and battle: not to them unknown

The potent virtues of each herb and flow'r;
 They first, with skill sagacious, bruis'd the stem,
 Mingled the juices, and to suff'ring man
 Held out the draught to cool his feverish lip.

"Then happy were thy plains, O Thessaly!
 Thy tower'd cities deck'd the wide expanse,
 With opulence and splendour. Plenty roam'd
 Amidst her golden harvests, and her fields
 Smiling with vintage honours. Industry
 Bent cheerful to his daily task, and eas'd
 His labours with a song: at the hoarse blast
 Of war, wide gleam'd thy champaign with the blaze
 Of waving crests and lances, as thy sons
 Arm'd for the battle; and where peace display'd
 Her branch of olive, joyous they return'd
 To clasp a lovely offspring at their gates."

Dr. Haygarth.

This was the first age; that of liberty and republicanism. From Greece science was transplanted to Egypt, to the Indies, and throughout various other parts of Asia. It was, however, an exotic; consequently, subject to great variety of cultivation. Yet, it flourished from the parent root; and the schools of Athens became the wonder of the world: insomuch, that when the Roman conquerors, hitherto insensible to all save military glory, planted their proud eagles on the towers of Greece, the captors became pupils to the vanquished.

With the acquirement of the Greek language, the Romans gradually lost the asperities which habitual arrogance had engrafted on their own. They became affable, polite, and courteous: the rough soldier was softened into the polished citizen. Hence the approximity of Virgil and Cicero to Homer and Demosthenes. In the Augustan reign, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Cicero, Tacitus, Titus-Livius, Varron, Vitruvius, &c. were luminaries in the Roman schools. Still the sciences, with the exception of architecture, made no progress. The Romans embellished their superb public edifices with statues and paintings, purchased from the Grecian artists.

It is true the latter had many pupils, but they only rank in the back ground. In Italy the arts had a short and splendid reign. Nature gradually unfolds its charms until they attain a rich maturity: they then progressively decay. And to this philosophical conclusion, we must attribute the rapid growth and decline which marks the generation of the arts.

The death of Alexander was the tocsin of their dissolution. Athens, indeed, preserved splendid memorials of its former illustrious sovereignty; but the effeminacy that subsequently

characterized the Greeks was fatal to their future prosperity. In Rome the arts were sacrificed to religious zeal. When Alexander achieved the conquest of Asia, and Constantinople subsequently became the seat of Eastern empire, the arts of ancient Rome were buried in the ruins of the pagan faith.

Thus, the birth of christianity in Roma Nova, as Constantinople was called, impeded the growth of science. The pontiffs became sovereigns in Rome; and, in their enthusiasm to diffuse the new light throughout the habitable globe, every minor consideration was sacrificed. Indeed, so wholly did fanaticism* seize on popular opinion, that towards the middle of the eighth century it destroyed the public libraries at Constantinople, and at other seats of learning.†

This was the second age—and the pause is long before literature began to revive in Europe. Not, however, with its former splendours. When the human mind has been debased from the proud eminence it had meritoriously attained, its native sensibilities, smarting under the wound, shrink from a bold expansion of their ennobled faculties. We therefore contemplate, without surprise, the feeble energies of re-created science.

The vigour of learning was supplanted by the subtleties of theology. The fall of the Roman empire, and that of other great states, victims of revolutionary ambition, involved a general ruin. The gorgeous palace and the humble cot alike provoked the barbarous pillage of a licentious soldiery; but the churches and the convents were sacred from the pollution of the firebrand. These holy edifices, consequently, became the asylum of learning. Thither the sciences refuged; and they were treasured, like a miser's wealth, from a free and active circulation among society at large.

At those periods, the monks were the only historians; and, towards the close of the tenth century, their monasteries were the only schools, and the Benedictines the only preceptors. Then Latin was the fundamental language; and, as solitude invites study, the muses occasionally visited the cloistered recess. Sculpture taught him to model a Madonna for his cell; Painting, to illustrate the page of Holy Writ; Eloquence, to

* Propterea quod in superstitionibus et in sacris Romanorum versatur.—*Vossius, de Hist. Lat.*

† The Kalif Omar destroyed the Alexandrian library, under this pretext,—that if the works taught other tenets than those of the Alcoran, they deserved to be burnt—all knowledge being contained in the Alcoran. Pope Gregoire, in condemning the Palatin library to the flames, observed, that no study could benefit mankind but that which was contained in books of religion.

compose orations to his tutelary Saint; History, to record the legendary tales of former times.

Such was the interval that marked the sciences between their second dissolution and their revival. Italy, again, hailed their regeneration; and the arts, which had formerly flourished under Augustus, now bloomed in the Court of Medicis.

At the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet II. in 1453, many learned men, deeply skilled in the sciences, retired from the barbarisms of their conqueror to Italy. The reigning Pope, Leon X. of the Medici family, gave them a munificent reception.

We take pleasure, at this passage, to celebrate this pontiff in the elegant language of Pope :

“ But see each Muse in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her withered bays.
Rome's ancient genius o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then sculpture, and her sister arts, revive :
Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live !”

Other princes followed this bright example; and literature resumed its dignity in Europe. Printing was now an active art. The works of Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio, opened a field to emulation. The Latin classics resumed their empire. Le Pogge, Laurent, Valla, and Philephe, recalled the taste of Virgil, Homer, and Cicero. The Greeks, who had formerly been teachers to the Romans, now became pupils in the Italian school. The arts shone forth with renovated splendour: the works of Zeuxis, Apelles, Parrhasius, Lysippus, and others, are only known by traditionary panegyric; but Attic sculpture claims our admiration in the living marble, or the animated bronze, that survives the rust of time.

From these monuments of taste we may venture to form our opinions on the perfection at which painting had arrived. They are twin sisters, and their progress must have been “*passibus equis.*” For a length of time the sciences, as well as the belles lettres, were sojourners in Italy. Peace is their gentle nurse, and they shrink from the din of arms, the embattled plain, and all the pageantries of war. To Louis XIV. is ascribed the honour of receiving them at court; and his reign may be called the fourth age.

The age of Louis XIV.,—says the historian—is the age nearest to perfection. Enriched with former discoveries, it embellished the efforts of preceding genius. It might be incorrect to insist that the arts, collectively, displayed more refinement

than in the days of the Medici, Augustus, or Alexander; but it may be urged, that intellectual genius assumed a more comprehensive character. Maxims of pure philosophy incorporated with the arts: they improved the understanding, polished the manners, and ameliorated the heart, under the benign protection of Cardinal de Richelieu.

Nor were these glorious results confined to France: they travelled to England—"cette nation spirituelle et hardie"—where the spirit of refined emulation received them with open arms. They communicated taste to Germany, and scattered the seeds of science in the Russian capital: they re-invigorated the languor of the Italians, and disseminated the polite and social virtues throughout Europe.

The sciences went hand in hand with the belles lettres: they perfected discoveries that had been made in Denmark, in Germany, in Italy, and in England.

Upon this historical foundation, M. Fontanelle has erected the superstructure of his work. Possibly, the concluding positions may appear too national: * his detail, however, which is enlarged, bespeaks the man of taste, of study, of science, and of deep erudition; but, as we shall find, he was not infallible.

The cultivation of the fine arts, we repeat, ennobles a nation; for they cannot thrive in a repulsive soil. Works of taste, or genius, can only be appreciated by the scientific amateur; and when a classic ardour irradiates the soul of majesty, it sheds a splendour throughout his court, and glitters like a starry firmament around a happy and enlightened people!

* Siècle heureux de Louis, siècle que le nature
De ses beaux présents doit combler sans mesure!
C'est toi qui dans la France amènes les beaux arts.
Sur toi tout l'avenir va porter ses regards.
Les Muses à jamais y fixent leur empire:
La Toile est animée et le marbre respire!

Quels Sages, rassemblés dans ces augustes lieux,
Mesurent l'univers et lisent dans les cieux?
Et dans la nuit obscure apportant la lumière,
Sondent ses profondeurs de la nature entière?
L'Erreur présomptueuse à leur aspect s'enfuit,
Et vers la vérité le doute les conduit.

Et toi, fille du ciel, toi, puissante harmonie,
Art charmant qui polis la Grèce et l'Italie!
J'entends de tous côtés ton langage enchanteur,
Et tes sons souverains de l'oreille et du cœur.
Français, vous savez vaincre et chanter vos conquêtes:
Il n'est point de lauriers qui ne couvrent vos têtes.

We shall now attempt some observations on *eloquence*. It is a compound art—*oratorical* and *rhetorical*. We lament that this splendid attainment, which has immortalized the names of Cicero and Demosthenes, should be so slightly considered: an accomplishment in Great Britain. Classic composition forms a prominent feature in modern education: not so, vernacular composition. It is true, themes are written, at our public schools; but they are more a parade than a reality. Greek and Latin orations are sometimes pronounced, on gala occasions, at our universities; and the plays of Plautus and of Terence are, occasionally, performed by the Westminster scholars, and at other Latin seminaries.

The composition of Plautus was considered by the Romans to be a pattern of general imitation, Varro declares, that if the Muses were willing to speak Latin, they would speak the language of Plautus. In the Augustan age, however, when the Roman language became more purified, the comedies of Plautus appeared less refined. When compared with the more elegant Terence, it was discovered, that the wit of Plautus was unchaste—his puns low—and his allusions indiscreet. Still, his comedies are remarkable for variety of well imagined incident; for strength of character; and an interest of denouement naturally woven. Of Terence, Quintilian observes, that he was the most elegant and refined of all dramatic writers. He will be always memorable for having composed the following line, which, with elegant simplicity, advocates the independent privileges of Man,

"Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto."

Be these models what they may, the MEANS, notwithstanding, are very unequal to the END. For the honour of our national attainments, however, we will consult modern authorities in the progress of our enquiry into the elements of *eloquence*; and, to that end, we will select the works of Burke, of Sheridan, of Blair, and of Hume; yet, it must be remembered, they were *only* branches of the parent tree.

The powers of *eloquence* are exhibited—first, in the positive elegancies of composition—secondly, in the imitative arts of declamation. Burke, "On the Sublime and Beautiful," says—

"Now, as words affect, not by any original power, but by representation, it might be supposed that their influence on the passions should be but light; yet, it is quite otherwise; for, we find by experience, that *eloquence* and *poetry* are as capable, nay indeed much more capable, of making deep and lively impressions than any other arts, and even than nature

itself in many cases. And this arises chiefly from three three causes. First—that we take an extraordinary part in the passions of others, and that we are easily affected and brought into sympathy by any tokens which are shewn of them; and, there are no tokens which can impress all the circumstances of most passions so fully as words.* So that, if a person speak upon any subject, he can not only convey the subject to you, but likewise the manner in which he is himself affected by it. Certain it is, that the influence of most things on our passions, is not so much from the things themselves, as from our opinions concerning them; and these, again, depend very much on the opinions of other men, conveyable for the most part by words only. Secondly—there are many things of a very affecting nature, which can seldom occur in the reality, but the words which represent them often do; and, thus, they have an opportunity of making a deep impression and taking root in the mind, whilst the idea of the reality was transient; and to some, perhaps, never really occurred in any shape, to whom it is, notwithstanding, very affecting—as WAR—DEATH—FAMINE! &c.

“Besides, many ideas have never been at all presented to the senses of any men but by word; as GOD—ANGELS—DEVILS—HEAVEN—HELL—all of which, however, have great influence over the passions. Thirdly—by words we have it in our power to make such combinations as we cannot, possibly, do otherwise. By this power of combining, we are able, by the addition of well chosen circumstances, to give a new life and force to the simple object. In painting, we may represent any fine figure we please; but we never can give it those enlivening touches† which it may receive from words. To represent an angel in a picture, you can only draw a beautiful young man—But what painting can furnish any thing so grand as the addition of one word—‘*The Angel of the Lord*!’”

Mr. Burke, however, in the preceding extract, merely describes the influence of words over the passions.—Oratory is still more impressively gifted. Language must be animated by action. The one addresses the understanding; the other captivates the passions. A moving tone‡ of voice, an impassioned

* Can words convey, so perfectly, the description of objects, as painting?

† The celebrated statuary of Cyprus became enamoured of a beautiful female statue. Painting and sculpture possess, equally, representative powers. With respect to effect, this instance could not be surpassed by any combination of words.

‡ “Elle doit être aisée, naturelle et agréable. L’inflection de la voix contribue beaucoup à la varier. C’est elle qui doit se soutenir d’une manière pleine,

countenance, and agitated gesture, will produce more sympathy in an audience, even when embellishing light subjects, than the most elegant classification of words pronounced without energy and feeling.

Locke contends, that the most general words—those descriptive of good and evil in particular—are taught before the modes of action, to which they belong, are presented to the mind. If the following line, however, be merely uttered by a governess to a juvenile scholar, would the effect be the same as though it were pronounced by an orator?

“Wise, valiant, generous, good, and great.”

Aristotle had a deformed countenance; yet Cicero compliments him with the title of “The Man of Eloquence.” It may, consequently, be inferred, that his oratory was illumined by words—that is, by his fecundity of thought, acuteness of invention, and universal knowledge. And those who read the orations of Cicero, may think their standard merit independent of the action of the speaker, whose silver tongue and native grace, charmed from the Roman forum.

But Demosthenes, notwithstanding he was celebrated for his eloquence, at the early age of seventeen, knew that the sublimities of oratory were, very partially, connected with the beauties of words. He had weak lungs, and a difficulty of pronunciation: these, he sedulously corrected by unwearied practice. To improve his voice, he declaimed with pebbles in his mouth; and, to remove the distortion of his countenance, he studied his utterance before a large mirror: so that his features became obedient and flexible to his purpose.

That his pronunciation might be loud, and full toned by emphasis, he frequently ran up the steepest and most uneven walks; by which extraordinary efforts, his voice acquired force and energy: he declaimed aloud on the sea shore, when the waves were violently agitated, that his passions might acquire scope to triumph over the tumults of a public assembly. These were the animated accompaniments Demosthenes deemed essential to the perfection of his art.

Opinions, at all times, have been at variance with respect to the Roman and the Greek orator. We will celebrate Cicero

qui se surprendre par différentes repes qui indiquent les divers membres qui composent une période. Ces repes, tantôt insensibles, tantôt marqués, sont nécessaires pour la cadence et l'harmonie; l'oreille les exige, et la poitrine de l'orateur en a également besoin pour respirer, et se mettre en état de fournir sa course, sans peine et sans gêne.” — T. Quercetien.

in the elegant language of Fenelon, the archbishop; who, notwithstanding he gives the palm to Demosthenes, is just to the merits of Cicero:

“ Je ne crains pas dire, que Demosthène me paroît supérieur à Cicéron. Je proteste que personne n'admire plus Cicéron, que je fais. Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche. Il fait honneur à la parole. Il fait des mots, ce qu'un autre n'en sauroit faire. Il a je ne sai combien de sortes d'esprits. Il est même court, et véhément, toutes les fois qu'il veut l'être—contre Catiline, contre Verres, contre Antoine. Mais, on remarque quelque parure dans son discours. L'art y est merveilleux; mais, on l'entrevoit. L'Orateur, en pensant au salut de la république ne s'oublie pas; et ne le laisse pas oublier.

“ Demosthène paroît sortir de soi, et ne voir que la patrie. Il ne cherche point le beau; il le fait, sans y penser. Il est au-dessus de l'admiration. Il se sert de la parole, comme un homme modeste de son habit, pour se couvrir. Il tonne—il foudroie. C'est un torrent qui entraîne tout. On ne peut le critiquer, parcequ'on est saisi. On pense aux choses qu'il dit, et non à ses paroles. On le perd de vue. On n'est occupé que de Philippe qui envahit tout.

“ Je suis charmé de ces deux orateurs: mais, j'avoue que je suis moins touché de l'art infini, et de la magnifique éloquence de Cicéron, que de la rapide simplicité de Demosthène.”

The above passages are worthy the resplendent talents of the author of *Telemaque*. They display a pattern for criticism, and are a model of composition. Probably, M. Fontanelle withheld them from his lecture, as they contain decisions unsanctioned by the generality of French critics; the eloquence of Cicero possesses all the dazzling qualities of French taste.

Cornelius Severus, on the proscription of Cicero, exclaims,

“ The tongue of Latian eloquence is mute;
Grief smitten. He, of anxious Romans, erst,
The guard and safety; he, his country's head;
The senate's champion: he, the public voice
Of right and law; the forum's oracle
And organ of the gown—is silent now.”

Elton's Spec. Class. Poets.

“ As the Romans* derived their eloquence, poetry, and learning, from the Greeks,† so they must be confessed to be

* Vide Dr. Blair.

† “ Rome, ceasing to contend, relaxed at length:
Reposed at home; and, curb'd by reins of peace,
Perused the laws, and search'd the arts of Greece.”

far inferior to them in genius for all these accomplishments: they were a more grave and magnificent, but a less acute and sprightly, people. They had neither the vivacity nor the sensibility of the Greeks: their passions were not so easily moved, nor their conceptions so lively. Their language resembled their character: it was regular, firm, and stately; but wanted that simple and impressive naïveté—and, in particular, that flexibility to suit every different mode and species of composition, for which the Greek* tongue is distinguished above that of every other country. What the Greeks invented, the Romans polished: the one was original; rough sometimes, and incorrect: the other a finished copy."

But we read that Q. Varus† was utterly rude in his manners, and ungraceful in his delivery; still no public speaker had greater weight in Rome: and that Alfenus,‡ a Roman cobbler, attained from peculiar skill in eloquence his elevation to the consular chair. He was buried at the public expence—an honour conferred on few, and exclusively on superior merit.

If this maxim be correct, "POETA NASCITUR; ORATOR FIT:" we may conclude, that Varus surmounted his physical defects by studying and acquiring those pronunciation, accent, emphasis, tones, and pauses, which modulate the voice, and endow speech with the fascination of music. Soft and loud tones in oratory are, like the piano and the forte of a fine instrument; but, to touch the heart, to agitate the fancy, and to subdue the soul, gesture must be added to emphasis—the language of emotion must diffuse with the language of ideas.

Possibly we may incur the imputation of aiming at principles of a speculative philosophy, being free to admit that ours is the theory of elocution—yet it behoves us to proceed.

In arranging a course of lectures on eloquence, we would begin by asserting, that words are the symbols of ideas—no more. Addison calls words the "*images of things*." Man is not wholly made up of intellect: the mind is diversified with powerful illusions called fancy, and with imperative attributes called passions. Words alone cannot communicate these emotions: we seek their expression in the susceptibilities of the countenance. Features are eloquent in silence: they pourtray;

This meed her wars by earth and sea repaid,
And what she won, her counsels mild'y sway'd.
On these her glory stood; for these were all:
Remove the base—she tottered to her fall."

Sulpitia.

* "Gralis ingenium, Grails dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui——"

Ars. Poet.

† Cic. de Orat. 1. c. 25.

‡ Horat. 1 Sat. 3.

without the aid of words, the trembling emotions of timidity, bashfulness, hope, apprehension, pity; the active emotions of joy, love, admiration, benevolence: the turbulent emotions of rage, jealousy, hatred, ambition, revenge; with a variety of others. There is, moreover, the laugh of joy, and the laugh of ridicule; the laugh of anger and the laugh of contempt. All these form a peculiar language intelligible throughout the world—it is the language of nature.

When a studious, reflecting, and educated mind, ponders on the soaring genius of Milton, or the exalted energies of our immortal Shakespeare, *in the closet*, he may elevate his imagination, and astonish his judgment—but he can proceed no farther. Let him, however, accompany Mrs. Siddons to her public readings, and he will be taught to acknowledge, that language is a mere vehicle to communicate ideas; while emphasis enlightens the understanding, and gesture commands the feelings.

In elocution, the two great articles are—force and grace;* the one is founded in nature; the other in art. When united, they cordially assist each other; when separated, their powers are distinct. Nature can do much without art; whereas art is almost passive† without nature. The one assaults the heart—the other plays upon the fancy. Force of speaking will produce commotion, and impress conviction; grace inspires pleasure, and excites admiration."

Combine these powers, and elocution assumes a sovereign dignity.

The whole arcana, possibly, of British eloquence, is developed in the funeral oration of Mark Anthony over the dead body of his murdered friend; but, will any one be hardy enough to believe, that Anthony could have so moved the hearts of the citizens of Rome, by placarding his oration throughout the market place? The genius of Cato—the calm, the dignified,

* "La Grace—says Voltaire—n'est pas, seulement, ce qui plaît, mais ce qui attire." It may be added—that "VENUS" would cease to be the "GODDESS of BEAUTY," if unattired by the "GRACES."

† Statues are frequently gigantic, consequently beyond the *limits* of nature: paintings are mostly diminutives of objects. Still, art classically approximates to nature when it is chaste in design, and harmonises proportions. "*Ex pede, Herculem!*" is the motto of an artist. The colossus of Rhodes was cast in brass; the height of the statue was one hundred and five feet; and few persons could clasp round the thumb. This wonderful production of art, was the workmanship of Chares, disciple of Lysippus, and occupied the labours of twelve years. It fell during an earthquake, and remained in ruins nearly nine hundred years: it was, at length, sold by the Saracens to a Jew, who loaded nine hundred camels with the brass, value—thirty-six thousand pounds, sterling money of Great Britain!

the philosophic Cato—in fancy. * dedicated by the author; but, it was animated by Dr. Sheridan, and continues so to be by Mr. Kemble.

The pathetic graces, in the present day, exclusively attach themselves to Miss O'Neill, and are proud of their abode. "Every passion has its peculiar tone, look, and gesture: the muscles, nerves, blood, and all the animal spirits, contribute to the display of internal commotion. The eye, of all the organs, contains the greatest variety. But nature has annexed to the passion of grief, a more forcible character—that of tears."

THIS is the eloquence of Miss O'Neill; it is the oratory by which she dissolves all hearts, and awakens sympathy to a luxurious enjoyment of woe.

"She said;—her brim-full eyes that ready stood,
And only wanted will, to weep a flood.
Released their wat'ry store, and pour'd amain,
Like clouds low hung, a sober show'r of rain:
Mute, solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
Such as the majesty of grief destroys:
For bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed,
Seem'd, by the posture, to discharge her head
O'er filled before: and oft her mouth applied
To the cold heart, she kiss'd at once, and cry'd."

Independently of attitude, we will speak of another visible language—that of the hands. "¶ With respect to the power of the hands, every one knows that with them we can demand or promise; call, dismiss, threaten, or supplicate; ask; deny; shew joy, sorrow; detestation, fear, confession, penitence, admiration, respect; and many other things now in common use. But how much further their powers might be carried, through our neglect of using them, we know not."

A truth, thus lamentable, proclaims the degradation of a country; but 'ere we extend that point, let us exemplify Dr. Sheridan's observations on "VISIBLE LANGUAGE."

When a child of four years old, says to her offended mama—
"do, pray, forgive me this once, and I will never do so any

* Equitation is a certain road to attainment, when the adventurer pursues the path of truth; but the BARCASTIC Pentruddock, is no more like Cumberland's philosophic misanthrope, than YORRICK, the King's jester, is like YORRICK, the sentimental traveller—*New Reading!!!*

† Vide Dr. Sheridan.

‡ Vide Dryden's beautiful description of Sigismunda mourning over the urn of Guiscardo.

¶ Vide Dr. Sheridan.

more"—the parent is not persuaded by this mechanical arrangement of words; but when she beholds her little darling in the visible language of entreaty; with bended knees, timidly imploring eyes, and gracefully uplifted hands—her bounding heart sympathises with this powerful appeal of nature, and she becomes a convert to infant oratory.

There are other shades in dumb eloquence. When the babe of Lysippe had crept on hands and knees, to the extremity of a lofty precipice, despair hushed the trembling mother into an awful silence—she feared to breathe a sound.

Within a little inch of perdition, the beautiful rover turned to smile!

Lysippe bared her breast!—

This was the oratory of nature: it recalled the heedless truant!

Again—A lion had escaped from the dual menagerie at Florence, and proudly paced the streets, to the terror of all the inhabitants. He chanced to seize upon an infant: the agonised mother, beholding her treasure in the lion's mouth, rushed impetuously into the presence of the royal beast; and, by the impassioned eloquence of mute anguish, won the noble lion to restore his prey unhurt.

Dumb eloquence is intelligible throughout the brute creation. View the horse, says Virgil—

“ ————— With conscious pleasure stand
Beneath the flatteries of his master's hand;
And his clasp'd neck's redoubling echo love.”

Shakespeare, in his description of the wounded stag, standing over the stream, expresses himself thus—

“ ————— the big round drops
Coursed one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous chase.”

To proceed.—

“ *That a general inability to read, or speak, with propriety and grace in public, runs through the natives of the British dominions, is acknowledged: it shews itself in our senate and in our churches; on the bench, and at the bar.”

We find this assertion confirmed by Mr. Locke, who grievously complains of our neglecting our mother tongue; nor can, we believe, the evil be remedied, otherwise than by its

* Vide Dr. Sheridan.

becoming a distinct branch of education; and such it undoubtedly ought to be.

"They ordered this matter better" in Greece* and in Rome. "†But the nobility and persons in high station model their behaviour by that of the minister; and, till within a very short space, there has not been an instance of any minister, during the last fifty years, who gave the smallest encouragement to any art or science in this country, to any work of genius§ or literature; or who countenanced any scheme calculated to improve the minds, or better the hearts, of British subjects."

What a flattering compliment to a British court—for the *FASHION of the minister*, is THAT of the sovereign—is contained within this short philippic! Thank heaven, however, this was written half a century ago. The *present flourishing state* of the fine arts in Great Britain we have warmly eulogised in the commencement of our review, and we have given a sort of "THEOPHANY" to their illustrious patrons!

For a true picture of our senatorial orators, we refer to "PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS," exquisitely finished in a work so intitled, and criticised in our numbers for April and the present month. With senators we may engraft barristers; for the law has made rapid strides into the *penetralia* of Saint Stephen's chapel. For pulpit orators, we look up with respectful admiration to Mr. Kirwan—another branch of the parent tree—and glance a tearful eye to the memory of Dr. Dodd. We have some few impressive divines, and a great many *fashionable* preachers; but our eloquent ministers of grace are gone to "that bourne from which no traveller re-

* We will evidence the advantages resulting from an universal study of a mother tongue, by referring to a modern classic traveller, deservedly esteemed, who thus celebrates the schools of ancient Greece.

Warm'd into life, and cherish'd by the breath
Of popular applause, amidst these schools
The arts put forth their tender shoots, and bloom'd
With more than mortal beauty. Sculpture's hand
Rounded the marble to a living form;
Painting suspended her heroic tales
In the vast temple for her country's eye;
The muse of history from fable's rust
Cleans'd time's dark tablets, and aloud proclaim'd,
The wond'rous legends to impatient crowds;
Whilst poetry and song uniting pour'd
The tide of rapture on the yielding soul.
Blest country! where each lab'ring hind confess'd
The charm of fancy; and, unskill'd himself
In art, admir'd the artist's magic pow'rs."

Dr. Haygarth.

† Vide Dr. Sheridan.

§ Vide the *Ghost of Chatterton*!

turns"—at least, we suppose so, for neither their faith nor good works is visible among us.

Before we finally release this topic, however, we must indulge in an extract from Anacharsis, which has forcibly arrested our every feeling. God send it may be salutary to those to whom we would address it.

“Les matériaux nécessaires aux orateurs chargés de défendre les droits d'un peuple, de l'éclairer sur ses véritables intérêts, de diriger les administrations, &c. sont immenses, et de la plus grande variété.

“La profession à laquelle ils se dévouent exige des lumières profondes et des talents sublimes; car c'est peu de connaître l'histoire, les lois et les forces de la nation, ainsi que des puissances voisines ou éloignées; c'est peu de suivre de l'œil ces efforts rapides en lentes que les états font sans cesse, les uns contre les autres, ces mouvements presque imperceptibles qui détruisent intérieurement; de prévenir la jalousie des nations foibles et alliées; de déconcerter les mesures des nations puissantes et ennemis; de démêler, enfin, la vraie intérêt de la patrie, à travers une foule de combinaisons et de rapports, il faut encore faire valoir en public les grandes vérités dont on s'est pénétré dans le particulier; n'être ému ni des menaces, ni des applaudissements du peuple, affronter la haine des richesses, en les soumettant à des fortes impositions; celle de la multitude, en l'arrachant de ces plaisirs ou à son repos; et celle des autres orateurs, en dévoilant leurs intrigues; répondre des événements qu'on n'a pu empêcher, et de ceux qu'on n'a pu prévoir; payer de SA DISGRACE les projets qui n'ont pas réussi, et quelques fois ceux que le succès a justifiés; paraître plein de confiance l'orsqu'un danger imminent répand le terreur de tous côtés, et par des lumières subites relever les espérances abbatues; courir chez les peuples voisins former des ligues puissantes; allumer avec l'enthousiasme de la liberté la soif ardente des combats; et après avoir rempli les devoirs d'homme d'état, d'orateur, et d'ambassadeur, aller sur le champ de bataille pour y sceller de son sang les avis qu'on donne au peuple du haut de la tribune: tel est le partage de ceux qui sont à la tête du gouvernement; et, les lois qui ont prévu l'empire que des hommes si utiles et si dangereux prendroient sur les esprits, ont voulu qu'on ne fit usage de leurs talents qu'après s'être assuré de leur conduite.”

It is scarcely possible for the human mind to imagine a more dignified picture of a senator, than that which we have just selected, from the chaste and vigorous pencil of Barthelemy. It is the personification of all that is great and good; but, alas!

the splendid original graced the galleries of antiquity ; and modern refinements are too sensitive to rake up the ashes of the dead. We would willingly, however, offer it to the contemplation of the exalted many, who fully understand the PRIVILEGES, to be independent of the DUTIES of parliament, and assume senatorial costume with the self-conceit of a young ensign, who struts in his dazzling regimentals, and CALLS himself a soldier !

On rhetoric we shall be brief. This branch of elocution has been styled, by moderns, the art of varnishing weak arguments with the polish of plausibility ; or, in other words, the trick of pleasing the ear at the expense of the understanding. Nothing, however, can be more irrational than such a supposition. Rhetoric is the art of embellishing oratory with the graces of persuasion. Both, however, are founded in good sense.*—Fools can persuade none but fools : the man of sense must be convinced before he can be persuaded. Conviction appeals to the understanding ; and persuasion is the art of engaging the affections to act in concert with the mind. It is a conciliating and interesting art ; it dignifies the possessor.

It may be urged by the fastidious critic, that all arts are dangerous when alike applicable to good and evil purposes. Certainly ; but the specious tale that leads to any vicious incitement, is not the artificial construction of rhetoric : it is a sparkling trinket—a French toy—fabricated by the subtleties of sophistry.

Lysias,† the Athenian, was a monument of rhetoric. Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, thus describes his oratorical graces. “ Περὶ οὗτος γὰρ ἡ Διοσίου λέξις εἶναι το χαρίων ἢ δ Ἰσοκράτης βέλτεται.” Isocrates was another splendid rhetorician : his school at Athens was crowded with distinguished pupils. He was esteemed by Philip of Macedon ; and his correspondence with that prince was admired for sweetness and graceful simplicity of style, as well as for harmony of expression and dignity of language. These superior endowments gave Isocrates an ascendancy over the mind of Philip, that visibly repressed the darings of his immeasurable ambition, and procured some peaceful years to the Athenians. Part of his orations‡ are extant, and are most

* “ Est eloquentiæ, sicut reliquiarum rerum, fundamentum, sapientia ; ut anim in vita, sic in oratione, nihil est difficilius quem quod deceat videre, hujus ignorantia sæpissime pecatur.”—Cic. *or. ad Brut.*

† According to Plutarch, this celebrated man composed four hundred and twenty-five orations. Of these, thirty-four are extant. 8vo. Cantab. 1740. 8vo. Paris, 1783.

‡ Battie, 3 vol. 8vo. Cantab. 1729. Auger 3 v. 8vo. Paris, 1783.

honourable to his memory, as a moralist, and as a man! The high reputation acquired by Isocrates, is believed to have been the stimulus that prompted Aristotle to write his *Institutions of Rhetoric*, which differ materially from those of preceding rhetoricians.

All who are conversant with Dr. Blair's *Lectures on Rhetoric* will admit our position; and such as are not, will equally interest and improve their minds by studying his elegant treatise.

David Hume, in his *Essay on Eloquence*, has great claims on public admiration: he teaches us all the delicate gradations of that splendid art, from the "flowing and smooth, to the swelling and full:" and when he attempts to describe the supremacy of Demosthenes in the school of eloquence, he represents the orations of the "*pupil of Plato*," to be, of all human productions, those which approach nearest to perfection.

At all events history furnishes us with this fact; that, after the days of Demosthenes, Greece lost her liberty; eloquence languished, and sophistry began its reign. The glory of Rome did not commence until oratory had been cultivated; and, with the decay of that art, the splendours of Rome vanished. Eloquence, consequently, is a high talent, and of intrinsic importance to society.

We have shewn, as far as *limited* observations can illustrate the grandeur of our subject, that oratory requires sound judgment, natural genius, and the aids of art—that rhetoric is the language of persuasion, emanating from the understanding, but enlarged by a close intimacy with all the passions incidental to human nature: it discloses strong sensibility in the mind of the speaker: it is warmed by a glowing imagination: it is enriched with a powerful flow of language: it is correct in pronunciation, just in emphasis, and graceful in delivery.

We have described the first age of the arts and sciences to have closed with the republic of Greece. The same political conclusions attach, and still more powerfully, to oratory.

Longinus, on the *Sublime*, contends that eloquence can only ornament the land of freedom: hence the little sublimity of genius which graced the age he lived in,

"Liberty," he adds, "is the nurse of true genius: it animates the spirit, and invigorates the hopes of men: it excites honourable emulation, and a desire of excelling in every art. All other qualifications may be found among those deprived of liberty; but never did a slave become an orator; he can only be a pompous flatterer."

Dr. Blair likewise tells us, that "under arbitrary govern-

ments, besides the general turn of softness and effeminacy which such governments may be justly supposed to give to the spirit of a nation, the art of speaking cannot be such an instrument of ambition, business, and power, as in a democratic state. It is confined within a narrower range; it can be employed only in the pulpit, or at the bar: it is excluded from those great scenes of public business, where the spirits of men have the freest exertion; where important affairs are *transacted*, and persuasion, of course, is more seriously studied. Wherever man can acquire most power over man, by means of reason and discourse—which certainly is under a free state of government—there we may naturally expect, that true eloquence will be best understood, and carried to the greatest height.”

We fear we may have been too long absent from M. Fontanelle: if so, this is our only apology. The ardours of every cultivated mind glow with intellectual fire, when 'rapt by contemplation into the regions of enthusiasm.

With this feeling, and considering that all persons must conceive clearly, if they would be clearly understood; and that they must feel ardently, if they would communicate ardour, we have been induced to labour at *something* like an exordium.

All efforts to excite public attention are emblazoned with a prologue. The juvenile mind is caressed into a love of virtuous and moral principles, through the *insinuations* of a fable. The poet, the historian, the dramatist, the statesman, and the divine, court popularity by a *pompous* or an *adulatory* address to the reader. It is the "*veluti in speculum*;" and the best assurance a critic can hold forth, will arise from a general impression that he understands his subject.

When the liberties of Greece were in danger of being overwhelmed by the encreasing power and crafty politics of Philip the Macedonian, Demosthenes made several memorable orations—denominated philippics—to rouse the Athenian energies. We extract his *exordium* to the first,* as translated by Leland.

“Had we been convened, Athenians! on some new subject of debate, I had waited till most of your usual counsellors had declared their opinions. If I had approved what was proposed by them, I should have continued silent; if not, I should then have attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those very points on which these speakers have oftentimes been heard, are at this time to be considered—although I have risen first, I presume I may expect your pardon: for, if they, on former oc-

* This splendid oration possesses all the exquisite touches of nature, “To rouse—to melt—to threaten—to persuade!”

essions, had advised the proper measures, you would not have found it needful to consult at present."

This exordium is powerfully addressed to the understanding. It is artless, yet nervous; and the auditory were an enlightened people, well versed in their native language. Cicero prefaced his orations with a skill that not only prepossessed his hearers, but gained their affections. He never attempted to move, until assured he had convinced; and, in moving, particularly the softer passions, he was eminently successful.

Rousseau, in an introduction to his treatise on a new doctrine he favoured, presents the exordium to us in another, but equally impressive character. The smiling beauties of spring, enamelling a rich champagne country, was the witching scene—the "MAJESTY OF GOD," the glorious theme!

"On étoit en été—nous nous levâmes à la pointe du jour. Il me menâ hors de la ville, sur une haute colline, au dessous de laquelle passoit le Po, dont en voyoit le cours à travers les fertiles rives qu'il baigne. Dans l'éloignement, l'immense chaîne des Alpes courronnoit le passage. Les rayons du soleil levant rasoient déjà les plaines; et, projetant sur les champs, par longues ombres, les arbres, les coteaux, les maisons, enrichissoient de mille accidents de lumière le plus beau tableau dont l'œil humain puisse être frappé. On eut dit, que la nature étaloit à nos yeux, sa magnificence, pour en offrir le texte à nos entretiens. Ce fut là qu'après avoir quelque temps contemplé ces objets en silence, l'homme de paix me parla ainsi."

What an address to reason—what an appeal to the heart!

Now to the spirit of our course of lectures—M. Fontanelle invites attention, and pursues instruction, in a clear and distinct progress, luminous throughout, in which he collates the best ancient and modern authorities, and discovers a superiority perfectly conversant with the noblest exercises of the human mind. His orthography, however, is not exactly modern.

He begins with human intellect, and professes to justify the elaborate treatise of Mr. Locke on the understanding.

"Nous ne sommes avertis de nos besoins que par nos sensations. La première source de nos idées, est donc dans nos sens. Leur génération, leur multiplication, leur enchaînement, s'y trouvent également. De la première en émane une seconde; de celle-ci une troisième; et, ainsi, de suite. Elles naissent les unes les autres sans que nous en apercevions. En se multipliant, elles s'étendent nos connoissances. Leur marche est la même dans les premiers, comme dans les derniers âges de la vie.

"Vous montrez un ou plusieurs bonbons à un enfant, il n'est

frappé d'abord que de leur forme et de leur couleur. Vous les lui donnez : il les porte à sa bouche : leur douceur lui fait éprouver une nouvelle sensation, qui se repète chaque fois que vous lui en présentez, et qui est accompagnée naturellement du désir d'en goûter encore. Le plaisir qu'il à ressenti grave dans sa mémoire la denomination de bonbon que vous avez donnée à ce qui le lui à procuré. Il l'appliquera à toutes les sucreries de quelque espèce quelles soient. Bientôt il apprendra à les distinguer par les différentes sensations qui lui feront éprouver la noisette, l'amande, l'anis, &c. dont elles sont composées. Il connaîtra la praline et les autres sort de dragées, les désignera chacun par le nom qui lui est propre, et ne les confondra pas. Ces petites idées, concentrées dans un cercle très étroit, s'étendront insensiblement, jusqu'à sa circonférence. Il jugera aussi bien que vous des différences que présente à ses yeux, à sa main, à son goût, les objets qui ont si vivement affecté ce dernier. Ces jugements le mettront à portée d'en faire d'autres, en les appliquant à plusieurs choses placées hors du cercle de ses premiers idées, d'ont la quantité augmentera sans cesse avec une progression lente, mais sure, sans qu'il s'aperçoive même de la manière dont il aura acquis ses nouvelles connoissances. Il raisonnera en ignorant ce que c'est que raisonner. Il aura de l'attention, de la reflexion, sans avoir, encore, l'intelligence de ce que sont ces facultés."

From this germ our native perceptions unfold and gradually attain full vigour. Adventitious sensations blossom into inherent ideas, and the mind becomes virtuous or vicious from habitual reflection. The progressive operation of the mental faculties may be thus classed—perception, attention, comparison, judgment, memory, reflection, imagination, and reason; all of which are tributary to the senses—inasmuch, as no one sense can give a notion of ideas. Our senses give us the ideas themselves. All our pleasures and our pains—our emotions and our passions—our debasement, or our exaltation—derive their mental influence from the representation of the senses.

Mr. Duncan, of Edinburgh, published a very abstruse essay, last summer, "*ON GENIUS*." It is a work every way creditable to his talents, for it displays vast depth of reflection, an accurate knowledge of human nature, and extensive reading.

In treating of genius, or the various degrees of human ability, it is his opinion, that we ought in the first place to endeavour to ascertain, whether there exist any *original* difference between the intellect of one man and that of another, arising from the peculiar nature of the mind; or, whether all difference of mental talent does not proceed from the influence of external circumstances, including among these the *effect of constitution*.

The latter doubt appears to be the object of his research, for

he adds, the difference of intellectual ability is not, probably, greater than that of stature.

Yet, "this difference is important; and, if the influence of external circumstances be added, is sufficient to account for the most extraordinary instances of genius which have appeared in the world. The most splendid talents, therefore, are perhaps nothing more than those lucky habits which correspond with excellence."

This philosophy would lead to a most perplexing enquiry; we will, therefore, reduce it to this admission—that the mind comes into the world naked—as Mr. Locke and M. Fontanelle contend—and, that being thus radically destitute of ideas, all ability must depend upon knowledge. Every accomplishment, thence, becomes an attainment; every talent an acquirement. We do not, however, admit, that ability arises from the original frame of the body, but from the original aptitude of the mind to be impressed with external objects; and from a natural capacity to improve from study. We are all the creatures of education. Mr. Duncan and M. Lavater are equally speculative in their respective theories.

In his lectures on oratory, M. Fontanelle draws classical comparisons on the several and distinct talents of the ancients. In so doing, he discovers an attachment to republican governments, which he calls the legitimate soil of genius—"l'aurore de la liberté fut celle de l'éloquence." Gibbon remarks—the first race of Roman consuls were ambitious of triumphs; the second contented themselves with forming fine gardens; the third dwindled into builders of convents. Blair adds—

"The reign of eloquence among the Romans was very short. After the age of Cicero it languished, or rather expired; and we have no reason to wonder at this being the case. For not only was liberty entirely extinguished, but arbitrary power felt in its heaviest and most oppressive weight. Providence in its wrath delivered over the Roman empire to a succession of some of the most execrable tyrants that ever disgraced and scourged the human race. Under their government, it was naturally to be expected, that taste would be corrupted, and genius discouraged. Luxury, effeminacy, and flattery, overwhelmed all."

The Roman forum, thence, became a desert. In the schools of the declaimers, a corruption of eloquence was substituted for the dignity of oratory. The fate of Greece, when deprived of liberty, was eventually similar. Imaginary and fantastic ornaments succeeded to the classic dignity of rhetoric. A sect of philosophers, called Sophists, opened public schools, and en-

tertaind numerous disciples : they were much patronised, for they were *Parasites to the Great*, and consequently amassed vast wealth.

“ Les sophistes raffinèrent encore. Au lieu de ces périodes nombreuses et nourries des choses et d'expressions, ils ne cherchèrent que de la légèreté et des graces ; et, une pointe, une métaphore, une subtilité puérile, quoique souvent ingénieuse, devinrent les ornements à la mode.”

This was the oratory, and indeed the profession, of my Lord Chesterfield ; and it would be that of a nobleman of diplomatic *notoriety*—provided his right honourable talents were equal to the accomplishment. Unmeaning volubility, however graced by presumption, cannot be the oratory of any school, past, present, or to come. Wieland has drawn a very exquisite portrait of a “ SOPHIST” in his *Peregrinus Proteus*.

The following animated comparison, by Lope da Vega the Spanish dramatist, on the ancients and moderns, will serve for our day, just as well as that in which it was written. We give it from a French translator.

“ Les Vandales, les Goths, dans leurs écrits bizarres,
Dédaignèrent le goût des Grecs et des Romains.
Nos Aïeux ont marché dans ces nouveaux chemins :
Nos Aïeux étoient des barbares.
L'abus regnent, l'art tombe, et la raison s'enfuit.
Qui veut écrire avec décence,
Avec soin, avec gout, n'en retire aucun fruit ;
Il vit dans le mépris, et meurt dans l'indigence.
Je me suis obligé de servir l'ignorance—
D'enfermer sous quatre verroux
Sophocle, Euripide, et Terence.
J'écris en insensé—mais, j'écris pour des foux.”

We must quit this admirable lecture, and proceed to poetry, which is defined in all its varieties. M. Fontanelle passed some time in England, and, it may be presumed, acquired a knowledge of our language. It happens, however, that foreigners do not fully comprehend the genius of our best writers.

Our lecturer has devoted one division to the English theatre, in which he claims a literary acquaintance with many of our celebrated poets.* We do not, on this subject, accord with his

* On Cato's soliloquy—“ que Voltaire à traduits, et qui n'ont rien perdu en passant pas ces soins de la langue Anglaise dans le notre.”—M. Fontanelle

opinions. We will not, however, open a controversy, but submit his criticisms, with a mere note on Shakespeare and Milton, to our reader.

"Shakespeare, qui fleurit sous Elisabeth, ouvrit cette carrière, nouvelle alors, la parcourut tout entière, et tient encore le premier rang parmi les auteurs dramatiques de sa nation. Son génie fier, impatient des règles, les secoua toutes, et ne se laissa jamais diriger par le goût. Ce fut ce génie qui lui dicta ce beau monologue d'Hamlet, si connu par la traduction que Voltaire en fit le premier en beau vers, au moins égaux si non supérieurs à l'original—

"Demeure : il faut choisir de l'être et du néant.
 Ou souffrir, ou mourir, c'est là ce qui m'attend.
 Ciel, qui voyez mon trouble, éclairez mon courage!
 Faut-il vieillir courbé sous la main qui m'outrage,
 Supporter, ou finir, mon malheur et mon sort?
 Qui suis-je? qui m'arête? et qu'est ce que le mort?
 C'est le fin de nos maux; c'est mon unique azile:
 Après de longs transports, c'est un sommeil tranquille.
 On s'endort, et tout meurt. Mais un affreux réveil,
 Doit succéder peut-être aux douceurs du sommeil.
 On nous menace : on dit que cette courte vie
 De tourments éternels est aussitôt suivie.
 O mort! moment fatal! l'affreuse éternité!
 Tout cœur à ton seul nom se glace épouvanté
 Et qui pourroit sans toi supporter cette vie?
 De nos preteurs menteurs bénir l'hypocrisie?
 D'une indigne maîtresse encenser les erreurs?
 Ramper sous un ministre, adorer ses hauteurs?
 Et montrer les langueurs de son âme abbatue
 A des amis ingrats qui détournent la vue?
 La mort seroit trop douce en ces extrémités.
 Mais le scrupule parle, et nous crie : arrêtez.
 Il défend à nos mains cet heureux homicide,
 Et d'un héros guerrier fait un chrétien timide.

"Cette pièce, ainsi que toutes celles du poète Anglais, est remplie de morceaux aussi fiers, aussi vigoureux, aussi pensés, aussi sentis ;

evidently displays a national partiality unworthy of a critic. We will contrast the two first lines :

"*Oui, Platon, tu dis vrai; notre âme est immortelle.*"

"*It must be so!—Plato, thou reasonest well!*"

Voltaire simply acknowledges the *cause* in Plato's philosophy; whereas, Addison embraces the *effect*. Cato is convinced as to the immortality of the soul, and calmly becomes a suicide. We cannot trace a parallel grandeur or sublimity in the two lines. Addison—our elegant, and moral poet—has the decided preference.

mais ce ne sont que des détails. S'il est souvent sublime, il s'abaisse bientôt autant qu'il s'est élevé. Des fossoyeurs viennent creuser sur le théâtre le tombeau de l'amante d'Hamlet, de la belle Ophélie, et égaient leur travail par des chansons et des quolibets dignes deux. 'Qui, du maçon ou du charpentier'—demande l'un, 'bâtit avec plus de solidité?'—'C'est celui qui fait un gibet'—repondre l'autre; 'car, il dure plus que mille corps qu'on y attache.' Hamlet, qui ne sait pas à qui cette sépulture es destinée arrive et moralise ainsi sur un crâne qu'il ramasse: 'C'est peut-être celui de milor un tel qui vantoit le cheval de Monseigneur un tel lorsqu'il vouloit le lui emprunter; à présentil appartient à M. le Ver.* Il se fait ici des révolutions bien étranges. Je ne m'arrêterai pas d'avantage sur Shakespeare, dont nous avons une traduction complète, qui peut nous faciliter les moyens de le connoître."

The honest indignation of every liberal mind revolts at unfair and uncandid criticism. We lament that M. Fontanelle should so have sullied his fair reputation as a man of letters: genius ought to be considered a citizen of the world, and revered in all countries. It is, therefore, base-minded in a public lecturer, who assumes the office of engrafting the progress and results of literature on the minds of his pupils, to introduce the name of a "SHAKESPEARE" thus irreverently.

With the whole of our poet's splendid works before him, M.

* The following are M. Fontanelle's subsequent observations on criticism. How could he act so derogatory from his avowed principles?

"Ils ne s'arrêtèrent pas uniquement à l'expression, au style, aux genres: ils s'attachèrent également aux convenances particulières à chaque sujet. Cela les conduisit à des observations sur la nature en général, sur les caractères des hommes, sur les différences qui mettent entre eux le rang, la naissance, l'éducation, les lumières, la raison, les passions."

Now, these are precisely the events which give the blase of truth to this scene in Hamlet. Two ignorant men are represented in the act of preparing a grave. They are poor, but merry souls. Habit, to which M. Fontanelle ascribes the dawn of reflection on infant perception, has so familiarised objects to them, which to others would be awful, that they, without any sentiment of feeling, pass their jokes as freely as if they were regaling at an alehouse.

One description of habit gives our passions the mastery over our reason: another takes from us the finer emotions of sympathy and of sensibility. We perceive the latter in the exercise of various professions; and, it is fitting to the order of nature that it should be so. Thus, habit in a purified degree, leads the sententious prince of Denmark to philosophic reflections on the perishable qualities of man.

M. Fontanelle is either less the pupil of nature than the pupil of art, or study has been a partial refiner of his mind. We corroborate our opinions by those of Cicero in his admonitions, "Orator ad Brutum."

"Non enim omnis fortuna, non omnis auctoritas, non omnis ætas, non vero locus, aut tempus, aut auditor omnis, eodem aut verborum genere tractandus est, aut sententiarum. Semperque in omni parte orationis, ut vitæ, quid deceat considerandum; quod et in re de qua agitur positum est, et in personis, et eorum qui dicant, et eorum qui audiunt."

Fontanelle selects an individual scene, which it is clear he does not understand; and, having garbled and *misrepresented* the spirit of the poet, he contemptuously takes an abrupt leave.

When we speak of the "*spirit of our poet*,"* we desire to remark, that it is *untranslatable*. The English man of letters even has not been permitted to consider himself competent to the development of Shakespeare. One literary knight errant has thrown down the gauntlet of criticism, and another has taken it up. With chivalrous emulation, they have severally entered the lists—but we were undecided as to the issue of the combat, until the "*Knight of the Mirror*,†" has been so *obliging* as to *teach* us how to read our favourite author.

With all our respect, therefore, for the diffusive talents of Voltaire, we neither acknowledge the *spirit* of his translation, nor the *justice* of his sentence on English genius.

"Le genie Anglais, dit Voltaire, ressemble à un arbre touffu planté par la nature, jettant au hazard mille rameaux, et croissant également avec force. Il meurt si vous voulez forcer sa nature, et les tailler en arbre des jardins de Marly."

M. Fontanelle accuses the English taste of taking delight in bloodshed. He instances a play, in which, out of *nine* principal characters, *seven* are doomed to die. The French *morals*—he adds—would never submit to such a display of butchery; and Voltaire, speaking of the play of Hamlet, observed—"They all die except the candle snuffers."

We shall express ourselves more liberally on M. Voltaire's talents. Had he confined them to the single composition of the following lines, they would have immortalized his memory—he was, however, supremely voluminous.

"Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots
Sait aussi des méchants arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte
Je crain Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte."

These lines harmonise the sublime and beautiful. The first couplet is robed in majesty; the second is emblematic of simplicity.

Milton is introduced with as little ceremony to this lecture as Shakespeare.

* Mr. Kemble, notwithstanding his "*ait-ches*," (which is correct, but pedantic) knows more of the genius of Shakespeare, than the whole of that great poet's petulant commentators—always, excepting Mr. Kean, "*the critic of nature and of congenial taste*."

† Mr. KEAN.

"Milton, qui avait été secretaire de Cromwell, l'un des plus ardents apologistes de la revolution Anglaise, et de la mort de Charles, fut écarté de tout emploi, déclaré incapable, ou plutôt indigne, d'en remplir jamais aucun, quand le fils de ce dernier eut été rappelé au trône de ses peres. Il ne fut poëte que dans sa retraite forcée. Devenu vieux, aveugle, entouré des tenebres les plus profondes, il imagina de chanter, pour charmer ses ennuis, la chute des anges et des hommes. Il s'elanca hors de la nature qu'il ne pouvoit plus voir; et lors qu'il voulut y rentrer avec Adam et Eve, et la peindre dans le Parradis terrestre, il ne peut prendre ses modèles que dans ses souvenirs et son imagination, qui le servirent si bien, qu'il la rendit avec toute sa beauté et toute sa verité. Il vécut pauvre, en proie aux plus pesantes besoins, ignoré, et ne prévoyant pas l'admiration qu'il inspireroit un jour à ses compatriotes qui la négligoient. Il ne pouvoit soupçonner, que la poëme du paradis perdu qu'il n'avoit pu vendre que trente* pistoles, dont il en tira réellement, que quinze, feroit la fortune du libraire qui l'avoit acheté."

In a note at this passage, M. Fontanelle observes, "I have not lectured on Milton's Paradise Regained, because its merits are so very inferior to those of his Paradise Lost."

Much has been said, and we believe deservedly, of the protection liberally afforded to the arts and sciences, under the sanguinary auspices of Bonaparte. By conquest he enriched the Louvre with the spoils of sacrilegious despotism, wrested from the half of desolated Europe, whom he drained of its dearest treasures; dragging, from the sacred altars, all those precious appendages with which the piety and wealth of centuries had studiously adorned them.

As all national monuments of taste and literature were *gratuitously* open to the public in Paris, the English traveller has lately had an opportunity of indulging his admiration at that grand emporium of associated wonders. Many have written on the subject; and many, in strains highly adulatory, on the extensive improvements made by an extraordinary Being throughout the metropolitan city.

From these various details our curiosity has been best gratified by the perusal of the Rev. Mr. Eustace's Tour to Paris in June 1814. We extract his observations on the two celebrated collections, of statues and of pictures, which render

* We believe it true, that Milton sold the copy-right of his "*Paradise Lost*" to a bookseller in Westminster, who paid him *fifteen guineas*, and promised fifteen more. But this is only one, out of a variety of similar instances, so *conducible* to the British protection of genius.

Paris the seat of the arts, and give it superiority over the antiquities of Greece, or the former splendours of Rome.

“The collections occupy part of the ground floor of the old *Louvre*, and the whole of the new *Louvre*, or the gallery of communication between the *Thuilleries* and the former palace. The lower halls are consecrated to the statues, and are seven in number, including the vestibule; some are paved with marble, and the ceilings of all are painted; their magnitude is not striking, with the exception of the hall, which was opened and furnished the latest, called the *Salle de Fleuves*.

“These halls contain more than three hundred statues, almost all ancient, most excellent in their kind: some are considered masterpieces of the art, and the greatest efforts of Grecian talent. Such an assemblage is, without doubt, striking; and must, we should naturally imagine, excite the greatest admiration and delight. Yet, unfortunately, there are circumstances, if I may judge from my own feelings, and the feelings of many foreign, and even some French spectators, which diminish both our pleasure and our astonishment at such an extraordinary exhibition. In the first place, the halls are not embellished in such a style of magnificence as becomes the combination of wonders which they contain: in the next place, they are too gloomy; and in the third, the arrangement is extremely defective.

“Sculpture and architecture are sister arts: they ought to be inseparable: the living forms of the former are made to grace and enliven the palaces and the temples of the latter. Besides, the emperors of Rome and the deities of Greece sat enthroned under columns, or stood enshrined in the midst of marble porticoes; a flood of light burst upon the domes over their head, and all the colours of marble gleamed from the pavement and played round the pedestals. Thus encircled with light, and glory, and beauty, they appeared in ancient Athens and in modern Rome, each, according to its dignity, in its niche of honour, or in its separate temple, high above the crowd, and distinguished as much by its site as by its excellence.

“How degraded are the captive gods and emperors, the imprisoned heroes and sages of the *Louvre*! The floors are flagged, the walls are plaistered, the ceilings arched, the windows rare: a few scanty beams just glare on the lifeless forms, as if to shew the paleness of the marble, and the confusion in which gods and animals, heroes and vases, historical beings and mythological fables, crowd around.

“The *Laocoon* and the *Apollo of Belvidere*, it is true, occupy the most distinguished place, each in his particular hall;

but the way to the latter is obstructed by a whole line of minor forms ; and in his haste to contemplate the matchless groupe of the former, the spectator stumbles upon the Venus of Medicis !

“ It would be absurd to say, that France is deficient in artists, or that her artists are all deficient in taste ; but it may happen that in France, as well as in many other countries, the best artists are not always the most favoured ; and that it is much easier for sovereigns to give employment, than to endow those employed with judgment and abilities.

“ Statues like pictures, one would imagine, ought to be arranged so as to form the history of the art ; so as to lead the spectator from the first efforts of untutored nature, to the bold outline of the Egyptians—to the full, the breathing, perfections of the Greeks.

“ Vases might precede the forms of animals ; animals might lead to men, to heroes, to sages, and to gods. Altars and tripods might be placed before the divinities to which they are sacred ; and the few grand master-pieces might stand each in the centre of its own temple, and be allowed to engross the admiration of those who entered its sanctuary. If the classics furnish any reference or elucidation, it might be inscribed in marble tablets on the walls ; and Virgil and Homer might be employed in developing the design of the sculptor, or the sculptor become the commentator of Virgil and Homer.

“ From the halls of statues a most magnificent flight of stone steps, adorned by marble pillars, leads to the gallery of pictures. The spectator ascends with a pleasure that increases as he passes the noble saloon serving as an antichamber to the museum ; but when he stands at its entrance, and beholds a gallery of fourteen hundred feet extending in immeasurable perspective before him, he starts with surprise and admiration. The variety of tints that line the sides, the splendid glow of the gilding above, the blaze that breaks through the lateral windows, and the tempered lights that fall from the roof, mingle together in the perspective, and form a most singular and fascinating combination of light and shade—of splendour and obscurity.

“ The pictures are arranged according to the schools : and the schools are divided by marble pillars. Of these divisions some are lighted from above, while others are exposed to the glare of cross lights from the lateral windows ; a defect which I believe is to be remedied. The French school comes first in place, and from it the spectator passes to the Dutch, the German, and the Italian schools. Little can be objected to this arrangement ; but the impartial critic may be disposed to com-

plain when he finds Claude Lorrain, a German by birth, and an Italian by education, ranked among French painters; when he sees the composition of modern artists, whose names are little known, and whose title to fame is not certainly yet established, placed on a line with the acknowledged masters of the art; and when he discovers the glare and contortion of David's figures starting on the very walls that display the calmness and the repose of Poussin's scenery. In truth, the former artist, to the national defects of glitter, bustle, and contortion, has super-added the absurdity of degrading Greek and Roman heroes into revolutionary assassins, and converting the sternness of Brutus and of Cato into the infernal grin of Marat and Robespierre.

"To complain of the number of pictures in a gallery would be unreasonable; yet we may be permitted to observe, that many splendid objects, when united, eclipse each other; and that master-pieces, placed in contact, must necessarily dazzle the eye and divide the attention. Paintings, therefore, which are confessedly the first specimens of the art, ought to be placed separate, each in its own apartment, under the influence of a light peculiarly its own, and with all its appropriate accompaniments."

Any compliment we might offer to Mr. Eustace would be superfluous. His classical observations elicit their own sterling merits; but we will flatter the IMPERIAL ROBBER; first, in the language of Ariosto, and then in that of Voltaire. These verses relate to the protection afforded by Augustus to Virgil.

"Non fu sì santo, nè sì benigno Augusto
Come la tuba di Virgilia suona.
L'avere avuto in poesia buon gusto,
La proscrizione iniqua gli perdona."

"Tyran de son pays et scelerat habile,
Il mit Perouse en cendre et Rome dans les fers.
Mais il avoit du goût; il se connût en vers:
Auguste au rang des dieux est placé par Virgile."

We must now draw towards a conclusion. M. Fontanelle has traced the labyrinths of poetry with a magic clue. He interests his readers at every winding passage, teaching the inexperienced to adventure in the glorious maze with acquired confidence. He explores the dramatic art of every school—and closes his essay on the belles lettres, generally, with erudite remarks on criticism. His definition of that art is concise, but full of intelligence.

"La critique est la recherche profonde et philosophique, des premiers éléments et des premiers lois du bon gout, recueillis des ouvrages les plus estimés."

We add—that true criticism is founded in a sacred regard to justice tempered by clemency. "To err is human" — but it is a noble exertion of humanity to lead the wanderer by the light of reason. He best succeeds who executes his arduous trust with liberality; and polishes his censure with becoming courtesy.—*Valete!* E.

ILLYRICUM DISPLAYED.

ART. IX.—*L'Illyrie et la Dalmatie; ou, Mœurs, Usages, et Costumes, de leurs Habitans, et de ceux des contrées Voisines. Traduit de l'Allemand, de M. le Docteur Hacquet. Par M. BRETON, Augmenté d'un Memoir sur la Croatie Militaire; orné de trente deux Planches, dont vingt quatre d'après les Gravures de l'Ouvrage Allemand, et huit d'après les Dessins Originaux inédits. 24mo. 2 tom. Pp. 155, 171. Chez Nepveu Libraire à Paris.—Imported; Deboffe, 1815.*

To those who love to glean information from the harvest of literature, this elegant little work will be most acceptable. In the fashionable world, study assumes an antideluvian aspect: it presents itself to the porter of a splendid mansion, with pretensions so little modern, that a surly "*not at home*" quickly dismisses the intruder. But as flippancy in conversation is the legitimate standard of a cultivated mind, our *elegans*, and our *elegantes*, may become *wonderfully wise* by perusing these sketches.

Among the French *Savans*, who have published voluminous travels in the countries before us, we have to applaud M. Castellan, M. Langles, M. Marcel, &c.: and, from among our own countrymen, we take pleasure to notice the works of Dr. Clarke and Sir Robert Kerr Porter. In this summary, which is translated from the German of M. le Docteur Hacquet, M. Breton has presented to the French reader a compendious view of the manners, customs, religions, laws, and dress, of a very interesting variety of people.

A sketch of human beings, unpolished by civilization, and steady in the pursuits of their ancestors, displays to the reflecting mind a true picture of human nature in its distinct allotments.

In one race of mankind we behold a characteristic intrepidity which descends from father to son: in another, the prevalence of a sanguinary mind indulged by ferocious habits: in another, patient humility kisses the rod of despotism, and smiles in the horrors of slavery: in another, frugality cherishes the means of generosity, and a frank open-hearted hospitality ennobles the possessors: in another, their national song proclaims the dormant genius of a people who, by education, would be elevated to the rank of poets: in another, families vegetate as indiscriminately together as herds of swine in their incommodious sty: in another, theft is a constitutional inheritance: in another, drunkenness and other excesses are disgraceful and reigning accomplishments.

These volumes detail *La Religion des Illyriens en général—Habits de Geilthal, ou Silauzi—Habits de la Carniole—Istriens—Japides—La Dolenzi—Les Wipaches, ou Vipauzes—Les Gostchéens, ou Hotzhévariens—Liburniens, ou Liburnzi—Morlaques—Croâtes, ou Horvati—Usukes, ou Skoko, ou Serbli—Croate Militaire—Likaniens, ou Likani, Croates des Montagnes—Les Dalmates—Bouches du Cattaro—Ile de Sabioncello—Reflexions générales sur la Dalmatie—Rasciens, ou Raitziens.*

The plates which embellish this work represent the various costumes of the people, and are of a superior style of engraving. To shew the spirit of the work, we will devote a few minutes to M. Breton's chapter "*Sur les Morlaques.*"

A plate represents a young female journeying with a very heavy load, self sustained, on her head. An infant is cradled in a sort of hammock slung across her shoulders; and, with this double load, she employs herself in spinning to beguile her way.

These people sometimes profess the Catholic faith, and sometimes the rites of the Greek church; but, under the dominion of their holy pastors, they are bigotted in the belief of sorcery and of ghosts to an incredible degree. The malignity of a neighbour will, it is supposed, deprive a cow of its milk; but the *mirabile dictu* is established in the following anecdote, related by M. Fortis, upon the oath of a Cordelier, to whom the event is stated to have happened.

The monk had retired for the night to the apartment of a young Morlaque, which they both occupied;—but the monk could not compose himself to sleep: at length, he distinctly saw two sorcerers in the room: they advanced to the youth's bed, opened his body, and took out his heart, which they began to roast for their supper. The youth, however, awoke, and discovered the loss of his heart: the space was void!

Upon this, the sorcerers vanished, leaving the smoking heart half dressed. The enchantment which had hitherto overpowered the monk ceased, and he leaped out of bed—seized the half roasted heart, which he directed the youth to eat as speedily as possible. He did so; and in a few minutes he was sensible of the usual pulsations in his bosom.

This story is divested of all its superhuman agency, when it is understood, that these sanctified impostors carry on a very profitable trade in amulets, called by them "*zapis*," whose mystic qualities are believed to be a protection against witchcraft. These *zapis* are inscribed with the name of some saint; and, like the seal of Johanna Southcot, are very generally coveted. Talismans are, moreover, venerated by the Turks, who import them in large quantities to the aggrandisement of the Morlaque priesthood.

What says the philosopher?

"To those who study nature, it will be self-evident, that the history of the present day, is alike the history of the day past, and that of the day to come!"

R.

MILITARY BIOGRAPHY.

ART. X.—*Histoire des Grands Capitaines de la France, depuis le Connétable Duguesclin jusqu'au Marechal de Saxe.* 12mo. en Trente Numéros. Pp. 130, 140. Chez Chateauneuf, Paris.—Imported De Boffe. 1815.

HISTORIES of the illustrious warriors of France have already been presented to the world by Désormaux, D'Auvigny, Richer, and Turpin: the object of the present work is to correct the errors of preceding writers, by shewing, that the frailties of human nature do mingle with the most splendid talents; and, that it is the duty of biographers to be faithful representatives of the characters they pourtray.

"Les victoires les plus éclatantes ne couvrent pas la honte des vices d'un guerrier. On loue les actions, et on méprise la personne. C'est de tout temps qu'on a vu la réputation la plus brillante échouer contre les mœurs du héros et ses lauriers flétris par des faiblesses."

Nothing is more founded in truth than the preceding observation from Masillon. Valour, like philosophy, or religion, or other distinguished characteristic, is not an independent attribute. Titus Livius, Plutarch, and Rollin, celebrate Scipio more as the conqueror of himself, than as the conqueror of

Carthage; and History proclaims to us, that Charles XII. was not a great man—he was merely a great hero.

The same sentence will be passed by posterity on our own Nelson.

In short, such is the construction of humanity, that grandeur of action, or nobility of sentiment, can never flourish in the garden of nature without being surrounded with the weeds of frailty.

With this uninfluenced impression, the object of our review, professedly the result of many years labours devoted to its perfection, is thus prefaced.

“ Quoique le temps où nous vivons semble beaucoup plus porté à la censure qu'à l'éloge, nous déclarons qu'en dévoilant des défauts et des vices, nous n'avons pas le dessein de blâmer ce qui est consacré par le respect des siècles; mais nous avons consulté des sources et d'anciens manuscrits dans lesquels ceux qui nous ont précédés n'ont pas osé puiser: nous écrirons avec une sévérité nouvelle, et pourtant avec toute la justice qu'exige la fonction d'historien, qui doit laisser l'adulation ou le silence aux historiographes des souverains. Notre but sera moins encore d'allumer dans le cœur des Français l'amour de la guerre qui ne peut être justifiée que par la haine du joug étranger, le vœu de défendre la liberté de sa patrie, ou quand, comme Charles Martel, on arrête des torrents de barbares que leur population presse et emporte hors des limites de leurs déserts. L'auteur de l'histoire des grands Capitaines n'eût pas écrit celle d'un injuste conquérant; il ne craindra pas de présenter par-tout la guerre comme un fléau épouvantable, rassemblant sous lui toutes les calamités et tous les crimes; et, heureusement pour son sujet, les Bayard, les Brissac, les Crillon, les Condé, les Turenne, les Fabert, les Luxembourg, les Catinat, les Boufflers, les Vendôme, les Villars, les Chevert, les Saxe, les Berwick, et presque tous les grands capitaines qu'il va offrir pour modèles, ressemblent plus aux Thémistocle, aux Miltiade, aux Epaminondas et aux Aristide, qu'à ces conquérans vulgaires qui, en ravageant le monde, ont obtenu moins d'estime que de renommée.”

Julius Cæsar was the historiographer of his own campaigns, and it would be well if every General in chief was attended by a man of letters to record events as they happened. It is at the scene of action that the mind imbibes correct impressions; and a history so compiled would prove a national treasure.

Boileau said to Louis XIV—

Sans elles (les Muses) un héros n'est pas long-temps héros.
Bientôt, quoi qu'il ait fait, la mort, d'une ombre noire,
Enveloppe avec lui son nom et son histoire.

* * * * *

Non, à quelques hauts faits que ton destin t'appelle,
Sans le secours soigneux d'une muse fidelle,
Pour t'immortaliser tu fais de vains efforts.

And Jean Baptiste Rousseau exclaims, in his Ode to Prince Eugène—

Mais combien de grands noms, couverts d'ombres funèbres,
Sans les écrits divins qui les rendent célèbres,
Dans l'éternel oubli languiraient inconnus !
Il n'est rien que le tems n'absorbe et ne dévore ;
Et les faits qu'on ignore
Sont bien peu différens des faits non avenus.

We cannot convey our approbation of the elegance of the language in which this history is written, so well as by annexing the copy of a letter from M. de Fontanes, president of the Corps Legislatif at Paris, to M. Chateaufeuf.

"J'ai reçu, Monsieur, les nouveaux volumes de votre Histoire des Généraux Français. Votre style est rapide comme leurs victoires. Vous savez rassembler en peu de pages les grandes choses qu'ils ont faites en peu de jours. C'est aux héros dont vous êtes l'historien à vous apprécier dignement."

We must not omit that this work is addressed to his Imperial Majesty of Russia. But as "*Alexandre le Magnanime*" is worshipped in these words—

"Vous avez vaincu Buonaparte, aussi dangereux au rois qu'abhorri des Français qu'il osait nommer ses sujets ; vous avez rétabli sur le trône de ses ancêtres un prince, à qui la France doit un paix inespéré, non moins qu'à votre générosité naturelle."

We rather incline to think the dedication may undergo the "*mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*" M. Chateaufeuf, however, has been a sufferer under the "CENSURE" of Napoleon le Grand. We shall make a few observations, in our next article, on the liberty of the French press under that despotic yoke.

H.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

ART. XI.—*La Liberté de la Presse sous le Gouvernement du Général Buonaparté.* 8vo. Pp. 16. Chez les Marchands de Nouveautés, Paris.—Imported, De Boffe. 1815.

THIS pamphlet, one of a series, takes a view of the liberty of the press in France under the government of "*Le Général Buonaparté*;" comprehending the period between 1809 and 31st of March, 1814.

We are informed that "LA CENSURE" was exercised with timidity by M. Portalis. He began by expunging or changing words; but he grew bolder in office, and ventured to pass his pen through whole paragraphs of a work. M. Le General Pommereuil succeeded M. Portalis, and did honour to his appointment. He was not content with suppressing pages, or chapters, or volumes—his noble ambition grasped at the destruction of editions; and piles of learning were sacrificed to ALLUSION, as unceremoniously as piles of human beings to AMBITION!

In what were these splendid works obnoxious to the government?

"Et quels livres! il n'y avait pas un libelle. Une maxime religieuse ou philosophique prise dans Bossuet, dans Montesquieu, une réflexion sur les malheurs de la guerre, choisie dans Massillon, le mot de liberté, non pas cette liberté sauvage que nous avons vu armée de piques et de sanglants décrets, mais cette divinité des cœurs nobles, que le Anglais adorent chez eux, que tout Français peut invoquer sous le meilleur des Rois; voilà ce qui était redouté du tyran et rayé par les censeurs. Chaque mois, chaque jour apportait une preuve nouvelle de la crainte que l'indépendance de l'esprit cause à la force qui opprime, de la sottise des visirs de la pensée et de la dégradation des Français.

"*'L'injustice à la fin produit l'indépendance.'*—VOLTAIRE."

For instance—In 1811, the following beautiful passage from Massillon touched the tender conscience of the partizans of Buonaparte. The allusion was deemed epigrammatic: it was expunged: and yet a brave man might read it with enthusiasm,

"La gloire des conquêtes est toujours souillée de sang: c'est le carnage et la mort qui nous y conduisent, et il faut faire des malheureux pour se l'assurer. L'appareil qui l'environne est funeste et lugubre, et souvent le conquérant lui-même, s'il est humain, est forcé de verser des larmes sur ses propres victoires. Si les hommes se donnaient des maîtres, ce ne serait ni les plus nobles ni les plus vaillants qu'ils se choisiraient; ce serait les plus tendres, les plus humains; des maîtres qui fussent en même temps leurs pères. Le titre de conquérant n'est gravé que sur le marbre; le titre de père du peuple est gravé dans les cœurs."

In 1807 the modern Attila,* rushing like a hungry tiger on his prey, tore the following passage with his teeth, and condemned the whole work.

Attila, a celebrated Hun, boasted in the appellation of "*Scourge of God*." He wished to extend his conquests over the world; and it was his delight to drag captive kings in his train. It is memorable, that this lover of human blood was seized on his wedding night with a violent hemorrhage that was fatal to his life.

"Ceux qui veulent qu'on éloigne de nos yeux ces tableaux des calamités de la guerre, devaient savoir que c'est le récit des actions inhumaines qui en prévient le retour. Peut-être y a-t-il eu moins de mauvais rois et de destructeurs farouches, depuis que l'histoire punit ceux qui ont fait le malheur du genre humain, et quelle s'offre toujours menaçante aux tyrans que la flatterie voudrait rassurer contre la haine de leurs contemporains et le jugement de l'inexorable avenir."

For LIBELS like these, contained in half a dozen lines, whole editions of works that were honourable monuments of national talent perished. And this is the creature who has now granted a liberty of the press to the people of France, and abolished the slave trade !

The wolf lowered his natural tones to allure the little Red Riding Hood with expressions of hypocritical courtesy ; but, once securely in the monster's power, what became of poor little Red Riding Hood ?

E.

RUSSIANS AT PARIS.

ART. XII.—*L'Officier Russe à Paris, ou Aventures et Reflections Critiques du Comte de ****. Chez Barba, Libraire, Palais-Royal. 2 tom. 12mo. Pp. 252, 289. Paris.—Imported, Deboffe. 1815.

THIS is an elegant and amusing *bagatelle*. It is, we understand, much admired in the *côteries* and *belle sociétés* of Paris. By a very allowable and innocent deception, the author has given a *romanesque* air to his story, which is any thing but complicated, an attractiveness, and, to use his own words, "un intérêt vif," perfectly sustained by the animated gracefulness and volubility of the language. The sentiments are untainted with that voluptuousness too frequently indulged in by foreign novelists ; and the panoramic view which it displays of the manners, amusements, public buildings, statues, paintings, &c. of the gay metropolis of France, will be a sufficient indemnification to the hater of novels in general, for the time which our recommendation of "*L'Officier Russe*:" may induce him to devote to its perusal.

The action of the work commences a few days after the entry of the Russians into Paris. The *Comte de ****, a Colonel of a Cossack regiment, is the hero. He is introduced to an hospitable and elegant family, where he meets with a young lady, with whose personal charms and cultivated understanding he becomes *gradatim*, deeply and fervently enchanted. His passion is returned with equal ardour and sincerity ; but it is

necessary to obtain the approbation of his family, whose pride is excessive, and whose wish it is that the *Comte* should be united to some lady of a rank, at any rate, not beneath his own; and as *Amelie de P**** is inferior to the *Comte* in birth, it is only by the reliance he places in the affection entertained for him by his parents and relations, and his lively representations of the beauty and accomplishments of his lovely *inamorata*, that he places his hopes of the successful result of his entreaties. He writes to St. Peterburgh. In the interim the lovers see each other almost daily, and as their mutual acquaintance proceeds, their mutual passion becomes strengthened; till at length opportunity concurring with the violence of affection, the *Comte* becomes *Amelie's* husband in every particular but the nominal. This indiscretion is, however, committed but once, and is followed by indignation on the part of the lady, and repentance on that of the noble Cossack, whose love and respect continue unabated. Every difficulty is finally arranged, and a very pleasing and animated peroration conducts *Amelie* and the *Comte* to the shrine of Hymen.

If there is any thing in this sprightly novel that demands our critical censure, it will be found in the character of the *Comte*. Notwithstanding the favourable notions we entertain for the nation of which he is the representative, we cannot help thinking that he is rather too polished, too refined and *naïve* for a Cossack. Perhaps it is not altogether *en caractere* to show him off in the costume of a *savau*, attending lectures at the Institute, &c. and conversing on chemistry, painting, and other anti-Tartar subjects. Though we entertain considerable ideas of the comparative civilization of the inhabitants of the Don districts, we do not go quite the length of our amusing author, or suppose that a Cossack and a soldier can experience any decided taste for affairs that are removed so far from his ordinary pursuits. The utmost that we can do is to take him as the *beau ideal* of the Cossack character. The mother of *Amelie*, Madame de P***, is a model of maternal sagacity and tenderness. She detects an artifice, employed by the *Comte* to secure his residence in her house for the purpose of secret interviews with her daughter, with an open, dignified simplicity that irresistibly appeals to his frank and generous heart. The character of a French nobleman with whom De *** becomes acquainted, a gentleman of no fixed notions, but of much experience in the profligate circles of Parisian society, is admirably sketched; and the abundance of incident particularly striking, when the limited range of the subject is considered.

The author has cast his little work in the epistolary mould,

a form for which we have no extraordinary predilection. We are perfectly sensible that its advantages to the author are great, as it permits him to vary the disposition of his materials; and by sudden breaks, and unexpected information, to fill up the chasms of the preceding parts of the composition, without the burthen that would be imposed upon him by the call for an immediate supply of matter. Nor must we omit to mention the great recommendation the epistolary form carries with it, in the animation of personal narrative. The identity of the individual, whose history is related, is by this mean impressed on the mind of the reader with peculiar vigour; we sympathise with his every feeling. His heart appears opened to us, and the interest we feel in his adventures is maintained undisturbed and entire.

In representing to Parisians the character of one of their invaders, and to give him sentiments at once honourable to himself, and unhumiliating to them, was a task by no means facile. From this dilemma the author has extricated himself with singular grace and felicity.

“Nous voilà enfin à Paris, mon cher Romanof. A dire vrai, nous y entrons en pacificateurs plutôt qu'en vainqueurs; car, sans les partis et les opinions qui divisent la France, notre succès définitif eût été fort douteux. Quelle ville! que d'objets à voir, à décrire! que de plaisirs, d'observations et de critiques! Tu me persifflas, tu me blâmas d'avance, je le parie.—Quoi! un homme du Nord Cosaque frondeur! ‘On n'écrit pas, diras-tu, la morale et la réforme avec un fer de lance sur des feuilles de roses ou des ailes de papillon.’—Soit; aussi ne suis-je ni moraliste, ni réformateur, Tu vois en moi l'active abeille ou l'étourdi frêlon, si tu veux, sollicitant le tribut de toutes les fleurs agréables ou utiles, et je t'envoie à Pétersbourg le miel que je recueille.”

The following extract exhibits the *Comte* as *un homme galant*: rather too much so, perhaps, for a colonel of a Cossack regiment; but, as it introduces a finely-tinted picture of the French opera, we think our readers will not be displeased at having it presented to them.

“J'étais dans la loge de ma nouvelle connaissance, madame de Melcour, qui est décidément l'objet de mes vœux et de ma petite guerre. Rien de plus séduisant qu'une demiprude luttant avec effort contre un goût naissant; d'une beauté célèbre, s'abandonnant, sans s'en douter, au seul pouvoir de ses yeux et des agréments personnels, ou plutôt à l'enchantement d'une conquête étrangère; car, telle fatuité que tu me supposes, je ne m'abuse

point sur le charme dominant, sur le talisman qui séduit les Françaises ; la nouveauté, mon cher, c'est le seul que je possède à leurs yeux.

“ On donnait la *Vestale*, que notre empereur avait demandée, ouvrage qu'il aime beaucoup et qu'il fait souvent jouer à St.-Petersbourg : poëme simple, sage et bien écrit, musique riche, variée, et d'une mélodie enchanteresse.

“ Tu sens que d'allusions, que d'allégories piquantes et propes à accélérer le traité de paix et d'amour ! En scène une vestale romaine cloîtrée ; ici près de moi une prêtresse parisienne en présence d'un mari jaloux ; l'une entretenant le feu sacré ; l'autre allumant dans mon cœur un feu brûlant, mais moins durable ; là, cette belle et chaste Julia agitant sa flamme et l'attisant par ses soupirs : et moi, sur les charbons ardents, tisonnant, pétillant, jetant à tort et à travers quelques étincelles d'esprit et d'amour, sans pouvoir enflammer la belle Lucrèce.

“ Mais, ô pouvoir de l'harmonie ! dans ce duo divin, ce duo si expressif : *Sur cet autel sacré viens recevoir ma foi*, je ne sais par quel hasard, par quel enchantement, ma main s'est trouvée près de celle de madame de Melcour. Je tenais son éventail ; et, dans l'obscurité d'une loge de rez-de-chaussée, échauffée par la situation, elle a voulu le retirer de ma main, et, par ce geste, elle a approché une des siennes de mon cœur, où la mienne s'était réfugiée à dessein. C'est alors que Julia a chanté : *Sur cet autel sacré, etc.*, et que j'ai répété à demi-voix ce motif délicieux, en pressant la mesure et l'éventail qu'on tenait sur mon cœur, avec une expression assez vive pour voir madame de Melcour rougir, baisser les yeux et prendre une palpitation très-significative.

“ Tu conçois quand une demi-intelligence s'établit, quels progrès on fait en pareille situation, quel effet produit un clair de lune ! car le clair de lune est l'aurore des amans heureux. Au clair de lune, toutes les femmes sont blanches, tous les scrupules atténués, tous les gestes dérobés et les soupirs entendus.

“ Aussi quelle magie n'a pas produit la chaste Diane, au troisième acte ! pendant que son disque argenté parcourait lentement les nuages azurés de la scène, ma main, par le même mouvement, soulevait adroitement un schall obligeant et d'un bleu céleste, aussi tendre que les yeux de ma vestale, pour retrouver la main charmante qui m'avait échappé.

“ Je l'ai ressaisie au moment où le grand prêtre, vrai symbole des maris jaloux qui enterrent leurs épouses toutes vivantes, donnait à Julia la lampe funèbre, pour descendre dans la tombe. C'est alors qu'un guerrier, suivi de l'armée des amours et des plaisirs, à bonne grâce à venir, comme Lucinius, arracher au sépulcre une aimable captive, et c'est alors aussi que je me suis montré ; c'est alors que l'analogie des situations produit une explosion sentimentale, et qu'une jolie femme sort baissant les yeux, admirant un poëme qui a servi d'interprète, un chant qui a voilé ses soupirs et un ballet qui nous a fait faire tant de pas en si peu de temps.”

Our British *elegantes* will peruse the description of a Parisian festival with no inconsiderable pleasure.

"Le Duc de *** vient de donner une fête brillante, magnifique à Passy : mais quel dénouement ! quel spectacle affreux ! Au reste, cette fête m'a prouvé la profonde sensibilité d'Amélie, son âme forte et naïve à la fois, et tout en elle a dû exalter de plus en plus ma tête effervescente.

"Cet événement est une preuve du peu de raison et de jugement qui préside en général aux fêtes de Paris. On décore le tableau à merveille, il faut en convenir ; le goût y préside, les fleurs y abondent ; le clinquant, les colifichets, les accessoires sont délicieux ; mais toujours le fond, comme en toutes choses, pêche essentiellement, et le local est le dernier objet dont on s'occupe. Si on eût employé les trente millions, dépensés, dit-on, ici, depuis vingt ans, en décorations de papier, pour les fêtes publiques ou particulières, Paris aurait pour les jours d'apparat et de solennité, le plus riche temple en marbre, un cirque plus beau que l'antiquité n'eût pu l'offrir à nos regards ; il aurait le pendant de la belle galerie de Potemkin ; mais le Français inconstant préfère en tout des simulacres variables aux réalités permanentes. Aussi à chaque fête, faut-il créer, édifier en toile, en carton, en toiles d'araignées que le vent emporte quand le feu ne les consume pas.

"Le Duc de ***, forcé de construire dans ses jardins, à Passy, une salle de bal, s'est vu dans la nécessité d'adopter les pratiques aériennes et incendiaires des architectes impromptus. Le goût y présidait ; l'intérieur était charmant. Des guirlandes multipliées, des gazes d'argent, des lustres innombrables, des draperies de mousseline, jetées avec grâce, formaient un coup d'œil ravissant : mais tout cela, par malheur, était enfermé dans une vaste tonnelle d'échalas et de toile goudronnée, toile dite imperméable, à la pluie il est vrai, mais non au feu, élément bien plus à craindre pour un jour de fête dans l'atmosphère d'un volcan de bougies.

"Quoi qu'il en soit, l'aspect de cette salle était enchanteur ; les jardins étaient illuminés avec un art parfait et tous les détails dessinés par l'élégance, si ce n'est par le bon sens.

"Amélie y est venue avec sa mère. Le Prince Polonais S*** avait eu soin de leur faire envoyer des billets. J'en avais conçu un secret sentiment de jalousie, quoique cet envoi fût naturel, puisque Amélie avait été présentée chez la princesse sa sœur ; mais je me rappelais la passion du prince pour Amélie, passion dont l'étourdie Zaïre m'avait entretenu dans nos petits cercles du Théâtre Français. Je connaissais d'ailleurs l'extrême galanterie du Prince Polonais, sa prétendue courtoisie, son esprit romanesque, joué dans le monde ; sa profonde sensibilité, vertu de salon qu'il mettait toujours en avant, et qui le rendait un rival très-redoutable pour moi.

"Je me proposais donc d'épier ses tentatives et de ne pas perdre de vue Amélie. Quoique venu isolément à cette fête, j'y ai re-

joint bientôt madamé de P..... et sa fille; mais, prévenu de tout, je me suis borné à des observations discrètes, à une certaine distance.

"Le Prince S*** n'a pas manqué, aussitôt ces dames arrivées et le bal commencé, de faire sa tournée dans la salle, de manière à arriver au but et à s'arrêter près d'Amélie. Un salut respectueux à la mère, des regards en coulisse à la fille, tout cela ne m'échappait point, d'autant qu'Amélie semblait, par des mouvemens de tête du côté d'une croisée entr'ouverte, où j'étais assis, solliciter la faculté de respirer plus librement, et que j'osais me flatter, en secret, d'aider un peu par mes soupirs à faciliter cette respiration gênée."

The assignation of the Comte with Amélie is described with warmth, feeling, and delicacy; and her emotions, on recovering from her fainting, are given with great force and pathos.

"Elles ont été affreuses, horribles, quelque temps après; mais dès le premier moment, le cri de l'innocence abusée sans le savoir, a été déjà mon premier supplice. Rien ne peut rendre la douleur et le remords que coûtent à tout homme qui garde au fond de son âme quelque honnêteté, le regard confiant d'un ange déshonoré, les remerciemens de la vertu flétrie, et les carcasses de la pudeur outragées à son insu, adressées à l'ingrat qui l'a perdue.

"Que suis-je devenu, lorsque, confus, humilié dans mes réponses vagues, j'ai vu Amélie à son réveil, frappée d'un premier mouvement de surprise et de terreur? Quels remords affreux, lorsque balbutiant à ses questions où respiraient à-la-fois l'innocence et un horrible effroi inconnu d'elle jusqu'alors, elle a ajouté: 'Je ne sais ce que j'éprouve—mais ma mère revient dans deux jours, et je lui dirai—Gardez-vous en! me suis-je écrié vivement.' 'Pourquoi donc?' a repris Amélie avec une candeur déchirante et qui m'a percé l'âme.' 'Gardez vous-en, Amélie!—Pourquoi?' a-t-elle repris plus vivement, avec un tremblement violent, 'Amélie! continuai-je, Amélie! silence! silence éternel sur ce qui s'est passé! Que s'est-il passé?' s'est écrié cet ange plus alarmé. 'Amélie! dis-je en frémissant—et si, entraîné par l'amour—j'avais anticipé—sur les droits d'un époux—Quoi!' erie-t-elle, en prenant des convulsions effrayantes, 'C'est là—c'est l'amour!—quand le cœur seul—et je croyais—Oh! malheureuse!' A ces mots, elle tombe sans connaissance.

"Je la prends alors dans mes bras, je cherche à la ranimer, mais en vain; ses yeux étaient fixes, secs, ardents, ses cheveux épars, et ses lèvres tremblantes répétaient d'une voix sourde ces mots cruels: 'Ma mère, ma mère!—il est donc vrai—un seul mystère envers toi nous coûtera la vie!'

"L'infortunée versait des torrens de larmes, sans reprendre ses esprits égarés. De ses mains elle recueillait des ruisseaux de larmes, et, dans son délire, en arrosait son sein, comme pour purifier la place

de mes baisers, avec son désespoir, et les effacer aux regards du monde.—‘Toujours ! toujours ! ils y sont !’ disait-elle en étouffant : ‘rien n’efface donc ce premier forfait ? Mais je pleurerai tant !—tant !—ô mon Dieu ! mes larmes sont si amères—qu’elles brûleront la place—oh ! oui ; et ma mère seule saura—’

“ Elle retombe dans son anéantissement funeste. Je veux alors la prendre dans mes bras, et, entraîné par la passion autant que par la douleur, hasarder quelques caresses, et rappeler ses esprits : funeste erreur !

“ Amélie, dans l’excès de l’indignation, ou plus éclairée sans doute, se lève comme un trait, les yeux étincelans, les cheveux presque dressés sur sa tête ; et, dans le désordre de ses vêtemens blancs, de son attitude fière et divine, je crois voir la vierge céleste au moment où elle quitta la terre, sur un trône de nuages. Prosterné à ses pieds, confordu, je la regarde terrifié ; je veux embrasser ses genoux, elle me repousse avec un froid dédain.

“ ‘Laisse-moi, Pierre ! tu me fais horreur !’

“ Je veux insister avec larmes et prières.—‘Laisse-moi, Pierre !’ dit-elle d’un air inspiré et avec un dédain sublime : ‘Je croyais un amant le compagnon de ma vie, l’appui de la vertu—un second fils de ma mère ! rien—rien !—c’est l’assassin du corps et de l’âme. Tu m’as perdue ! laisse-moi, Pierre !’ et elle veut s’enfuir. Je me précipite alors devant elle, je veux la supplier, je lui donne le nom d’épouse :—‘Toi ! oh non ! il faudrait t’estimer au moins—Impossible à présent ! laisse-moi, Pierre !’ ”

The *dénouement* is wrought with a skill and power that we do not recollect to have often seen surpassed.

“ Je me jette à ses pieds, je lui explique mes projets, la nécessité de faire parler sa famille, je la conjure d’oublier mon forfait, pour voir l’avenir et consentir à notre union. ‘C’est inutile, Pierre, dit-elle—c’est inutile ;’ et elle laisse, par un mouvement machinal et incompréhensible, tomber ses deux bras sur mon cou. Ravi de ce geste caressant et confiant, je la relève, dans mon transport, en m’écriant : ‘Tu consens donc, enfin, à ce que nous soyons unis ?—Unis ! oh oui ! comme ici, et pour toujours,’ dit-elle d’une voix étouffée. Elle se laisse alors tomber presque entièrement dans mes bras.

“ Prenant son anéantissement pour l’ivresse de l’amour, je veux la faire asseoir sur ce banc noir et m’y placer à côté d’elle.

“ ‘Malheureux ! respecte au moins le tombeau de ma sœur,’ s’écrie Amélie avec l’accent horrible du désespoir, et se relevant debout, les yeux étincelans, comme l’ange exterminateur—A ces mots, je tombe foudroyé contre terre, et assez près du marbre pour qu’un rayon de l’astre des nuits, traversant à l’instant les nuages obscurs, me fasse lire sur la pierre ces mots, que l’or étincelant semblait retracer en traits de feu : ‘Eugénie de P— modèle de grâces, de bonté et d’innocence, éteinte à seize ans.’

“ Je vois alors, je vois que j'allais profaner le tombeau d'Eugénie, et je reconnais le cimetière du Père la-Chaise, où huit jours avant nous avions accompagné la dépouille mortelle du général D***.

“ Je reste pétrifié, mes cheveux se dressent alors sur ma tête par cet affreux contraste de la mort avec l'excès de la vie.

“ Je frémis en voyant cette fille superbe, pâle, échevelée, les yeux hagards levés au ciel; qui lui lance un dernier rayon de clarté et de miséricorde; je la vois appuyée d'une main sur le tombeau de sa sœur, et de l'autre repoussant l'assassin de sa famille.

“ Es-tu content enfin. Pierre ?” dit-elle avec un dernier effort : ‘ la voilà—ma sœur; je la rejoins. Tout-a-l'heure j'y serai—aussi là. Nous y serons tous, et ce sera ton ouvrage.—O ciel!’ m'écriai-je, ‘ que dites-vous !—Adieu, Pierre!’ dit-elle, en tombant sur ses genoux; ‘ c'est toi qui as versé le poison—toi—le premier jour où je t'ai vu.—O ciel! du secours!—Arrête!—je souffre trop—Ah! ne m'assassine pas deux fois en me faisant vivre—Mon Dieu! du secours!’ m'écriai-je, désespéré. Je veux courir en chercher, mais elle me retient avec force.—‘ Arrête. Pierre, il n'est plus temps : grâce au ciel, j'expire—Ecoute—Pars; et si jamais tu veux séduire encore une malheureuse—tâche—qu'elle n'ait pas une mère aussi tendre—et un cœur comme le mien.’

“ Hors de moi, je pousse des cris lamentables en la soutenant : le concierge accourt d'un côté, et je vois s'élancer d'une touffe de cyprès un groupe nombreux éclairé par des flambeaux. On se précipite. O surprise ! c'est Madame de P.... ! c'est son époux ! c'est une famille éplorée dont je baise les pas, et que je conjure de me rendre au jour, en sauvant ceux d'Amélie. On lui prodigue de prompts secours, on emploie des cordiaux, on parvient enfin à la ranimer. La vue de ses parens, de leur tendresse, de leur indulgence, ce concert d'amour et de vénération pour elle, la repellent enfin à la vie ; mais bientôt, voyant faire à Amélie un mouvement de surprise à l'aspect d'un homme décoré, placé dans le groupe, je me retourne et reconnais le Comte de N.... Quelle est alors ma confusion !

“ ‘ Ce n'est pas votre désespoir, monsieur, qui m'amène ici par l'ordre de mon maître, dit-il, c'est celui d'une famille respectable, indignement outragée, et qui m'a prevenu de ce dernier attentat. Oui ! Monsieur ! le grand homme qui n'a pas voulu coûter une larme politique à la capitale, ne verra pas impunément les pleurs et le désespoir des familles. Priez le ciel qu'il rende au jour cet ange de vertu et de malheur ; conjurez-la de vous sauver par le don de sa main le déshonneur et l'exil—votre sort dépend d'elle en ce moment.’

“ Cette alternative, les caresses de tant d'êtres, adorateurs d'Amélie, mon malheur, mon sort, dont elle est l'arbitre, paraissent toucher ma victime involontaire, et, quoiqu'elle se retourne

sans cesse vers la tombe, en disant tout bas : ' Ah ! j'espérais mourir au tombeau de ma sœur : l'on est, je crois, mieux ici : on dort, on ne souffre plus,' elle laisse, cependant ses beaux yeux jeter sur moi un long regard de pitié et de tendresse.

" On saisit ce moment pour insister. Je me précipite contre terre, j'ose prendre cette fille céleste dans mes bras, et lui jurer de la rendre heureuse. Tant d'adorations réunies la calment enfin ; elle se relève en s'appuyant sur moi : ' Sortons donc un moment encore de cette enceinte,' dit-elle, en montrant la petite balustrade qui entourait les arbustes du tombeau ; ' fermons la barrière. Ah ! ce n'est pas pour longtemps !—non, quand on sent comme moi !—Cela dépend de vous, Monsieur,' dit-elle avec un regard incompréhensible. ' Voilà la clef du tombeau—je la laisse en vos mains.' "

On the whole, we consider this novel as one of the most captivating that has issued from the French press during the *interregnum*. B.

PHILOSOPHY OF ARMAGEDDON.

ART. XIII.—*Armageddon. A Poem, in Twelve Books. By the Rev. GEORGE TOWNSEND, B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. The First Eight Books. 4to. Pp. 314.* Hatchard. 1815.

Φαῖλοι μὲν εἰς ἡμᾶς γὰρ, ὡς περὶ τῆς ἐκείνου λέγοντες, καὶ παλὸν τοῦ πρόσθεντος ἰδιώται, τὰ δὲ πράγματα οὐ φαῖλα ὑπὲρ ὧν λέγομεν. DION.

WE open our review with the author's explanation of his poem. In a modest dedication, addressed to that most amiable young nobleman, the Duke of Devonshire; Mr. Townsend avows his purpose to represent the God of NATURE as the GOD OF CHRISTIANITY : to unite HIS mysterious dispensations with regard to man, with HIS government of the universe : to reconcile HIS justice and HIS love : to shew the reasonableness of Christianity, and the necessity of obedience to the divine law.

The text is awful : the elucidation sublime !

It does not, however, comprehend a system of divinity ; but, as the poet *inaptly* expresses himself, it developes " *the speculations of 'FANCY' within the regions of Truth, delighting itself with the elevating contemplations connected with our future existence.* "

Now, although it is not our practice to cavil at single words, we have desired to apply the term *inaptly* to the word *Fancy* in the preceding passage. The expression ought to have been "IMAGINATION." Fancy is a light, sportive, and elegant in-

dulgence of the mind; whereas, imagination is the magnificent source of every spring that sublimates the human intellect.

In constructing the machinery of "A NEW THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE," Mr. Townsend has ventured to assume, that the whole space filled with stars is enclosed by heaven above, and by hell beneath; that it is encircled from east to west by the place appointed for the judgment of mankind—the scene of the last contest between the powers of Good and Evil. And, to this ideal circumference, he has appropriated the name of *Armageddon*.*

"What is God's universe? One spacious orb,
(The centre, star-filled space) on all sides round
Boundless: the kingdom of the heavens above
Shines in the glories of the immediate God;
Beneath, in all its terrors, flames the world
Of hell; and round the stars from west to east,
The realms of *Armageddon*: oft on wing
Swifter than light, our venturous forms have dared
The roaring gulphs, and sought in vain an end:
All is infinity! the heavens above
To endless distance spread; this hell beneath
Unfathomable; and *Armageddon*'s wastes
On all sides boundless: God alone through all
Extends—eternal—infinite—unknown."

This is a vast contemplation! The limited knowledge of man is bewildered by a single glance at the perspective of a philosophy so new, so incomprehensible, so stupendous, as the anticipation of events destined, by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, to celebrate the divine grandeur of the day of judgment. We are taught to believe, that there is a dread hereafter—a world to come—wherein all mysteries of the creation will be disclosed; but Revelation hath not enlarged our weak vision beyond a trembling mental expectation of the transcendent splendours of that all-glorious moment. We know not whether the affections of this world will be revived in the world to come; much less do we know in what manner the merciful judgment of our Heavenly Father will pronounce rewards and

* Various significations have been assigned to the word *Armageddon*: it will be found in the Book of Revelations.

"The Mount of Meeting"—*Grotius*. "The Destruction of Armies"—*Dru-sius*. "The Mount of Megiddo"—*Parkhurst*. "The Mount of Destruction"—*Newton*.

Mr. Townsend assumes, that the contest on earth is expected to take place at *Armageddon*, near Jerusalem; on which account, he has made it the theatre of his magnificent drama. The whole scenery is explained in an admirable preface.

punishments. - He, who would be happy here; or hope for bliss hereafter, will prepare for the blessedness of immortality through the ordeal of a well spent life.

As, however, the poem before us contains only eight of twelve books destined to its completion; and as the latter four will embrace the more exalted theme, "THE CONSUMMATION OF ALL THINGS!" we propose to refer our minute review until the work shall be perfected. Meanwhile, we delight to observe, that this epic poem is worthy the highest general commendation. It is descriptive of a most capacious mind: it discloses a vastness of conception, a sublimity of enthusiasm, a fascination of poetic genius, which for beauty, grace, and elegance, is rarely equalled. We do not trace the steps of Milton, or of Klopstock, as we pursue the scenery of this poem; notwithstanding, we frequently encounter paths wherein we have been accustomed to accompany their Muse.

It may be decided, that the language of Mr. Townsend is less heavenly than that of Milton; still, it must be confessed, that it is more luminous. The latter must be studied before he can be enjoyed; whereas, the former is always perspicuous: he unites simplicity of expression with grandeur of sentiment: every period is replete with glowing beauties; and his embellishment is transparent: he animates all he touches: he gives a momentary reality to delusion!

But our panegyric is confined to the poetry: neither his doctrine nor his politics claim our cordial applause. We cannot lend our sanction to the subversion of religious toleration, as we consider Pope's Universal Prayer to be the basis of all theological disquisition—

" Father of all—in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
Jehovah!—Jove!—or, Lord!"

We do not, therefore, even grant to *Fancy* the poetic licence of excluding the untutored heathen from the mansions of bliss, on fastidious motives of Christianity, unsupported by any retrospect to moral turpitude. It is presumptuous in erring man to denounce the divine vengeance against any particular sect of his fellow human beings. A poet soars beyond the regions of mortality, when he impiously invests his verse with the omniscient attributes of his Maker. Such attempt is a degrading fanaticism, too strongly tinctured with the hypocritical cant of methodism, to meet approbation from an enlightened public.

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"Judge not, lest ye be judged," is the warning voice of the holy scriptures!

We gladly pass from this rebuke to exhibit the merits of the poetry; and, first, we will select the solemn summons of the angel Ariel to the dead.

"Time is no more! Arise, and burst your graves,
 Ye slumbering children of the Holy One,
 And gird the robe of incorruption round!
 For lo! the morning of the tomb's long night,
 The spring that ends the winter of the grave,
 Is come! Ye guardian spirits! protect, and guide,
 Your own selected sons, as earth and sea
 Shall pour their tenants forth: the vine is ripe;
 Ye reapers, gather in the clustering grapes!
 The wine press is prepared! ye winds of heaven,
 Breathe your sweet influence o'er th' awakening dead!
 Breathe, spirit of God! at thy command they rise!
 Time is no more! heirs of immortal bliss,
 Wake from the sleep of death, arise! arise!"

Our admiration next ponders on the anthem chaunted by the heavenly choir, "From every race of the deserted stars"—

"Son of the Father! honour, and power, and might,
 Be unto thee that sittest on the throne
 Of mercy! 'twas thine arm salvation brought,
 And not ourselves; not unto us the praise,
 Eternal Lord! but to thy name be given
 The glory and the blessing, that redeemed
 Our souls, and brought us to the realms of light
 To die no more! from Thee, the unceasing spring
 Of goodness rises! over all thy works
 Extends, and feeds with happiness, and love,
 Thy fair creation; thou renew'st our robes
 For garments of salvation purified
 In thine own blood: no more our suns shall rise.
 Thou art our sun, thy dwelling is with us!
 And here beginning the continual song
 Of love! for ever we adore, and praise
 Thee, the Almighty! Thee, the only God!"

In the third and fourth books we find the scenery amid the infernal regions. Demons are represented in the triumph of receiving the damned for their future associates; and, in the pride of exultation, they council on the expediency of assaulting the heavens. ODIN, the presiding demon over war and murder, opens the portentous debate.

" Oh ! had the kings
 Of earth their radiant diadems adorned
 With trophies of celestial peace, and spurned
 The cruel grandeur of relentless war,
 And mad, and wild ambition ; had the race
 Of nations the degrading love of gold
 And avarice despised ; content had ruled
 The globe, temptations failed, and all our snares
 Been fruitless to condemn the tribes of man.
 Hear ! angels ! hear the agonizing screams
 Of mortals, as the eddying fire around
 The base of Achim bears their struggling forms ;
 There float the murderous conquerors, there the crowds
 Whose pride or avarice, hatred, or revenge,
 Embittered life, and on their dying bed
 Fixed deep the thorn remorse ; there, all that loved
 The world's seduction, careless of their God,
 Embracing crime, for pleasure, or renown :
 Now, sad remembrance to the fainting heart
 Unfolds the scroll of long-forgotten vice,
 And vile contempt, and biting shame unite
 To engraft their pangs : for these had known their Lord
 And heard in vain the message of the grace
 Which shed Immanuel's blood, when he from heaven
 Descended, to redeem the sons of earth.
 There shriek the millions that obeyed the world
 Against their nobler judgment : last and worst
 Of human beings, yell the hated race
 Of priestly hypocrites ; the damned bane
 Of their whole kind : who vowed to minister
 With conscience clear, and head, and hand, and heart,
 Obedient only to their Lord, with thoughts
 Fixed on this dreadful day, and in the sight
 Of God, and angels vowed ; then, lied to heaven,
 And, man regarding, pleased a frivolous age,
 Full of themselves, and covetous of praise.
 These, when the parting soul looked on the past
 With terror, trembling at the future wrath,
 And, bordering on both worlds, their pastor sought
 For comfort and support ; these with false tongue,
 Flattered the parting soul, until the dart
 Of death, deep-quivering in the anxious breast,
 Disclosed the horrors of the infernal scene,
 With execrations on their faithless guides.
 Thanks to your treacherous arts ! though many a curse
 Rest on your heads, though on this day of woe,
 Back on yourselves your anguished thoughts recoil,
 And tortured thousands ban your hated names.
 Gaze, demons, on their woes : the self-same power

Has sworn on us to execute his wrath
 In judgment. Lord, and sovereign of our host !
 On thee we call : say, shall we range our tribes
 High on the verge of Hell, and dare the God ?
 Borne on our fearless pinions leave the deep ?
 Or, plunging downwards to the realms of Hell,
 Explore new worlds, and fix our empire there ?
 Assist our fainting counsels ! Chieftain, rise !
 Mature our hopes, immortal Hierarch !
 Teach us to follow, where our monarch soars,
 And lead us on to victory, and to Heaven !"

The fifth and sixth books describe the universe, of which our earth forms a very small portion. The picture is magnificent ; but the features most commanding, delineate a demon, arrogantly floating in ether, and meditating the destruction of the world. Mr. Townsend takes this occasion to descant on the modern history of France.

" There Gallia spreads her rich and fragrant vales,
 And purple vines ; there Nature's loveliest charms
 Adorned the fertile realm, and called aloud
 For peace, but called in vain : successive kings
 Her sceptre held with glory, but their sun
 Was veiled in darkness, when rebellion seized
 The best of their illustrious line, and stained
 Their blushing country with a monarch's blood.
 Accursed and cruel deed ! ignoble feet
 Trampled the sacred lily ; base-born hands
 Despoiled the flowers of fair nobility,
 And bade them fade in distant climes, and droop
 In anguish, and in exile : soon the land,
 • Fatigued with factions, anarchy, and war,
 Obeyed the prosperous Islander, that grasped
 The unsteady helm, the last dread scourge of earth !
 His was the midnight murder, his the smile
 Of unrelenting, jealous cruelty ;
 His was the iron heart, the tearless eye
 That mocked the miseries himself had caused,
 When panting for the sovereignty of earth,
 He forced th' unwilling orphan to the field
 Of death, in German, or in Scythian plains.
 Impious in wickedness, and proudly wrong,
 He rent the veil of justice, and disdained
 To gloss his tyrannies with specious names,
 But pour'd his legions on Hesperia's shore ;
 She, trembling at his power, implored the aid
 Of Britain, bulwark of the governing world !

Nor sought in vain ; thy brave and generous arm,
Great friend of liberty ; was stretched to save
Th' oppressed ; thy chieftains conquered ; and thy flag
Terrific waved, and drove th' oppressors back
With shame and ignominy : till the land,
Safe from the storm that threatened to destroy
The stately vessel of its ancient realm ;
Safe from the terrors of the danger, breathed
In freedom ; rescued from the menaced yoke."

We shall close, for the present, with an extract complimentary to the national character of Great Britain.

"Nor walls, nor towers, nor large extent of clime,
Nor endless wealth," (the ethereal prince replied,)
Nor countless cities, spangling the gay land
And glittering with the tribute of the world,
Raised to its dazzling height proud Albion's name.
'Twas man, and man alone ! her generous sons,
Rich in their virtuous pride that loved the state,
Where equal laws with equal influence bound
The monarch's purpose, and the people's will,
And liberty, immortal liberty,
Shared the high throne of justice and of law :
These formed their country's grandeur : these alone
Reared the fair column of Britannia's fame,
Parent of dauntless, virtuous, free-born men !
Glance on the distant north thy careful eye,
Where Europe's ample plains extend, and trace
The lengthening coast ; there parted from the shores,
Obscurely visible, the narrow speck
Arises to th' inquiring gaze, and shines
The brilliant gem of Ocean. Hail ! blest isle !
Sweet home of freedom ! whose unconquered land,
Obedient to its sovereign's mandate, poured
Its warrior thousands forth ; elate to meet
Their ceaseless foes, and bend their haughty heads
The willing victims of a glorious death,
With proud remembrance of their fathers fired.
The soul of honour in thy nobles breathed ;
That held the stable balance of the law,
When the mad torrent of the people's rage
Oppressed the sacred barrier ; rich and great,
Thy sons exulted in thy envied fame.
Thine aged patriots, virtuous, wise, and good ;
Thy use surpassing praise ; thy daughters fair,
As morning's earliest blush that paint's the east,
Pure as the light, and perfect as the hand
Of nature framed the loveliest of the flowers

Of roseate spring ; possessed of every charm,
And all the magic graces that compelled
The sway of beauty o'er adoring man."

The difficulties of philosophy—the depths of science—and the secrets of nature—have lately become the brilliant *theories* of several learned men in this country. We have just received notice from a gentleman, who reports active progress on "A PHILOSOPHICAL DEMONSTRATION OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD!"

E.

SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

WE commence our political review at a most awful period, and under the most appalling contemplations. The horrors of a sanguinary and protracted war had ceased. With the approach of peace we hailed that of an ameliorated system. We expected to experience some alleviation of our oppressive burthens—some release from the miseries that had so long haunted our fire-sides ; but mercy dwells not always with the superintending Genius of a people's rights ; nor does the Dove constitutionally dictate to the sceptre it embellishes.

The nation, supine in suffering, had borne with habitual fortitude, tax heaped upon tax : wherefore have they borne it ? To support ministers throughout a war, originating in a league inauspicious to the dearest interests of mankind, and maintained in obstinate subversion of the fundamental principles of immutable justice.

Under this impression, the result of dreadful experience, we sit down to inquire to what end the talents of our representatives have been directed—to analyse their ingenuities and their subterfuges—to scan their weakness—to expose their follies—to censure their waste—to arraign their profusion—and to DEMAND, why the voice of the people is treated with contempt !

We begin with taking a retrospective view of the causes of a war, that has been unceasingly fatal to the general repose of civilized society ; and in so doing our inquiry will be limited to facts, on which we propose to argue with moderation, and to decide with impartiality. We are goaded by acute feeling ; but we will not be influenced by passion : we have no party to serve—we attack measures, not men : for we have learned that the minority patriot of to-day may become the ministerial despot of to-morrow. The language of statesmen is universal ; and

easily acquired. The GRAMMAR will be found in the RED BOOK.

It is notorious that our unnatural war with America was one of the principal causes of the revolution in France. Louis XVI. employed emissaries to despoil us of a valuable colony, by revolutionizing its inhabitants; and he succeeded, through the activity of M. de la Fayette and other zealous French agents.

This improvident act, however, cost him eventually his life. Louis XVI. sought, it is true, only to injure England; but the introduction of American politics into France facilitated the ruin of the Bourbons. Fayette, in taking leave of the American Congress, alluded to his own country, when he emphatically exclaimed: "*May this great monument, raised to liberty, serve as a lesson to the oppressor, and an example to the oppressed.*"—And, on his return to France, his revolutionary experience proved a powerful engine in crushing monarchy.

We shall be brief on the French revolution: the people, groaning under the yoke of hereditary despotism, at length discovered that a love of liberty was paramount; and that, to will the blessing, was a sufficient motive for the enjoyment. Still, the success of the people against the corruption of their court, and against the rapacity of their monks, was not effected without much bloodshed, notwithstanding the national impulse was that of "SACRED LIBERTY." The cause, however, finally triumphed.

We, most assuredly, are not advocates for popular revolution; but we consider, that existing circumstances in France greatly warranted the conduct of the people. It was, at all events, a question for the exclusive decision of the French nation: and, we submit, that whatever opinion other European courts might entertain, on the abstract rights of a people to resist oppression in their rulers, and to change their form of government, the interference of one nation with the internal regulations of another could not be justified; and more particularly in a government, whose reigning dynasty owed its creation to "AN ACT OF THE PEOPLE."

It must, at all times, be a delicate undertaking to analyze the prerogative of kings; and it would be equally difficult to determine, to what precise extent despotism *may* be tolerated, or when it *might* provoke RESISTANCE. If the various sovereigns of Europe were compelled to exhibit something better, and more pure, than prescriptive title to their crowns, we know not who could substantiate a claim, unsullied either by fraud, by conquest, or by usurpation.

We have pointed out the nature of the services rendered to this country by Louis XVI. namely, the loss of an advantageous colony, now the avowed enemy, and formidable rival; of our commercial greatness; yet, to avenge the memory of this man, and to combat for the extinguished claim of his family, has the world been plunged into the most destructive wars, under the shallow pretext, that the republic of France promulgated doctrines inimical to the interests of society. That such doctrines were calculated, by awakening the reflective powers of the people, to shake the security of the *tyrannic* governments in Germany, is indisputable; but France was not the only state, the freedom of whose government held out a dangerous example. It must, therefore, be inferred, that the sole object of our waging war with the French Republic, was in defence of the *divine* right of kings, to avenge the death of the "LORD'S ANOINTED."

It has been well observed, that tempests in the physical world, and revolutions in the political world, are analogous: the one purifies the atmosphere; the other purifies the state. This was the glorious result in France, when the whole of Europe entered into a combination to obscure the liberty just dawning on its infant Republic. The unjustifiable conduct of the continental powers, in coalescing to crush a government formed by the French people, has produced greater mischief to the world, than the daring ambition of any individual could have accomplished without such interference.

The effects produced by these coalitions have been twofold: first, in *inciting* the French people to strengthen the hands of executive power, to enable them to resist foreign invasion: secondly, in *compelling* them to direct their principal attention to warlike pursuits, which, favouring the natural propensity of the nation, has made them a ruthless race. Hence, we trace the greatness of Napoleon!

We shall next offer some remarks on the political course of Buonaparte; a man whose mental vigour, rapidity of thought, depth of conception, and boldness of execution, fill the mind with awful wonder at the sublimity of human intellect. His liberal patronage of the arts, and the improvements he has introduced into the internal regulations of France, will entitle him to the admiration of posterity. But, in contemplating the reverse of this splendid picture, we shall discover that all these brilliant qualities have been stained by a merciless ambition, unfeared by a single trait of compunction; we shall, moreover, find him a man instigated by the basest passions: a man; whose system is fabricated in the wiles of falsehood: a man;

who hesitates not at crime, however great ; at stratagem, however unprincipled : a man, gifted with extraordinary talents, yet a believer in the unphilosophical tenets of predestination : a man, enriched with every superior endowment to command the esteem of the world ; yet a man, who, by a perversion of his noble faculties, is degraded into a scourge to humanity.

He commenced his career the professed friend of liberty ; the avowed enemy of tyrants ; yet he adopted these professions as a mere stepping stone to his ambition, and became baneful by his apostacy—detestable from his despotism ! Persevering, however, in his projects, undaunted in his pursuits of glory, he galloped over mountains of slaughter to his darling goal. Such a man may fill the human mind with supernatural astonishment ; but he will never create veneration.

We have already observed, that had the French people not possessed a native military ardour, the course pursued by the sovereigns of Europe, at the commencement of the Revolution, must either have made them a warlike nation, or reduced them to slavery under their former tyrants. Their only means to evade the one evil, was to embrace the other. By their enlightened choice, which filled every European court with alarm, they found themselves enabled to maintain, and with success, a contest against foes, powerful in every particular—except in popular opinion.

It has ever been the prerogative of Kings to make wanton war with each other. This unnatural custom has engendered a degree of jealousy, amounting to enmity, among contending sovereigns ; who, notwithstanding they plausibly style each other "BROTHER," never forget their acquired antipathies. Their treaties of alliance are mostly the result of imperative necessity, and are no longer sacred, than as they may prove convenient : each party conforms only until he feels the power of releasing himself from an imposed engagement.

Such were the foes the Republic of France had to contend with. The result may be easily anticipated ; when, on the one side, we behold men fighting under the banners of liberty ; enthusiastic in their heart-cheering cause ; directed by unity of plan, and commanded by generals elevated by their zeal and talents. On the other side, we view armies, powerful certainly in numbers, but acting without concert ; commanded by monarchs, whose distracted interests mar their councils ; whose daring politics war against principle. Besides, the republicans possessed the grand advantage of engaging on their own soil, with concentrated strength : whilst their opponents were far removed from their supplies and resources. We shall not

dwell on the result of this coalition, which was speedily destroyed by all the contending parties concluding separate treaties with France—excepting devoted England—and it would have been well for the cause of humanity, for the interest of Europe generally, and for that of this country in particular, if this SOLITARY EXCEPTION had not existed.

There cannot be a greater misfortune to any state, possessed of wealth or other powerful resources, than to be under the dominion of privileged persons, obstinately pursuing a system diametrically opposed to the substantial interests of their country: of persons, exercising unlimited controul over the resources of a kingdom, and assuming the adoption of any visionary scheme that may heat their fancy, or gratify the caprices of a royal master. Such farce continues so long as ministerial ingenuity can invent plausible modes of taxation, and the people choose to shew a disposition not to resort to *constitutional modes of redress*. This is the real cause of our protracted suffering.

In pursuing this enquiry, we do not feel it necessary to enter into the *private* feelings of *public* men; but it is apparent, that a renewed war, whilst it reduces this country to a state of individual bankruptcy, enriches ministers: it increases the patronage of the crown; and, by introducing large standing armies, it undermines the principles of the constitution, and weakens the security of the subject. We offer this last remark incidentally to our discussion, and are willing rather to describe it as an effect, than as a cause, of the *policy* pursued against France.

The British cabinet having, with an extended coalition, failed in the experiment of overturning the French government, had recourse to another expedient—that of buying over the German courts separately. This plan may have been wonderfully wise: it is, notwithstanding, too paradoxical for our general comprehension; but one part we do understand—England found the *money*, and the other contracting parties sold the *lives* of their *subjects*. The results of these separate coalitions were invariably disastrous; and whilst they weakened the allies, they strengthened the power, and increased the military renown, of France, which they had vainly sought to overthrow.

The first invasion of France kindled an universal spirit of military enthusiasm: the Revolution had brought forward men, whose intellect and ambition had signalized them in its service; and talent was the only passport to distinction. It is the obvious policy of every country to remove the seat of war from its own plains. Such was the course pursued by France, when menaced by the other powers: this, added to the vigorous

measures she pursued in meeting her numerous foes, the boldness of her plans, and the valour of her troops, soon dispirited and humbled her assailants. Her principal advantage, notwithstanding, consisted in the cause she was embarked in: it was professedly that of liberty. The nations she invaded, borne down with the despotism of their rulers, feebly opposed armies that were resolved on their subjugation. It was, consequently, to OPINION that her armies were indebted for their first successes; which continued, from the same source, uninterrupted. The invaded looked for an improvement in their situation from the introduction of free principles; but the coalitions we were perpetually forming on the continent assisted the projects of France. It was the system of interminable war, pursued by *this* country, that forwarded every project of Napoleon. This it was, that drove the people to arms as their *only* alternative; that furnished their chief with opportunities of signalizing himself, and becoming their tyrant. From this period, however, of gratified ambition, Napoleon lost his respectability with every true friend of liberty. When he assumed the title of Emperor, he became an apostate to the cause he had advocated—a despot to the people, who had made every sacrifice to release themselves from slavery.

Still, the progress of the French arms flourished; and each new triumph, by engrafting a compelled alliance on the vanquished party, confirmed the gigantic projects of Napoleon. His newly created allies were not long in discovering their abject lot. The plans of the French Emperor were speciously veiled under the semblance of retributive justice; and the avowed pretext for his military career was to chastise the interference of England, and to avenge the dissensions she had inflamed amongst the continental powers.

Napoleon, however, too elated with success, and too impatient in his grasp at universal dominion, displayed to the world the unequivocal nature of his designs. By his unprincipled attack on Spain and Russia, he roused the dormant energies of the whole mass of the people, who began to discover that their masters were but the vassals of France; and, preferring to be governed by their own tyrants, rather than by foreign despotism, they unanimously resolved to release themselves from the yoke of their universal oppressor.

The Spanish contest was the first serious calamity that had opposed the daring of Napoleon: that struggle is a glorious monument to the people, who supported the contest, undismayed by the corruption of their grandees, and uninfluenced by the terrors of religion: yet would their efforts have been una-

vailing, without the talents and perseverance of the illustrious Wellington. That magnanimous captain, with the feeble support of two weak governments, surmounted the prejudices of the Spanish nation; overcame surrounding obstacles; reconciled contending parties; and, by the grandeur of his plans, and the valour of his troops, finally triumphed!

Our success in Spain decided the fate of Europe. Napoleon, who owed his rise to the influence of opinion, may attribute his fall to the same cause. The failure of his ill-concerted designs on Russia deprived him of the strongest army he had ever commanded, and reduced him to the humiliation of escaping in disguise.

Those who were accustomed to contemplate royal imbecility, awed by despair, had not the most distant idea that Napoleon, after so fatal an overthrow—having lost all his veterans, ammunition, horses, &c.—would, within the space of a few months, have brought a second army into the field, powerful in numbers, and sufficiently disciplined to cope with troops elated by recent victory; but the never-failing energies of a vigorous mind expand at moments of appalling difficulty. Napoleon once more filled the world with wonder; he repelled his assailants; who, however, instigated by the intrigues and subsidies of the British cabinet, had not employed the intermediate time in slothful inactivity. A new coalition was formed with brighter prospects of success; the contest now was—not to check the liberties of mankind, but to relieve the world from the humiliations of a foreign yoke. The sovereigns, for a moment, courted popularity; it suited their princely purpose; and the people, no longer conceiving their cause separated from that of their monarch, caught the flame of enthusiasm, and the whole of Europe joined in one sacred struggle.

The work of desolation commenced: the contest was maintained with valour and skill on both sides; and its final success was often doubtful: yet superiority of numbers was not to be resisted, armed as they were in a cause worthy their sublimest efforts. Napoleon was left to the alternative of submitting to the terms dictated by the allies, or that of risking his crown by continuing the war under every disadvantage—he preferred the latter; and not until his capital was in the possession of his enemies, did he relinquish his hopes, by abdicating his crown, and retiring to Elba. The people of France were, now, at liberty to settle their own form of government. And, it is worthy of remark, that in this emergency, notwithstanding the

Allies were in possession of the French capital, they disclaimed all interference with the new constitution.

It is immaterial at present to discuss the point, whether a few individuals, *self elected* into a provisional government, could be possessed of the right to legislate for a whole people: we will suppose they had; and as their choice of a monarch was not objected to by the people of France, it is unnecessary for us to observe upon it.

Louis was called to the throne conditionally that he would subscribe to the constitutional charter, as offered by the executive government. In this charter his title was expressly declared to be "*by the will of the people*;" and by it he was to recognize all the acts since the Revolution as *legal*. In yielding to these terms no small portions of legerdemain was displayed. Monsieur entered Paris some time before the King; and the provisional government relinquished their trust to him, on his assurance that his brother would subscribe to the constitutional charter. At length the King arrived; but the instrument not suiting his princely ideas, he *declined* his signature until it had been revised and altered. He chose to style himself Louis XVIII, which—although he could not reject the words, "*by the will of the people*," nor avoid recognizing the acts of the Republic and of Napoleon—was putting in his claim on the score of *divine right*. The responsibility required of him was *nominal*, as his acts were not to be countersigned by the minister; and the boasted liberty of the press dwindled to nothing, as the newspapers were still to be under court controul, and no work under twenty sheets could be published until approved by the censors. Notwithstanding these *radical defects* in the new constitution, the condition of the people was partially improved by their change of masters; the rigours of an absolute government were softened into a limited monarchy; with the further advantage of religious toleration, a press *somewhat* less restricted, a trial by jury, and the abolition of the conscript laws.

We cannot quit this stage of our political review, without pausing to reflect on what Louis XVIII now is, and what he might have been.

At the invitation of Talleyrand, who had artfully prepared the way for his reception, the exiled Count de Lille was admitted to the throne of his ancestors, on the conditions we have just enumerated. The reformed government was clandestinely established under a new constitutional charter, framed by Talleyrand with a brilliancy of sophistry too well calculated to have hoodwinked the nation, had not some public spirited journalists undertaken to unmask the specious imposition. Among

these, a M. Duchêne, advocate in the courts of law at Paris, appears to have been the most bold, as well as the most enlightened commentator. He proved to the people the instability by which emigrant property was held by its present proprietors; and, that when occasion might serve, the "ANCIENT REGIME" would be their "RENEWED CONSTITUTION."

Such a doubt was destructive to the increasing popularity of the restored Bourbons. All was *not* universal joy at Paris on that remarkable event. Even M. Chateaubriand, the zealous partizan of Louis XVIII, said in his celebrated pamphlet,—Undoubtedly, great joy was evinced at the arrival of the Bourbons, but much uneasiness was mingled with it. The ancient republicans, in particular, were far from being so satisfied as to applaud with cordiality: many among them thought of retiring, and had prepared for flight.

The truth is, that the people did not feel entire confidence at the first moment of the King's return. Many were much alarmed: the provinces were agitated; divided; the army knew not whether any consideration would be had for its sufferings; its victories: chains were feared; vengeance was dreaded—but the character of the King being by degrees better known, men's fears were calmed; the dawn of peace with the hope of happiness began to appear; and it beamed on those who had never expected to see it more.

But, notwithstanding all the loyal effusions of M. Chateaubriand's magic pen, he only proved that the people OUGHT to be happy; nor that they would find their happiness confirmed by the new constitutional charter. For ourselves, we are inclined to believe the following to have been his best founded argument:—We have had enough—says he—of revolution. Every good Frenchman ought, at this moment, to bury his private discontents in his bosom, even admitting such discontents to be reasonable. He, therefore, who publishes opinions calculated to inflame the public mind, is constitutionally a culprit. France has great need of repose: it is the duty of every one who loves his country to imitate the good Samaritan, by administering to the wounded mind. If any are aggrieved by the restoration of monarchy, let them reflect on the past; and let Candour proclaim to the multitude, that those privations at which they now repine, are blessings compared with those they HAD endured.

This was the true spirit of national conciliation. We all know that men's minds, after a civil revolution, are slow in returning to domestic reflections. At the restoration of our Charles II, public opinion long continued in a state of fearful

ferment. When the general bustle, incidental to such a change in government, began to subside; persons who had espoused opposite interests, felt all the antipathies of party spirit revive within them. Political hatreds were publicly avowed; and the WHIGS and the TORIERS were the offspring of these contending factions.

But it was not the *practical* policy of Louis XVIII to soothe the people into a belief, that the "CONVENTION" had proved an antidote to republican liberty; or, that "BONAPARTE'S TYRANNY" should have taught them to execrate absolute power. So far from insinuating into the public mind, that a limited monarchy, such as their new constitutional charter offered to their possession, would prove a form of government best suited to the national dignity of France, as well as most conducive to the general welfare of the people, he indulged himself in the commission of imbecile, fanatical, and visionary projects, which shortly generated his second exile; and, what is infinitely more to be deplored, again involved this country in a disastrous war.

We are told, forsooth, that it is magnanimous in our Regent to support the fallen fortunes of the man he *loved*. On this subject we will not indulge our own bitter reflections. We prefer to extract a paragraph from a Sunday's paper, published about six weeks ago. In offering it without a comment, we neither approve nor censure the opinions it contains. That office we leave to our readers.

Speaking of the *Times*, and other prostituted journals, it states: "We are blessed with a Prince who loves the people as he loves his wife and child; and yet these wretched scavengers of literature incessantly rack their addled brains to induce a popular disposition to a ruinous renewal of bloodshed and pecuniary dilapidation; and this passes for *loyalty*! Knowing the case of the rejected Bourbons is but an exact counterpart of that of the outcast Stuarts; and that the NEW FAMILY in England, like the NEW FAMILY in France, hold their sovereignty by a legitimate election—not an hereditary right; they call the NEW FAMILY in France rebels, and this passes for loyalty to the NEW FAMILY in England! Asserting the title of the Count de Lille to the FRENCH THRONE, they maintain the right of the late Pretender to the ENGLISH THRONE: and this passes for loyalty to GEORGE THE THIRD!"

Alas! might we not have hoped from the dreadful results inseparable from a six and twenty years protracted warfare; from the reduced, nay beggared, fortunes of every state in Europe at such momentous crisis; that the illustrious authors of this extended evil, to suffering humanity, would have been

abhorrent to any renovated contest? Must we be compelled to see—to feel—to acknowledge—that there are men, in this civilized world, too defective in understanding to profit by experience: too obstinate to think correctly: too depraved to be guided by the warning voice of justice? Must hereditary crime, for ever, go hand in hand with hereditary caprice? and must the public groan unceasingly, without exciting even one gleam of compunction, beneath an increasing load of taxation? We hurry from this horrible contemplation!——To proceed——

We shall not enter minutely into the conduct of the Allies at their memorable Congress. All the world has read how banditti—who plunder because they are beyond the law—adjust the appropriation of their spoil. The fatal deliberations of this august assembly soon proclaimed, *that force of arms was the grand regulator of the claims of justice*. Russia, whose extent of territory, ambitious views, and successful aggressions, make her the terror of the CIVILIZED world, was to be rendered still more formidable by the annexation of Poland; Austria was to take possession of Italy; Prussia, of Saxony; Holland, of Belgium; and England, after having paid all these nations for fighting their own battles, and after having displayed more OBSTINACY in the cause of kings than all the other powers, was to gain nothing: on the contrary, she was to resign the little she had acquired—save that *precious morceau*, y'cleped GERMAN TERRITORY. To this may be added—Norway was given to the Crown Prince of Sweden, as a noble reward for his *gratitude* to his former patron; and the Republic of Genoa is ceded to the bigotted monarch of Sardinia.

Such were the princely councils of our magnanimous Allies. But a noble burst of indignation from the patriotic hearts of Mr. Whitbread, and other spirited men in the British senate, gave a check to this unprincipled appropriation of the property of others; and it became necessary, from the mere influence of public opinion, to *qualify* these congregated resolutions. We shall merely add, in the words of the truly respectable and independent *Examiner*, “THUS, *did* IMBECILITY meditate INJUSTICE !”

It was during the sitting of these assembled monarchs, and before they had finally pronounced their awful sentence on the condemned states, that Napoleon astonished the world by his re-appearance in France.

Now, how do the internal changes of government in France affect the people of England? It is not for us to decide whether the French shall bow before a King or an Emperor—For Bonaparte, no man possessing an English heart, and a cool head, can be an advocate; yet, any further aggression against him,

must be deprecated, as leading to fresh disaster, and further impositions upon a people who so long have borne the principal burthen of the war.

We have been obliged to go more fully into detail than we could have wished: in pursuing our retrospect, we have traced the war to its causes, we shall next pursue it to its effects. It is only by following this course, that we can arrive at any just conclusions. We have endeavoured in these strictures to preserve the most rigid impartiality; and if our statement of facts, and the conclusions we have deduced from them be correct, the impolicy of our ministers in interfering with France can only be equalled by its injustice. We shall now enter into the comparative survey of our situation before the revolution, and at the close of the war.

In the year 1792, our whole annual expenditure amounted to about £16,500,000; of which about nine millions defrayed the interest of the national debt, and the remainder provided for the other expenses of the state. At the close of the war, the sum required by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to support a peace establishment, was about £56,000,000! thirty-five millions and a half for the interest of the debt, and about eighteen and a half to defray the expenses of the state.

In the year 1792 the poor rates amounted to £2,100,587, and in 1812 it had reached the enormous sum of £16,452,656! At the former period, the number of persons receiving parish aid amounted to rather exceeding 800,000, at the latter, to above 2,000,000! And it must be remarked that this calculation—about *one-fifth* of the people—is confined to England and Wales; Ireland and Scotland having no poor laws.

The reflections arising out of this statement are most appalling: we are now about to commence a new war, and yet we have all this experience before our eyes. The interest of the debt in about twenty-three years raised from nine millions to thirty-five and a half: the peace establishment from under eight millions to nearly nineteen: the number of those taking parish relief from eight hundred thousand to two millions: and the money required for their aid, from rather better than two millions to about sixteen and a half, and nearly one fifth of the population getting relief from that sum!

It must be observed from the above position, that the sum now paid for the poor alone, would before the war have defrayed *all* the expenses of the state, including the interest of the national debt.

In addition to this consideration, it must be remarked that the alteration in our currency is another calamity entailed upon us

by the war: this is a question of vital importance: and we trust it will be thoroughly investigated by parliament.

Our new Corn Bill is another of the fatal results of the war: the price of corn regulates the price of every other article; and the effects of this bill, by enhancing that of our manufactures, will nearly ruin our trade in foreign markets. Ministers have upon this occasion shifted the unpopularity of the measure, which was dictated by the wants of *government*, to the landholder; for, had every thing been permitted to find its natural level, this would have superseded the present *artificial* prices; in which case government could no longer have concealed the fatal effects of the war from the people: it being as apparent, that our enormous rate of taxation cannot survive the present artificial state of the country; as that this system, by raising the price of our manufactures, deprives us of a foreign market for our finer goods, from the impoverished state of the continent: and it is well known, that the people on the continent can manufacture goods of an inferior quality, at a lower rate than we can supply them.

It may be fairly contended, from a consideration of our comparative situation, that a re-commencement of the war—a war without any definite prospect of a termination—leaves us, if we embark in it, no other prospect than irretrievable ruin. If the last war has produced the destructive consequences we have just pointed out, what conception can be formed of the embarrassed state of the country at the termination of the next? One bad measure with governments, as with individuals, leads to a continued series of mischiefs, unless the parties possess strength of mind to acknowledge their error and return to the direct path. The Allies commenced their first war against the French government under the same predictions of its speedy and successful termination as those now so confidently held out. Why may not their prophetic reasoning prove equally false now? Our government is entrusted by the people with too considerable a stake to be trifled with at their caprice; all the advantages this country has gained by her efforts for ages past, must be lost by pursuing our present visionary system; let us not, like a desperate gamester, stake all our gains on the hazard of the last throw.

We really cannot conceive any reputable pretext for embroiling the world, at this moment, in a destructive war; and we see many reasons against it. There was no hesitation in treating with Napoleon *before his Abdication*; the Allies would have made peace with *him*, as Emperor of France, at *ANY period* prior to their acquiring possession of Paris; his title to the throne has been recognized by them repeatedly, by treaties; nor

has he displayed any fresh feature in his character since his Abdication that should render it *less* safe to treat with him now than formerly: he has acquired experience by misfortune, and appears to have profited by it in the moderation of his tone and the liberal constitution he has given his people. Indeed, he seems to have commenced his reign in a manner that furnishes no possible ground for hostility. It matters not whether the alteration in his tone be the result of the difficulty of his situation, or moderation acquired by reflection and defeat; we can arrive at no certain conclusions as to its causes. His first act is to abolish the slave trade abroad; the next, to increase the freedom of his people at home. The constitution framed by Louis and his advisers he has considerably improved: the House of Peers is no longer to hold its debates with closed doors; the restrictions on the press are greatly lessened; besides other alterations in the former constitutional charter in favour of the subject; all the privileges in that charter being confirmed, with the exception of an introductory clause, that the military should be represented.

Having given his people an improved constitution, and prohibited the traffic in his fellow creatures, Napoleon supplicates Europe to remain at peace, and not again to entail on the world the calamities of war; and, on the part of France, requires to be admitted to its participation on the terms submitted to by Louis. The Allies refuse to treat with him, because he had committed aggressions in his prosperity, and parcelled out Europe at his pleasure. Such is the pretext they now avail themselves of to renew the war—a war no longer waged against *principles* incompatible with their security, because they no longer exist; but against an *individual*. Let it be observed, too, who are the men who bring forward this charge. Their success has been more recent than his. Have *they* not alike availed themselves of *victory*, to parcel out Europe to their taste, adding to the stronger powers, and diminishing the strength of the weaker? Have all the massacres on the continent been the result of unprincipled aggression on the part of France; or have they not *generally* been the result of coalitions, *formed without provocation or hostility* on the part of that power?

The fair consideration of these questions will shew the matter in its true light: Napoleon had been successful and he availed himself of the advantages of victory: the Allies now have their turn of success, which has been attended with the *same result*: they should recollect that they have copied him in the worst part of his conduct, without possessing his talents to

conceal their turpitude; and that the three hundred thousand prisoners they have returned to him, added to a formidable army yet unsubdued, and a population of twenty-five millions, may in a just cause repel these advocates for interminable war, and punish their temerity. A people armed in defence of their soil, and opposing an unprincipled coalition, formed for the purpose of dictating to them a sovereign, are not easily conquered.

It has been said, that peace cannot safely be made with the French Emperor. The allied powers had the same experience upon this subject when they were within a few leagues of Paris; but they did not urge that objection, when he had no longer *a chance of success*: they should likewise recollect, that the same apprehension was entertained respecting Louis XIV: yet at that period, like the present, France was so weakened by her exertions, that war was not again resorted to during the reign of that monarch. It may be fairly argued, that such is the embarrassed situation of France, from the arduous struggle she has been engaged in, that she is not likely to be the aggressor in future; and that Napoleon, disappointed in his ambitious views, will never recur to them, from the certainty that the first attempt at such a course would be met by the united efforts of the whole of Europe.

Had the Allies acted with principle in the moment of success; had they restored to every state the territory it had lost by the war—instead of aggrandizing themselves at the expense of their neighbours—they would have displayed a magnanimity propitious to their expectations in a new war, however unjust the pretext, or absurd the principle on which it might be commenced: but, from the selfish ambition displayed by them, complete unanimity cannot be expected: and the cause of France may find advocates, amongst other nations which have suffered during the war, equally with the larger powers, whilst their *subjugation* and annexation to other countries will be rendered certain by the eventual triumph of their allies.

Thus we engage in a contest, which bears a similarity to the opening of the revolutionary war, from the strong hopes entertained by the coalesced powers of its speedy and certain success; but, like that sanguinary conflict, it may be lasting in its course and destructive in its consequences. We have endeavoured, by this comprehensive review of political causes and effects, to shew the impolicy and injustice of a new war. And when we consider what was our actual situation previously to the last war, and compare it with what it was subsequently thereto; we cannot suppose any one so wilfully blind, as to advocate the

existing pernicious and ruinous system. We close this article without entering further upon the subject; reserving those points connected with military details to our next APPENDIX, when this subject will be resumed. s.

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